THE
Spaniſh Decameron:
OR, TEN
NOVELS.

VIZ.

The Rival Ladies.	The Perfidious Miſtreſs.
The Miſtakes.	The Metamorphos'd Lover.
The Generous Lover.	The Impoſture Out-Witted.
The Libertine.	The Amorous Miſer.
The Virgin Captive.	The Pretended Alchymiſt.

Made Engliſh by *R. L.*

The ſecond Edition.

Licenſed according to Order.

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THE PREFACE.

THE *Age is grown so Critical, now-a-days, that a Book dares not appear without a Preface, or an Epistle to it, for fear of being Censur'd, which obliges me not to be singular. As to this* Decameron *of* Novels, *they are* Spanish *Relations, Written by a Famous Author of that Kingdom. One of the most Refin'd Wits of* France, *thought it worth his Pains, to render it into the Language of his Country, with all the Graces and Advantages it might derive from either: I have done it out of the Latter, with a Freedom of Alteration, and Addition, as my Fancy led me, to make it the most divertive I could in ours, which is the only Recommendation of things of this Nature. The Word* Decameron *is deriv'd from the* Greek; *tho' the Learned* Boccace *thought fit to make use of it, in his Book of* Tales, *which he divides into ten Days, of whom Count* Balthazar *in his Preface to his Courtier, makes mention, and affirms, That his*

his Work of Recreation, (meaning his Decameron*) brought him more Honour, than all thoſe more ſerious Pieces which he Compos'd. As to theſe* Novels *in the main, they are Conciſe, and carry'd on with much eaſe and freedom; whereby the* Reader *might be diverted, and not tir'd, and receive profitable Advice how to avoid thoſe Dangers, and Inconveniencies others have run themſelves into. As to the Plots, and Contrivances of theſe Stories, in the Original they have been ſo well approv'd of by many of our Modern, and moſt Ingenious Poets, inſomuch, that many of their Plays have been built upon theſe Foundations. I have no more to ſatisfy the* Reader *in, at the preſent, only, that the Engliſhing of them, has been a Diverſion to me, and I hope to others they will not be unpleaſant.*

R. L.

THE Rival Ladies.

A Novel.

IN *Spain*, not far from *Sevil*, at a Town upon the Road, Commodious for the Reception of Travellers; a Stranger well mounted, without any Attendants, towards the Evening came to an Inn; who nimbly alighting from his Horſe, betook himſelf to a Bench; where haſtily opening his Breaſt, he ſoon gave evident demonſtrations of a Fainting Fit; with which ſurprize of Nature his whole Body grew motionleſs: Whereupon, the Miſtreſs of the Houſe immediately ran for Water, and throwing ſome of it on his Face, in a ſhort time brought him again to himſelf.

The Stranger bluſhing to be ſeen in ſuch diſorder, deſired preſently to be ſhewed his Lodging; and if it were poſſible, that he might have a Chamber to himſelf; the Miſtreſs of the Houſe told him ſhe had but one Chamber empty, which had two beds in it, and was the only Accommodation ſhe had left for the Entertainment of another Gueſt.

The Stranger reply'd, he would give her any Satisfaction, provided he might enjoy the Room to himſelf; thereupon the Landlady aſſured him that none ſhould diſturb him;

upon which the Stranger retiring to his Chamber, lock'd the Door faſt after him, and to make the ſurer work, (by that which afterwards appear'd) he had ſet two Chairs againſt it; ſcarce had he thus fortified his Chamber-Door, but the Maſter, Miſtreſs, the Hoſtler, and two of their Neighbours, being there by chance, laid there Heads together (as if they had been ſo many Grave Counſellors) and began to ſpend their Verdicts upon the Deportment of this new Gueſt; concluding, they never in their lives ſaw a fairer, or more beautiful young Gentleman; then examining his Age, they judged it to be ſixteen or ſeventeen: Much Prate they had about it; and more particularly, what might be the cauſe of his Fainting upon the Bench; but that being beyond their reach, they reſted contented, being rapt up with Admiration and Wonder, at the rare Proportion and Comlineſs of the Perſon.

It was not long after, but another Stranger entered ſomewhat like the former in Perſon, and no ways inferior for Beauty in Shape and Features; inſomuch, that the Miſtreſs cry'd out, Heavens bleſs me! Are Angels come to Lodge here? How ſo? ſaid the Stranger. Sir, (ſaid ſhe) I ſpeak for no harm, only I am ſorry I have never a Bed to entertain you, therefore you need not give your ſelf that trouble to alight; for I had but one Chamber vacant, wherein are two Beds, and a Gentleman has newly taken it up, and paid me for both already; he is minded to be private, ſeems to be Melancholy, and ſhuns Company; it is not for me, Sir, (who you know muſt pleaſe all Gentlemen) to be ſo rude, as to enquire into the Reaſon of it; he is a very comely Perſon, and ſuch a Beauty ought not to be concealed, but that all the World ſhould both ſee and admire it.

Is he ſuch a one as you proclaim him to be? (replyed the Gentleman) Yes, Sir, (anſwered the Woman) and when you ſee him, you'll be of the ſame Opinion as I am: If it be ſo as you ſay, (ſaid he) though I ſit up this Night, I am reſolved to view this curious piece of Nature you ſo highly applaud; and preſently alighting, gave order for his Supper, which was immediately got ready.

Now, whilſt he was at Supper, in comes a Catch-pole of the Town, (as commonly they do in little Villages) and

and sits down by the Gentleman to keep him company; he did not forget to throw down three or four full Glasses of Wine, neither was he backward in tasting of his Fare with a very little entreaty; a Kindness which the Catch-pole thought he had deserved to the full, by telling him a thousand idle Stories.

Nor was the Master of the House less impertinent than the Catch-pole; who having made an end of his other Affairs comes and sets himself down to make a third Man; he knew his Trade, and therefore, without a *By your Leave*, fell to tasting of the Gentleman's Wine very liberally: He did not spare to commend it; for after every Glass he took, he would wry his Head, and then lay it on his left Shoulder, saying, This Wine (quoth he) would carry a Man into the Clouds, though he must not stay long there, lest he should have too much Water in it. Ever and anon he praised his Guest that had lock'd up himself, Relating first, his Fainting, then his paying for two Beds, and how he would have nothing for Supper, discoursing of several other things, as the Richness of his Apparel, and all Accoutrements fit for a Gentleman, only he wondered he had not any Attendants.

These Aggravations stirring up an eager desire in the new Guest to have a sight of him, he entreated the Inn-Keeper by one means or other, so to bring the business about, that he might get into the Chamber, and lie in the other Bed, promising him a good reward for his pains; but though the greediness of gain had already wrought the effect upon the Inn-Keeper's Will, yet he found it was neither seasonable, by reason he had shut himself in, neither durst he wake him out of his Sleep: Besides, he considered with himself that he was paid well for both the Beds already.

But all these rubs the Catch-pole easily removed: For (said he) I will knock at the Door, pretending to come from a Justice of the Peace, and that by the command of my Master, I had an Order to bring this Gentleman hither to Lodge, and finding one Bed empty, I should place him in it, and not suffer him to sit up all Night: Upon this the Inn-keeper was to complain of the great Injury done the Gentleman that had hired the Chamber, and

that there was no reason in the World, why he should not freely enjoy what he had paid so well for beforehand; whereupon the Catch-pole was to use his Authority, and save the Inn-keeper.

This Plot of the Catch-pole's was very well liked, and the Gentleman who had a longing desire to see this rare Jewel that was locked up, gave the Catch-pole a reward for his Contrivance, and presently puts his Plot in execution: So that in conclusion, the first Guest shewing great resentment, remov'd the Chairs, unlock'd the Door to the suppos'd Justice; the second Guest crav'd Pardon for the Disturbance he had given him, laid himself down in the spare Bed, the other returned him not so much as one word in answer to his Compliment, much less would he suffer him to see his Face: for he had no sooner opened the Door, but he flew back to his Bed, and covered himself over Head and Ears, with his Face to the Wall; the other also betook himself to his rest, hoping in the Morning he might satisfie his Curiosity.

The Nights were of the tedious *December* measure, and one would have thought the coldness of the weather, with the weariness of the Journey, might have enforced Travellers to pass them over without breaking their repose; but in regard the first Guest knew neither what ease or rest was, no satisfaction could sleep procure him.

Presently after Mid-night he began to sigh so grievously, that with every sigh, he seem'd to send his Soul of an Errand out of his Body; and so deeply were they fetched from the Heart, that though the second Guest were fast asleep, the Lamentations of his Chamber-fellow waked him. So that wondring at the throbs wherewith he accompanied those sighs, he attentively set himself to listen to the passionate Murmurs of one that seem'd to be in the greatest distress in the World.

Nor could the other prevent his bursting forth into the following Lamentations. *Of all others, I the most unfortunate! Whither does the irresistable force of thy Destiny hurry thee? Or what hope have I to get out of this intricate Labyrinth wherein I am? I wander up and down, young in Years, void of Council, and know not where will be the end of all my Toyl? How light a value*

O,

O my Honour, have I set upon thee? How has my Love been ill requited! How have I trodden under foot the Duty that I owed my Noble Parents! Faithless Don Manuel, *ungrateful, where art thou? Whither, forgetful of me, art thou fled? Answer me, I conjure thee, for I direct my Discourse to thee alone; perform thy Vows to me, and relieve in this distress, her that has so many ways obliged thee.*

Having said this the seeming Gentleman was silent, manifesting by his sighs, that his Eyes were not sparing of their Tears at the same time; all which the second Guest lay harkening with a still and quiet attention: collecting by those Discourses which he had heard, that without doubt it was a Woman, that uttered those sad Complaints, and bewailed her wretched Condition; which did but the more encrease his desire, to know who she was, So that he was thinking sometimes to call to her, and comfort her, being fully persuaded it was a Female; and doubtless he had done it, if at that very instant he had not heard him rise, and opening the Chamber-Door, call to the Master of the House to get ready his Nag; but the old Tost not having so much sorrow at his Heart, after he had suffer'd himself a good while to be call'd upon, made answer, It was but a little past Mid-night, and he had more need sleep. and take his rest; and moreover, that it was so exceeding dark that it would be a great piece of indiscretion to put himself upon his Journey.

This the sorrowful Stranger took to be good Advice, and having shut the Door, threw himself upon the Bed, sending forth withall, a most terrible sigh: All which the second Guest observing, resolved to speak, and offer him all the kindness that lay in his power, if he might be so happy as to know the Cause of his Sufferings.

To this purpose (said he) *Certainly, Sir, should not your Sighs and Words move me to compassionate the Torments of your Mind, I might well think my self void of common Pity. The Compassion I resent of your Condition, and the purpose I have to hazard my Life for your Redress, if it may merit any Requital, I beseech you (Sir) reject not my Friendship; for I will rather perish, than abandon your Relief, when once I understand the ground of your Trouble.*

If Sorrow had not bereft me of my Sense (answered he that complained) *I might very well have bethought my self, that I was not alone in this Lodging, and so ought to have put a Bridle to my Tongue, and made a longer Truce with my Sighs; and therefore to punish a Memory that has so much fail'd me, and in a place where it so much imported me to be more careful, I will grant your Request; perhaps by renewing the sad Story of my Misfortunes, it may happen, that a fresh feeling of their Torments, may put a Period to my miserable Life.*

Sir (then said she) *you are to understand, that I who entred into this Lodging* (as no doubt you have been informed) *in Man's Apparel, am an unfortunate Maid; at least, one that was so, not full eight days ago; but now have lost that* Noble Name, *by my own unadvisedness, and by giving credit to the well compos'd, but counterfeit words of faithless Man! My Name is* Carola, *my Country one of the chiefest, and most delightful parts of all* Andaluzia; *the Name I silence, because it doth not so much import you to know it, as it does me to conceal it; my Parents are Noble, and more than meanly Rich, who had between them one Son, and one Daughter. My Brother who was to be the Comfort of their Old Age, and an Honour to their House, they sent to* Salamanca *to Study, and me they kept at home; where they bred me up with so much Circumspection, as best became their Vertue and Nobleness; and I, without the least repining, was always Obedient, and Conformable to their Wills, till either my Happiness, being in the Wain, or my Misfortune growing towards the Full, betray'd my Duty.*

A Gentleman of great Extraction, and more endowed with Riches than I was, presented himself to my Eyes: The first time I saw him, I was not sensible of any thing else, save only a Complacency, and kind of satisfaction in having seen him; nor was it in me a thing so inexcusable, that I should be somewhat taken with a sight so Charming; his gentile Carriage, his Countenance and Meen, rendered him the most Accomplished of any; all which Perfections were much more heightned by his rare Discretion and Affability.

But

But what does it avail me to praiſe my Enemy? Or to go about, by way of Diſcourſe, to deſcant upon this my unfortunate Succeſs; or (to ſay better) the beginning of my Folly: He ſaw me not once, but often from a Window that was over againſt mine. From thence (as it ſeem'd then to me) he darted his Soul into my Breaſt, by his Eyes and mine, with another kind of Content than at firſt: I took pleaſure in beholding him, and did even inforce me to believe that they were pure Truths, which I read in his Face and Behaviour: His Eyes were the Intereeſſors, and Dictators of Speech; his Speech the Interpreter of his Deſire; and his Deſire the Inflamer of mine. To theſe he added Promiſes, Oaths, Tears, Sighs, and all that a firm and conſtant Lover could poſſibly do, to expreſs the Integrity of his Affection, and the ſincerity of his Heart.

As for me, unhappy! Who had never purchas'd Experience at ſo dear a rate before; every word was of that force, that part of my Honour's Fort could not withſtand his Charms. At length, upon a ſerious, and ſolemn Vow of Marriage, I ſet all my retiredneſs by, and uſher'd in that freedom which Love approves of: My Parents unconſulted never diſcovered any of my Folly, while *Don Manuel's* Page (for that's the Name of him that now diſturbs my reſt) brought me the unwelcom News of having loſt his Maſter, when ſcarce had he taken poſſeſſion of what he ſo much coveted; his Parents, nor any other could imagine which way he took, or what was become of him.

Now in what a Diſconſolate Condition was I then left in? Let him ſpeak that is able to pronounce it, for it is paſt my skill ever to know more; ſave only to bewail and lament it. I tore my Hair as if that had been guilty of my Errors. I Martyriz'd my Face, believing it had been the occaſion of all my Miſery. I curs'd my Fate, accus'd my too quick Determination, and the Tears which I ſhed were numberleſs. I ſilently complain'd on Heaven, then reaſon'd with my own Thoughts, to ſee if I could deſcover any Path that might lead to my Relief. At laſt, the only Expedient I could find, was to Diſguiſe my ſelf in Man's Apparel, and go in ſearch of this Defrauder of my lawful and well grounded hopes; and ſo with-

out any deeper Meditation, occasion offered me Accoutrements fit for my sorrowful Journey, and waiting my opportunity in an exceeding dark Night, made my escape. Now, Sir, I design my Journey to *Salamanca*, in pursuit of this most perfidious Man; for since my setting forth from my Father's House, I heard he is gone thither; all the care and fear I have now upon my Spirits, is to keep my self undiscovered from any other Person, and that none of my Relations may pursue me and find me out.

But should this Cloud of fear vanish, another may soon appear greater than the former, and prove a Storm; for should I meet with my Brother who is in *Salamanca*, Oh! How his Wrath would boyl into a Tempest, and nothing can appease him, or expiate my Crime; but this wretched Life, which at this time seems very burthensome; if he should with patience hear me plead Excuses, yet the least point of his Honour will over-poise the Balance, and over-sway the powerfullest Expressions I shall be able to utter.

Nevertheless, I am resolved (though I lose my Life in the pursuit) to follow this false Man, my Husband, for so I dare call him; he in point of Honour can't deny it, unless the Perjur'd Wretch will renounce those Holy Vows which Heaven was witness to, and deny that Ring of Diamonds which I joyfully received of him as a Matrimonial Pledge, the Posie of it is, *Manuel is Carola's Husband*: If I find him out, I'll ask him mildly, what moved him so quickly to leave me? But am fully purposed, that if he disanuls his vow'd Engagements to me, and denies me for his lawful Wife, then shall this Dagger reach his perfidious Heart, and this Hand shall be the Executioner. I'll shew my self as ready to take Revenge, as I was facile in suffering him to wrong me; for that Noble Blood which my Parents gave me, rouses up my Spirits, and warms me with such a Courage, that they already promise me a satisfaction for my received abuse, or full revenge of my offer'd Disgrace.

This (Noble Sir) is the true and unfortunate Story you so much desired to know, and which may sufficiently plead the excuse of those Sighs and Words that disturbed you of your Rest: And now I beg of you (as you are a

Gentleman)

Gentleman) to aſſiſt a diſconſolate Lady, or at leaſt, to afford me your beſt Advice, how I may avoid thoſe dangers that ſeem to threaten me, and that my being found out, may be prevented; and laſtly, that which I ſo much deſire may be obtained.

He who had attentively hearkened to the Story of the enamour'd *Carola*, continued ſilent, and ſo long, that ſhe thought he had been aſleep; and had heard nothing of what ſhe had related: For her better ſatisfaction, ſhe called to know if he were awake. Indeed Sir (ſaid ſhe) you may well ſleep in the midſt of a Repetition of Miſeries, tedious to your Ears, and truly ſenſible to none but them that feel them.

I ſleep not (dear Madam) reply'd the Gentleman, but rather am ſo far from it, and ſo ſenſible of your Misfortune, that I know not whether I may not be thought to have as deep a ſhare in them as your ſelf, and what advice I am Maſter of, you may command; for aſſure your ſelf, I will aſſiſt you to the utmoſt of my Ability: Conſidering the Management of your Story, you have declared ſo rare an underſtanding, that methinks your own Judgment ſhould not have been ſo eaſily miſguided; for, I perceive (Madam) your own Inclination more deceived you, than *Don Manuel's* perſuaſions; yet your few and tender years may be a ſufficient Apology for your not having Experience in diſcerning the fraud of Men.

My Advice (Madam) at this time, is only to be patient; and if you can, to take your repoſe during this ſmall remnant of Night, and to Morrow we will both contrive what courſe is beſt to be ſteer'd. *Carola* having expreſſed her thankfulneſs, addreſſed her ſelf to reſt, more out of Complaiſance to the Gentleman, than any ſatisfaction to her ſelf; but he that gave that Advice to the Lady, could take no reſt himſelf, for he began to toſs and tumble in the Bed, and fell to ſighing ſo loud, that *Carola* was obliged to make the ſame enquiry after the cauſe of his Sighs, as he did after her Lamentations; and in retaliation of his kindneſs, ſhe utter'd many Proteſtations to ſerve him to her utmoſt power.

To which the Gentleman reply'd, Suppoſe (Madam) you are the occaſion of my Diſquiet, yet you are not the

Person that can relieve me; for were it so, I should not be sensible of any pain. *Carola* could not well understand whither these confused Expressions tended, yet she suspected some Amorous Passion had surpriz'd him, and thought within her self that she might be the Instrument; concluding, that the Solitude and darkness of the Room, and the Discovery she had made of her self, might be no small Incentives to kindle heat in youthful blood.

Fearing the worst, she made her self ready with all silence, and haste imaginable, and sat down upon her Bed expecting the approach of Day, which within a while after appear'd. The Gentleman no sooner perceived day light at the Window, but leapt from his Bed, and call'd to Madam *Carola*, to get her self ready; assuring her that the Protestations he had made to her last Night, he would begin to put in Execution this Morning; and that he would never leave her, till she had obtain'd *Don Manuel* for her lawful Husband: Which if he refus'd, he would vindicate her Honour with the point of his Sword, and the longest liver gain the Victory, and by this (Madam said he) you may know how deeply your Misfortunes have engag'd me.

Then opening the Windows, and the Chamber-Door, which pleas'd *Carola*, who with a longing expectation had a desire to see the Person whom she had held Discourse with all Night: But when she had view'd him, and knew him, then she wish'd it had never been Day, but that her Eyes had been closed up in perpetual Night; for he had scarce cast his Eyes upon her, but she presently perceiv'd he was her Brother, whom she so much dreaded. At the first sight of him, she had almost lost her Eyes, and remain'd Speechless; the Colour in her Cheeks was fled away, and in the place of Roses appear'd paleness.

But re-assuming Courage from fear, and Discretion from Danger, drawing out her Dagger, she took it by the Point, and addressed her self to her Brother upon her Knees, in these Words.

Take this, Dear Brother (said she) and give me the Punishment of that folly which I have committed. Satisfie your Displeasure upon so great a Crime as mine is, for I can expect no mercy to be extended towards me. I confess my Offence; and acknowledge my Guilt; but would

not

not that my Repentance ſhould ſerve to excuſe my Fault; only, I beſeech you, that the Torment may be ſuch, as may take away this wretched life, but not my Honour: For although I have forc'd it into apparent danger, by abſenting from my Father's Houſe; yet can it not eſcape a real Cenſure, ſhould not the Puniſhment be ſecret.

Her Brother looking wiſhfully upon her, ſeeing her in Tears, rais'd her from the ground; telling her, that ſince he could not find out a convenient Puniſhment anſwerable to her Folly, he would ſuſpend it for the preſent: And moreover told her, he did believe Fortune had not as yet ſhut the Doors againſt all Remedy; and that he had rather chuſe to procure it by the beſt means, than to take Revenge of that Wrong and Affront, which by her overmuch Credulity reflected upon his own, as well as her Honour.

With this kind Expreſſions *Carola* began to recover her loſt Spirits, her Colour return'd to her Face, and her almoſt dead hopes were reviv'd. *Don Sebaſtian*, (for ſo was her Brother call'd) forbore after that to Nominate any thing of her Diſaſter, knowing how harſh that Note would ſound in her Ear; but did adviſe her to change her Name of *Carola* to *Carlos*, concluding both to go to *Salamanca*, to find out *Don Manuel*: *Carola* referred her ſelf wholly to her Brother, and the Buſineſs to his Management.

Then calling for the Maſter of the Houſe, they deſired ſomewhat might be got ready for Break-faſt, intending preſently to be gone: But in the Interim of time, enters a Gentleman Traveller into the Inn, who was inſtantly known by *Don Sebaſtian*. *Carlos* likewiſe knew him, but durſt not come out of the Room, for fear of being diſcover'd. *Don Sebaſtian* having embraced him, enquir'd what News was in thoſe Parts from whence he came; he reply'd, that he came from the Port of *Santa Maria*, where he left four Gallies that were bound for *Naples*, and in one of them he ſaw a very good Friend of his embarqu'd; which was *Don Manuel*, the Son of *Don Lopez*. This News pleas'd *Don Sebaſtian* wondrous well, returning thanks to *Fortune*, that ſhe had made ſo fine a Progreſs; after ſome Compliments, the Gentleman took his leave.

No

No sooner was the Stranger gone, but *Don Sebastian* and his Sister set forward for their Journey. Leaving those that were behind to descant upon 'em. As they Travelled together, *Don Sebastian* acquainted his Sister with the News he had heard concerning *Don Manuel*, and that he thought it requisite with all speed, to hasten to *Barcelona*, where usually the Gallies which are bound for *Italy*, or return from *Spain*, ride there a day or two, in one of which, he did not question but to find *Don Manuel*. *Carola* was very well pleased at the News. and thanked him for his good Advice.

Don Sabastian, by the way, picked up a Mule-Driver, for a Guide to 'em, and told him he must have Patience, for his occasions pres'd him to go to *Barcelona*, and for his time he would give him a good Reward; the Muliteer being a good Jolly Fellow, believ'd that *Don Sebastian* was a Noble, Free Gentleman, made answer, that he would do him what Service he could, and go with him to the end of the World.

Then *Don Sebastian*, like a Prudent Traveller, examin'd the strength of his own, and his Sister's Stock; and finding it considerable, proceeded forward on their Journey; and at length reach'd within nine Miles of *Barcelona*: There they had notice that a Gentleman of Quality who was going to *Rome*, staid in *Barcelona*, expecting the Gallies. The News liked 'em so well, that they doubled their Speed, till entering into a little Wood, they espyed a Man come running out of it, and looking behind him as one that had been fear'd out of his Wits. *Don Sebastian* riding up to him ask'd him, What fears put such Wings to his Feet? 'Tis time to run, (quo' the Fellow) for a Man that has no mind to be robb'd or have his Throat cut. For in short (said he) their is a Legion of Thieves in that Wood, and therefore I advise you to consider before you go forward; for as the Man said by his Wooden God, *I don's like 'em*. Robbers at this time of day, quoth the Muliteer, I don't love to hear of: Pox on 'em, they'll never consider my Mules will be hungry at Night.

But as the Fellow had put them in a Fright, so he gave them some Consolation again, by telling the Muliteer they had done their Business, and were newly gone; having bound

bound to the Trees no leſs than Thirty Paſſengers, Stripped even to their very Shirts; only they left one Man at liberty to unbind the reſt, ſo ſoon as they had recovered a little Mountain, from whence they would give him a Signal to ſet the reſt free. If this be ſo (reply'd the Muliteer) we may ſafely go on, there being no danger after a Robbery committed.

Then they reſolv'd to advance, but they had not gone far, before they ſaw the People Robbed, and bound, and the Fellow unbinding them as faſt as he could, it was a ſtrange Spectacle to behold, ſome ſtark naked, others cover'd with the Robbers tatter'd Rags, ſome weeping to ſee themſelves Robb'd and Stripp'd of all; others laughing to ſee the ſtrange Habits of their Fellow-Sufferers; one was reckoning up what he had loſt; another was bewailing his Great-Grandfather's Seal-Ring, that had ſerv'd his Family for many Deſcents; a third hoped they would drink his Health, or elſe, quoth he, they are a Company of ungrateful Raſcals.

In concluſion, every one had their ſeveral Humours, though not without ſome Paſſion of Diſcontent. The whole Scene drew a Natural Pity from the two Brothers; but nothing was more worthy of their Compaſſion, than to ſee bound to the Trunk of an Oak, a Youth about the Age of ſixteen years, with a Shirt only on his Back, and a pair of Linnen Breeches; but of ſo fair, and lovely a Countenance, that he moved all that beheld him, to pity. *Carlos* alighted to unbind him, for which the Youth returned very Courteous, and Thankful Expreſſions, for the received kindneſs: Then *Carlos* deſired the Muliteer to lend the Youth his Cloak, which he accordingly did; then *Carlos* ask'd him whence he came, and whither he he was Travelling?

The Youth anſwered, he was of *Andaluzia*, which *Don baſtian*, and *Carlos* knew to be but two Leagues diſtant from their own Habitation: He moreover told them, that he came from *Sevil*, and that his deſign was to go for *Italy*, to try his Fortune in the Exerciſe of Arms. He confeſs'd he did not like his ill beginning, nor the rough uſage of the Thieves, for they had taken from him in Money and Cloths, a Sum not in every one's Pocket; yet however he would

would profecute his Deſign, and not be diſcourag'd at the firſt ill ſucceſs that befell him: The diſcreet Language of the Youth begat ſuch a ſtrange Affection in the two Brothers, that they hired the Muleteer's own Beaſt for him and in a ſhort ſpace arriv'd at *Iqualada*, where they learn'd that the Gallies had put into *Barcelona* the day before; and that within two days they were to be gone, if foul Weather did not hinder 'em.

This News made 'em riſe early next Morning, before Sun-riſing, for little ſleep ſuffiſed them. Now, as the two Brothers, and the Youth were ſitting together, *Carlos* fix'd his Eyes very wiſhly on his Face, and viewing him very narrowly, his Mind prompted him that the Youth muſt needs be of the Female Sex; then *Don Sebaſtian* ask'd him whoſe Son he was, the Youth made anſwer, he was the Son of *Don Frederique de Monaſco*; *Don Sebaſtian* reply'd, he very well knew the Gentleman, but never heard that he had a Son: (by which he perceiv'd, that he was loath to diſcover his Parents.) It is true (anſwered the Youth) *Don Frederique* has no Sons, but *Lorenzo* his Brother has: Indeed (ſaid *Don Sebaſtian*) you are under a Miſtake, for he has never a Son, but one Daughter, who is reported to be the Faireſt Virgin in all *Andaluzia*, though I never was ſo happy as to ſee her. What you ſay, Sir, is certainly true, (reply'd the Youth) *Don Lorenzo* has but one only Daughter, but not ſo Fair as buſie *Fame* reports her; and if I told you I was the Son of *Don Frederique*, it was only to be the higher in your Eſteem.

But ingenuouſly to confeſs, I am not the Son of *Don Frederque*, but of *Don Lorenzo*'s Steward, my Name is *Leonardo*, at length grown up to theſe years, and having given my Father ſome diſguſt, I reſolv'd not to abide at home, but rather choſe to try my Fortune in the Wars abroad, where I have heard of many of mean Birth, that have attain'd to high and great Preferments: To all this Relation *Carlos* attentively liſtened, yet it ſtill more and more confirm'd the Suſpicion he had entertained. Thereupon *Carlos* having given *Don Sebaſtian* notice of his intent, took the Youth aſide into another Room, and there began to take him into a kind Examination,

I could

I could wish *Seńior Leonardo*, it had been my happineſs to have been owner of ſuch Opportunities, wherein I might have ſerv'd you ſo far, as at this time I might raiſe from you an Obligation not to deny me ſome Requeſt, which will be a great ſatisfaction to me; however, though you ſhould deny me, yet will I never ceaſe the Friendſhip I now profeſs to you. I muſt confeſs I have a Jealouſie, you are not what your Habit proclaims you to be, but of the other Sex, and your Beauty publiſhes you be born of Noble Blood; if then that which I ſuſpect be true, deal plainly with me, for by the Faith of a Gentleman, I'll die to ſerve you.

With great attention, did this Youth hearken to what *Carlos* ſaid, and continued ſilent for a while; at laſt took hold of both his Hands, and bringing them with a kind force to his Lips, not only Kiſt, but likewiſe bath'd them with his Tears. *Carlos* being ſurpriz'd at this ſudden Paſſion, could not forbear weeping for Company. At length, after a ſhort Prologue of Sighs, and Tears; Sir, ſaid the Diſconſolate Youth, I neither will, nor can deny, but that your Suſpicion has been true; I am a Woman, and of all Women the moſt Unfortunate, that ever ſaw the Sun's bright Luſtre: And ſince the Favours received, and the fair Offers you have made me, oblige me to Obedience, I ſhall declare to you my Name and Family, if it may not be offenſive to your Ears, to hear another's Misfortunes. The pain that I ſhall ſuffer, will be that they are yours (reply'd *Carlos*) but the pleaſure will be greater when you have eaſed your Mind, perhaps ſome Refreſhments may flow from one Breaſt to another.

What I told as to my Country was true (ſaid the Youth) but as to my Parents I made a Concealment. I am that unfortunate Daughter of *Lorenzo*, *Don Frederque*'s Brother, who for her Beauty (as your Brother ſaid) is ſo much prais'd and commended, though the miſtake is eaſily diſcern'd, in that little, or none at all, that poor *Angelia* is owner of.

Now, Sir, two Leagues from the place of my Birth, lives a Noble Gentleman, that has a Son, named *Don Manuel*; who if *Fame* be not over laviſh in his Praiſes as ſhe has been in mine, is in the Rank of thoſe Gentlemen, who

who deserve no mean Commendation. This Gentleman and my Father took great delight in Hunting, and he frequently came and staid at our House five or six days together. From this occasion, Fortune, or Love took their opportunity to throw me headlong from the Precipice of my Honour, to the bottom of this low Condition, wherein I now am; his Gentileness, and Discretion, Lineage, Beauty, and Wealth were such, that all the happiness I did desire, was to obtain him for my Husband; many hours and days were spent in Courtship, and after many Sollicitations, having given me his Faith under the most binding and Solemnest Oaths imaginable to marry me; I resign'd my self wholly to his Will and Pleasure: Besides all this, I obtain'd from him a Writing, sign'd with his own Hand, and strengthened with so many powerful Circumstances, that I thought nothing could be more sure: Thus relying upon a false security, I contriv'd a way to convey him such a Night to my Lodging, where without any disturbance he might reap that Fruit, which for him alone I had reserv'd, and at last came that Night which by me was so much resired.

Till she came to this point, *Carlos* had the patience to continue silent, having her Soul depending on *Angelia's* Words, whose Expressions pierc'd her to the very Heart; especially when she heard the Name of *Don Manuel*, she beheld the rare Beauty of *Angelia*, and considered the greatness of her Worth intermixed with such a singular Discretion, as she had so well manifested in the repetition of her Story: But when she came to say, *At last came that Night which by me was so much desired*, she had like to have lost all Patience; so that not being able to contain her self any longer, breaks out, Very well, (said he) and when this happy Night was come, What did he then? Did he enjoy you? Did he anew confirm the Writing? Did he rest well pleased in taking that from you, which you say was only his? Did your Father know of it? Or, in what end, ended these wise Beginnings?

They ended (reply'd *Angelia*) in putting me in this Condition; for I did neither enjoy him, nor he me, nor came to any final Agreement: With these words *Carlos* began to recover a little Breath, and recall'd those Spirits, which

by

by little and little were leaving her disorder'd Heart; such was that raging Pestilence of jealousie, which began to spread, and diffuse it self into the most secret Retirements of the Vital Parts. *Carola* at last re-setled, though not Without some Qualms, and inward Resentments began again to hearken to the Fair *Angelia*, who thus proceeded

About some eight days after, I was credibly inform'd that he was gone from his House, and carried with him a Young Lady, whose Name was *Carola*, a Virgin of extraordinary Beauty, and rare Endowments: This was soon spread abroad, and presently arriv'd to my Ears, and with it that fearful Lance of jealousie, which pierc'd my Heart, and set my Soul on such a flaming fire, that turned my Honour into Ashes, consum'd my Credit, and wasted all my Patience to nothing.

Then most Unfortunate! Cry'd I, for I than began to figure in my Imagination, *Carola* to be Fairer than the Sun, and more Happy than I am Miserable: Then I read over and over the Writing which I had, look'd how it was sign'd, and presently my Hopes fled thither for shelter, as to a Sanctuary; but when I Consider'd the Person that *Don Manuel* had carried along with him, then again all my Hopes fell immediately to the Ground: I tore my Hair, and curs'd the Face that had betray'd me. At last to finish all my Sorrows, I resolved to leave my Father's House, and in Disguise, chosing a Night that had put on its blackest Mantle, I walk'd unto a little Town, where I found the Conveniency of a Waggon, and in two days after, I arriv'd at *Sevil*: There I bought me some Apparel, and a Mule, and travelled along till Yesterday with some Gentlemen, that were with speed going to *Barcelona*, to take the opportunities of the Gallies bound for *Italy*.

But falling unfortunately into the Hands of thieves and Robbers, I lost that Jewel which kept me alive, and lightned the burden of my Afflictions; it was the Writing I had from *Don Manuel*. But how easily would he deny Words written in Paper, who denies those Obligations which ought to be engraven in his Soul? besides, if he is accompanied with the unparallel'd *Carola*, he will never vouchafe to look upon wretched *Angelia*. However I am resolv'd to die, or to find them both out, to the end

the ſight of me may diſturb their quiet, Let not that Enemy of my reſt think ſhe ſhall enjoy at ſo cheap a rate, that which is mine; I'll ſeek her out, and if I can, will deprive her of that life, which ſhe enjoys in thoſe Embraces due to none but my ſelf.

But what fault can you find with *Carola*, (ſaid *Carlos*) if happily ſhe were deceiv'd by *Don Manuel*, as well as you have been? That cannot be (reply'd *Angelia*) for if they live together, as Man and Wife, the Caſe is evident. But be they in the remoter Delarts of *Lybia*, or the furthermoſt parts of Frozen *Scythia*, She queſtionleſs enjoys him.

It may be (ſaid *Carlos*) you are miſtaken, and Jealouſie hath miſguided your thoughts, or blinded the Eyes of your Underſtanding, for I know her very well, whom you call your Enemy; and I am ſo privy to her Condition, and Retiredneſs, that ſhe will never adventure to forgoe her Father's Houſe, nor yeild to the Will of *Don Manuel*: But admit ſhe ſhould, if ſhe never knew you, nor knew any Contract between you, ſhe has done you no Wrong at all; and where there is no Wrong offer'd, no Revenge ought to be taken: Of her Retiredneſs, (ſaid *Angelia*) you may ſay your Pleaſure; but, I think, I was as Retir'd as ſhe: And whereas, you urge ſhe did me no Wrong, ſhould I look upon the Fact withour Paſſion, I muſt confeſs, ſhe did me Juſtice; but the Torment of my Jealouſie makes her a Criminal to my Misfortune: This is that Sword which is Sheathed in my Bowels, and none can blame me, if I pluck out that which wounds me.

I perceive (ſaid *Carlos*) the Paſſion which at preſent poſſeſſes your Mind, will not permit you to Judge of things aright; nor are you at this time in a fit poſture to recive good Inſtructions; however, I will be ready to aid and aſſiſt you, according to my Ability, in what is requiſite; and I am ſure the Natural Inclination, and Generoſity of my Brother, will not ſuffer him to do otherwiſe. Our Courſe is deſign'd for *Italy*, and if you reſolve to go with us, your good Company will be very acceptable: You may gueſs at your Entertainment by that little you have found already. *Angelia* return'd him

him hearty thanks, and earneſtly beſought him to take her into his Protection; which *Carlos* faithfully promiſed to do; ſo taking their Leaves of each other, they departed to their reſpective Lodgings, for their Repoſe.

Carola repeated all to her Brother, what *Angelia* had related; at which he was much ſurpriz'd; but told her, were there a Confirmation of what ſhe had then ſpoke, ſhe was for Beauty, and Riches, one of the Nobleſt Ladies in all *Andaluzia*; and now (ſaid he) we muſt uſe our utmoſt skill, in preventing her ſpeaking firſt to *Don Manuel*, for though the Writing may be loſt, yet the remembrance of it will be found.

Carola having heard her Brothers Diſcourſe retir'd to her Bed, thinking to take her reſt, but that raging Torment of Jealouſie would not permit her the leaſt Repoſe. Sometimes *Angelia's* Beauty, and the perfidiouſneſs of *Don Manuel* appeared to her Imagination in the higheſt Magnitude; and then the Writing, that appeared ſo dreadful, that nothing but Blood was ſeen Inſtead of Ink. Such Agonies as theſe perplex'd her dubious Thoughts, and hindred ſleep, which proves a Friend to Care. Her Brother was kept waking by Torments of another Nature; for no ſooner did he hear who *Angelia* was, but his Heart was all on Flame, ſuch force has Beauty that it conquers Hearts, and never ceaſes but in a happy fruition: He did not imagine *Angelia* could be us'd ſo barbarouſly as to be tied to a Tree, or clad in a Tattered Habit, but in her rich Apparel in her Father's Houſe; and now wiſhing for the welcome day, that he might purſue his Journey, and find out *Don Manuel* not ſo much to make him his Brother, as to prevent his Marrying *Angelia*; diſiring rather to ſee his Siſter Comfortleſs, and *Don Manuel* fairly Buried, than to ſee himſelf Hopeleſs.

Thus all with differing Thoughts, at the Approach of Day they all forſook their Beds; but *Don Sebaſtian* being firſt up, ſent for a Habit to fit his deareſt *Anglia*; ſhe putting them on, Girded her Sword about her with that Lively Grace, and Vigour, as ſurpriz'd *Don Sebaſtian's* Admiration, and multiply'd a thouſand Jealouſies in *Carola*. About Eight in the Morning they

ted their Inn, setting forward on their Journey for *Barcelona*; and here I want Words to express the Thoughts which the two Brothers entertain'd touching *Angelia*. *Carola* wishing her Death, and *Don Sebastian* desiring her Life; *Carola* seeking to find out faults in her, that she might not despair of her Hopes, and *Don Sebastian* finding out those Perfections which more oblig'd him to love her: All these thoughts hindred not their Journey, for they reach'd *Barcelona* before Sunset.

But as they entred into it, there was a Tumultuous Noise, and great Numbers of People were gathering together; but upon the enquiry into cause of it, answer was made, it was a Quarrel between the Seamen, and some of the Inhabitants of that City. Then riding up to the Sea-Shore, they saw several Weapons drawn, and Multitudes of People Hewing, and Hacking one another, and could distinctly discern the Faces of some that fought; all this while *Don Sebastian* beholding this Scuffle, observ'd amongst those that took part with the Seamen, a Young Gallant that laid about him like a Tyger; the Briskness, and Valour of this young Gentleman, together with the richness of his Cloths, caused all those that beheld the Fight to fix their Eyes upon him, and in such stedfast manner did *Carola* and *Angelia* behold him, that at one Instant both cry'd out, *Heavens bless me! Esther I have no Eyes, or that's* Don Manuel: Then with great Nimbleness they alighted, and drawing their Swords, they cleared their way through the Croud, and placed themselves on each side of *Don Manuel*.

Fear nothing *Don Manuel* (Cry'd *Angelia*) for you have one by your side, who with the loss of his own Life will rescue yours: Who doubts it (reply'd *Carola*) while I am here? *Don Sebastian* saw, and heard what had pass'd, but followed close, resolving to take his share. *Don Manuel* being busie in defending himself, took little notice of his two Seconds, but continued still eager in Fighting, till at last he was forc'd to retreat, with his two Valiant *Amazons* on each side: The Fray it seems was not ended, but Stones, the Instruments

ments of Popularity, were thrown plentifully, whereof one very unluckily, with a well directed force hit *Don Manuel* full on the Breaſt, and ſtruck him backwards, *Angelia* no ſooner ſaw him fall, but preſently catch'd him in her Arms, and *Carola* did the like.

Don Sebaſtian was likewiſe defending himſelf from the Showers of Stones which rained about his Ears, yet ſaw the Accident which happened to *Don Manuel*; and deſirous withall to approach to his Soul's delight, a certain *Catalonian* Knight of great Authority in the City, call'd to him, to keep along by his ſide, with a Promiſe to ſave him from the Inſolency of the Unruly Rout: *Don Sebaſtian* returned the Knight hearty thanks for his friendly proffer, but beſought him that he might paſs forwards; telling him he ſaw that in great danger, which he valued more than his Life.

This ſtop was a great hindrance no *Don Sebaſtian*; for before he could reach to 'em, the Long Boat belonging to the Admiral's Galley, had taken in *Don Manuel*, and *Angelia*, who would never let him go out of her Arms: But as for *Carola*, he arriv'd ſeaſonably enough, ſhe being either weary, or overcome with Grief to ſee *Don Manuel* Wounded; or elſe, enrag'd with Jealouſie, to ſee her Rival gone along with him, had neither Power, nor Strength to get into the Boat; and doubtleſs had fallen into a Fit, and dropt into the Water, had not her Brother at that Juncture of time appear'd to her Relief; who (indeed) himſelf felt no leſs Torment, than his Siſter did Pain, to ſee that *Angelia* was gone away with her Lover *Don Manuel*.

The *Catalonian* Knight being very much taken with the goodly Preſence of *Don Sebaſtian*, and his Brother, call'd them from the Sea Shore, (where Multitudes were ſtill thronging) and deſired them to go with him, for he would Conduct them ſafe from the Rabble; thus forc'd by neceſſity, and being afraid of the People, not yet pacifi'd, they willingly accepted of his friendly kindneſs: Thereupon, the Knight alighting from his Horſe, with his Sword in his Hand, made way for 'em through the midſt of that Tempeſtuous Croud.

The Knight having thus preſerv'd the two Brothers, brought

brought them to his own House, which was one of the chiefest in all the City. Then he enquir'd of *Don Sebastian*, in which of the Gallies he came? who replying, that he was newly come into the City as the Hurly-Burly began, and espying in the Engagement, a Gentleman, who was wounded on the Breast with a Stone, but could not by any means come to his assistance: Moreover, (added he) this Gentleman is a Person on whom depends all my Felicity in this World; and therefore, if I might obtain that favour from a Person so obliging, I could wish he might be brought on Shore: Thereupon, the Knight freely told him, that he would go himself, and see him safe brought hither, which according to his Promise he performed: He found *Don Manuel* in a Languishing Condition, and the Chirurgeons dressing his Wounds, gave their Opinion it was very dangerous, being near the Heart; which caused the Knight to be so urgent with the Admiral, that he gave him leave to take *Don Manuel* along with him, which was done with all the Care imaginable.

Being Landed, the Knight brought *Don Manuel*, and *Angelia* to his House, making them both welcome: At the same time Chirurgeons were sent for, all confirming the dangerous Condition wherein *Don Manuel* was. *Angelia*, and *Carola* heard it with that Grief of Heart, as if they had heard the Sentence of their own Deaths, but not willing to discover their Sorrow, they endeavoured at that time to suppress it. *Angelia* resolving with her self to lose no time to suppress it; but to take the first opportunity of speaking to *Don Manuel*, no sooner were the Chirurgeons gone, but she entred the Chamber, where *Don Manuel* lay, where were present the *Knight*, *Don Sebastian*, *Carola*, and others: She sat by the Bed-side, and taking him fast by the Hand, Sir, (said she) it is now no seasonable time, considering your Condition, to utter many Words, and therefore I shall only entreat you to lend your Ear to some few which are requisite; for it would prove ill in me, who never disoblig'd you, to be at this time the Cause of your Disturbance.

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At these words, *Don Manuel* lifting up his Eyes, look'd stedfastly on *Angelia*, having recollected himself, and in a manner taken her into his Memory, more by the Tone of her Voice, than by her Physiognomy, with a feeble Voice, as one that was full of Pain, Say on, Sir, (said he) what you please, for I am not yet so near my end, but I can listen to your Story, nor is that Voice, of yours so harsh, and unpleasing, that it should give me the least Disquiet.

Carola hearkned most attentively, and every Word that *Angelia* spoke, pierc'd her to the Heart, and at the same time Wounded the Soul of *Don Sebastian*, who also heard her, then proceeding, Sir, (said she) if some strange Misfortune has not hurt your Memory; or rather, if some foul Blemish has not stain'd my Vertue, you cannot but remember her, who not long since, you were pleas'd to Honour with the Name of your Celestial Treasure; you would then remember who *Angelia* was, and your Promise you gave her in Writing, Sign'd with your own Hand; neither can you forget the Worth of her parents, her Fidelity, and the Obligations wherein you stand bound to her; for resigning up so easy a Victory to your Vows, and Protestations. If your Memory does not at this time fail you, (though thus Disguis'd) you may easily perceive I am your most Unfortunate *Angelia*. No sooner had you taken your speedy Flight, but I began my sorrowfull Journey; despising the worst of Miseries that could happen to me, I was resolv'd to wander up and down, leaving no place unsearch'd, till I had found you out; for if ever you felt the Power of true Love, or heard of the Rage of a Deceived Woman; you will not be Astonish'd but rather Convert your Wonder into Pity. And now let me beg of you, for the Love you bear to Heaven, your own Honour, and for the sake of her, to whom you owe more than to all the World; only to be true to Justice, let that be perfectly Consummated now in Publick, which you were so willing to Contract in Private; for no further Delays can be allowed of, without the ruine of your Honour, and my eternal Shame. Here *Angelia* stopt: Now they that were in the Room, expected

when *Don Manuel*; would give an Answer; who in a little while lifting up his Eyes, said to her.

Fair Angelia, I am not ignorant of any Obligations, wherein I stand engag'd, for those many Favors receiv'd from you; neither do I forget the Worth of your Noble Parents, nor your own Unblemish'd Virtues; neither do I disesteem you for seeking me out in a Disguise so subject to Censure: But I must proclaim a truth, and if it prove unpleasant to your Ears, I am an unwelcome Herald. I confess *Fair Angelia*, I lov'd you well, for which you conferr'd on me a Retribution: but yet the Writing which you are pleased to command, was given you more in Complaisance to your Request, than any Act of my own Inclination, for many days before I surrender'd up my Heart with as pure a Flame as was proportionable to the Beauty I so much admir'd. The Fair *Carola*, is the Object whom I must Adore, and to whom I will perform those Vows, in the Face of Heaven: Therefore, pray Madam, take it not for so high a Crime; for I left not only you, but her, in the same Suspence. I do acknowledge I am guilty of the Imprudent Proceedings of a rash Young Man, being void of Judgement, Meditation, or Consideration: And as for the Writing, I look upon it to be indifferent; this I thought fit to impart before my Death, that the Memory of this Truth may not be Buried in Oblivion.

While *Don Manuel*, thus Discours'd with *Angelia*, his Arm was the Support on which his Head rested; but having made an end of speaking, he was ready to faint, and had not *Don Sebastian* ran immediately and catch'd him in his Arms, he had fallen into a Swoon. Recovering his Spirits, he cast his Eyes on *Don Sebastian*; then taking him by the Hand, he forced it to his Lips; mutually they Embraced, and Kissed each other, using many Complements, whereby they renewed their former Friendship: Then said *Don Manuel*, Sir, the great Joy I receive in seeing you, renews my Sorrows, for you set before my Eyes my Ingratitude which I am guilty of, but since it cannot be remedied, whatever Misery now befals me, I'll receive it with pleasure, in exchange of this short Enjoyment of your Friendship. Sir, reply'd *Don Sebastian*,

Sebaſtian, I have been an Ear Witneſs of your kind Expreſſions you were pleas'd to uſe, in acknowledging that Paſſion you have for my Siſter *Carola*; (then taking her by the Hand, who was all this while weeping) and (Sir) to compleat that Happineſs the more, I here preſent her to your Hand, who (I believe) at this time may effect upon your Wound an Excellent Cure: They were both ſo tranſported with Joy, that their were Bath'd in Amorous Tears.

All that were in the Room were ſilent, being ſurpriz'd with Admiration to behold ſo ſtrange an Accident: at the ſame time, *Angelia* perceiving how things went, and what would be the Product in the end; that her Hopes were quite fruſtrated of ever obtaining *Don Manuel*, ſhe ſtole out of the Company, and being got out of the Room, inſtantly made into the Street, intending to have wander'd where-ever Deſpair would lead her; ſcarce had ſhe got out out of Doors, when *Don Sebaſtian* began to miſs her, and as if he had loſt his Soul, made ſtrict enquiry after her; but no Body could give him intelligence which way ſhe was gone: like one almoſt diſtracted, he poſted firſt to the Muliteers Inn; but finding her not there, he ran like a Mad Man through the Streets, ſearching all places as he went through; believing at length, ſhe might deſign for the Sea ſide, whither he haſtned with all Speed: as he drew near, he heard a Voice calling aloud for the Boat belonging to the Admiral's Galley, who preſently knew it to be *Angelia*; he flew to her as ſwift as an Eagle to his Prey: *Angelia* ſtood at firſt upon her Guard, with her Sword in her Hand, but perceiving it to be *Don Sebaſtian*, ſhe was grieved at the Heart he ſhould find her, eſpecially in a place ſo remote from Company: ſhe diſcern'd that *Don Sebaſtian* had a real Paſſion for her' and could have wiſh'd that *Don Manuel* had lov'd her but half ſo well: *Don Sebaſtian* was glad he had ſo fortunately Retriev'd her, and more pleaſed at the Opportunity of the Place, where he apply'd himſelf to her, in theſe Words.

Since Fortune has prov'd thus kind to me, fair *Angelia*, ſhou'd I now want power to diſcover the Secrets of my Soul, there would lie concealed in this Boſom, the

the most Cordial Affection, that was ever harboured in a Lover's Breast: *Don Manuel*, has the Advantage of me only in this, that he is the first that had the Possession of your Heart; but since his Heart was not in his Power to give, nor your Happiness to receive; may the Gods inspire you with that Love, that in Exchange for his you may take mine. My Extraction is not Ignoble, nor my Fortune much Inferiour, to *Don Manuel*; but what Heaven's Bounty (Madam) has opened her Hand to give, I will humbly prostrate at your Feet, to take: *Angelia*, continued silent, all the while, letting fall some Tears, and fetching some few Sighs; then taking her by the Hand, he kiss'd it very often; still kissing of it between whiles. Madam, (said he) remove this pain which I endure; and speak that happy Word that *Angelia* is *Sebastian's*: Let me beg of you to entertain so importunate a Passion, that nothing but a suitable return, can be Satisfactory: Pronounce, (Madam) that happy Sentence, and then may Torments equal your Hate (if such could be found out) fall on me, if ever Passion was so pure as mine, or shall prove so constant.

Angelia, so soon as she had dry'd those Tears which had bedew'd her Cheeks, she said, Sir, I look upon you as a Gentleman, far above what I can pretend or lay claim to, but more than ever I can merit; yet if you think me worthy of your Marriage-Bed, and what you utter with your Tongue, proceeds from a real Affection, I shall (said she with a little redness) surrender up my self, and consent if Heav'n has so decreed it; but if what you said should prove untrue; it will the more encrease my Torment. Ah, Madam! (said *Don Sebastian*) may the brightest Luminary ever cease to display his Beams upon me, if ever *Sebastian* proves false unto *Angelia*. Then give me Sir, (said she) that Hand of yours, and in Exchange take mine, and let those Clouds, these Sands, and Seas, with the still silence of this place (only interrupted by my Sighs, and your Intreaties) be Witnesses of this Engagement. Having said this, she permitted *Don Sebastian*, to embrace her, and by Exchange of Hands, they solemnized their private Nuptials

with

with the shedding of a few Tears, rejoycing at the flight of their past sorrow.

This Ceremony being ended, they presently return'd to the Knight's House, where at the Entrance, they heard a noise of Musick, with great Expressions of Joy, not dreaming so suddain a performing of the Nuptials of *Don Manuel*, and *Carola*; which afterwards they were fully informed of, with the Reasons of so quick a dispatch. At their return, they were received with great Joy, by the *Catalonian* Knight, *Don Manuel*, *Carola*, and the rest: *Don Sebastian* having informed them what passages had happened between him and *Angelia*, they were infinitely well pleased, embracing each other, the Priest being in the House gave order to have *Angelia*'s Habit chang'd, which being done, he joined their Hands, as he had done *Don Manuel*'s and *Carola*'s, pronouncing them Husband and Wife, which gave Satisfaction to all that were present. After that the Knight desired their Companies in a Room, which he kept for publick Entertainment of Friends; where was a Table furnished with all Varieties, they all seating themselves, feasting very plentifully, and closing with the Bride and Bridegroom's Health they departed the Room.

Now all their Care and Diligence, was about *Don Manuel*'s recovery of his Wound; but the Chirurgeons so applied their utmost Skill that in Fourteen days he was perfectly cured, and able to perform his Journey; the day of departure being come they all took leave of that Liberal Knight, who had heaped on them so many Favors, and given them such Noble Entertainment; his Name was *Don Martin de Coligni*, most Noble in his Blood, and as Famous in his Person; thus making a thankfull Accknowledgement, *Don Sebastian* presented him with a Rich Diamond Ring, which he importuned him to take as a small remembrance: Then they proceeded upon their Journey, where in few days from the top of a high Hill, they could discern their respective Houses.

They discovered likewise from the same part of the Hill, a large and spacious Valley, and under the shade of an Olive-Tree, a tall lusty Gentleman, upon a strong limb'd

limb'd Horſe, with a white Sheild on his left Arm, and a very ſtrong well pointed Lance in his right Hand; while they were obſerving him with a fixt Eye, they perceived two more among the Trees, well mounted, with the ſame Arms the other had: ſoon after, they all three met together, and having conſulted a while, two of 'em went apart ſome few Paces, then putting Spurs to their Horſes they encountred very furiouſly, and with ſuch dexterity, as clearly prov'd they were Maſters in that Exerciſe; the third Man ſtood as a ſpectator, without moving from his place: *Don Sebaſtian* being very impatient to ſee ſo well a maintained Combat, and himſelf at ſo far a diſtance, he running with all the ſpeed he could make, down the Hill (leaving *Carola*, *Angelia*, and *Don Manuel* to follow after) drew near the Combatants; juſt as they were both ſlightly wounded, one of their Helmets being fall'n of in the turning of his Face, *Don Sebaſtian* knew it was his Father, and immediately flung himſelf among the Combatants, deſiring to be inform'd of the Cauſe of this Engagement; by this time, *Don Manuel*, *Carola*, and *Angelia*, were come to 'em: *Don Manuel*, preſently knew the other to be his Father: *Angelia* alſo having earneſtly ey'd the Perſon who did not engage, knew him to be her Parent, with which ſight all four were ſtrangely ſurpriz'd. But this their ſuddain Paſſion not admitting the formalities of Diſcourſe, they all fell down, and cried, ſtay your Hands, for we who beg this of you, are your own Fleſh and Blood; then ſaid *Don Manuel*, my Honoured Father, I am he, for whom I Imagine theſe your Venerable Gray Hairs are in diſpute; let me beſeech you to lay aſide your Anger, and thoſe weapons, or Exerciſe them upon me, who indeed deſerve to be the Object of your fury: then perceiving that *Don Frederick*, *Angelia*'s Father, was alighted, and embracing of her, ſhe gave him a Relation of what had paſſed in all their Travels, and deſired him to give his two Friends an account; which he preſently did; and the other two immediately alighted, moſt lovingly embracing them, but not without the mixture of ſome Tears which ſprang from the Fountains of Love and Joy.

Not

Not long after, there appeared in the ſame Valley, ſeveral Gentlemen, compleatly armed, which were to be Seconds to theſe Noble Perſons; but as they drew near, perceived they were embracing one another, but could not tell what to think of it, while *Don Frederick* went and informed them who they were, and what his Daughter *Angelia* had told him: then they immediately alighted, and payed them that reſpect which was due to their Quality. In the Concluſion, *Don Manuel's* Father propoſed to have both the Weddings re-ſolemnized at his own Houſe, which being agreed upon, they departed home; as they went along, *Don Sebaſtian*, and *Don Manuel*, enquired into the Cauſe of this Combat, and found, that *Carola*, and *Angelia's* Fathers, had Challeng'd *Don Manuel's* ſuſpecting him to Conceal his Son's Deſign.

The next day after their return home, their Nuptials were Solemniz'd, with great Splendour, who liv'd many Years happy together, and left behind them a Noble Stock to Poſterity: The Place in *Andaluzia* I ſhall forbear to name, becauſe I deſire to keep up the Reputation of thoſe two Ladies, whom peradventure, ſome Tongues, either Malicious, or Fooliſh, might be Cenſorious, and tax of lightneſs in their deſires: But I ſhall entreat them not to Blame the like Liberties, and Exerciſes, till they look back into themſelves, and ſeriouſly call to account, whether they were never ſmitten with *Cupidinian* Fires, or felt the force of Love, which in Effect is unreſiſtable.

As for the Mule-Driver, he never met with ſuch Entertainment in his Life, he lived bravely all the time of the Weddings, and at laſt *Don Sebaſtian*, and *Don Manuel*, ſent him away ſo well Contented, what with his Liberal Pay, and many Gifts beſtow'd upon him: you may be ſure, he took care to avoid the Wood where *Angelia* was Robbed; and when he got Home, his wife never made him ſo Welcome in all his Life; beſides the many Flaggons of Wine his Neighbours beſtowed on him for Relating the ſtory of his Travels.

THE

The Mistakes.

A Novel.

TWO Young Gentlemen, Fellow Students in *Spain*, were resolv'd to leave their Studies, and go for Flanders; led thither by the heat of their Youthful Blood, the desire they had to see the World, and to learn the Exercise of Arms: To this purpose, they arriv'd there (but in a time of Peace and Quietness, contrary to their Expectation, or else Articles of a Treaty suddenly to be Ratified) Coming to *Antwerp* they received Letters from their Fathers, which testified to 'em their Displeasure, for leaving their Studies without their Assent; and the not acquainting them with their intended Journey, whereby they might have appear'd in an Equipage suitable to their Birth, and Quality.

Don Bernardo, and *Francisco*, these two young Gentlemen, perceiving that what they had acted displeas'd their Parents design'd to return back to *Spain*, since they saw there was nothing of action in *Flanders*; yet before they returned, they would satisfie their Curiosity in seeing all the most Famous Cities of *Italy*: Having view'd them all, with Delight, and Admiration, they set-

tled

tled themselves in *Bologna*; where highly applauding the Methods of Study in that Famous University, and earnestly desiring, that there they might accomplish their Education, they immediately Posted away Letters to their Friends, informing them of the great Advantage they could reap by their Studies, in that so much Famous University, Upon the Receipt of their Letters, their Friends were extraordinary glad, that they were so carefull of their Learning, and sent them several Bills of Exchange, to receive Sums of Money, whereby they might furnish themselves with those Necessaries Equivalent to their Birth and Quality.

Don Francisco was about Twenty Six Years of Age, and *Don Bernardo* two Years younger; they visited the Schools often, and had attained to that great Skill in Musick, and Poetry, with other extraordinary Endowments, that they were Admired, and Applauded by the whole University. They shewed themselves to all very Courteous, and Liberal, and were far from that Pride, and Arrogancy *Spaniards* are generally taxed withal.

But young Blood running in their Veins, and being full of Jollity, they were desirous of taking a Prospect of the Chief Beauties belonging to that City; and though there were many Gallant Ladies, Married, and Single, that were Extoll'd for Beauty, and Virtue; yet above all, the Lady *Evadne* was Fame's Jewel, and of a Noble Extraction.

Evadne extremely Fair, and Beautiful, Adorned with all the Excellencies Nature could design; that to do her Justice, she was indeed Nature's Master-peice; her Parents both dying, she was left under the Guardianship of *Marcellus* her Brother, an Honourable, and Valiant Gentleman: They left behind them great Riches, which makes Orphanship the more pleasant, and easie. Her Retiredness was so strict, that she would not admit of any Visitants; and her Brother's Care was so great, and tender of her, that he permitted her to do what she pleased with out contradicting of her.

But the Fame, and Report of her Transcendent Charms rais'd an Ambition in *Don Francisco*, and *Don Bernardo* to view her; but all the Stratagems they could think of were

were in vain, for they could not once obtain the Sight of her. Seeing their Hopes frustrated, their Desires by degrees were wholly extinguished; and now wholly applying themselves to Study, and the Diversion of some Innocent Receations, they led a Facetious Life together, seldom rambling abroad in the Night, or when they did, they always went well Armed.

It happen'd, not long after, they had made an Agreement to walk abroad one Evening; but a Vagary came into *Don Bernardo's* Head, that he Framed some Excuse to stay a while behind, but desired *Don Francisco* to go on before, and he would presently follow after. I am not in such Post haste (reply'd *Don Francisco*) but I can stay for you; or, if neither of us goes out this Night, the Matter's not great. After a few entreaties, *Don Bernardo* perswaded him to go first, and he assur'd him he would follow him: *Don Francisco* told him, he thought it was some Maggot, and bid him use 'is own Pleasure; but if he did follow him, he should find him in the same Walk, they generally us'd.

The Night was somewhat Dark, and the Hour Eleven: *Don Francisco* having walk'd through two or three Streets, and finding none to Converse withall, resolv'd at last to return home; but passing through a Street, which had a Portico built on Pillars of Marble, he heard some body Whistle with a soft and low Voice; the Night being dark, he could not imagine from whence it came; but halting a little, and attentively list'ning, he perceived a Door open half way, drawing near to it, he hear'd a low, small Voice speak, Who's there, *Gicacomo?* Yes, said *Don Francisco* Then take this (reply'd they within) and be carefull to have it safely kept, and return again immediately: *Don Francisco* putting forth his Hand felt something ponderous, but could not guess what it was; and thinking to take it with one Hand, he found there was occasion to use both: No sooner had he received it, but the Door was shut; then marching off, he found himself in the Street with his unknown Treasure; but by that time he had gone some few Paces, he heard a Child cry, which it seems was newly born: What to do in this Strange Case

he

he was ignorant, being full of amazement: To return back to the House, he consider'd with himself, might prove dangerous to the Infant and himself; he having assumed the Person of him to whom it was intended; and to leave it in the Street, he look'd upon it as Inhumanity; but remembring the Charge he had received to be Careful, and have it safely kept, and to return immediately, He resolv'd to carry it to his own House, and leave it in the Custody of an Elderly Woman, which was his House-Keeper, whose Name was *Dorila*, and then return back, to see what further occasion there was of his Service, or what more *Mistakes* there might be committed.

At length he brought it Home to his House, (*Don Bernardo* being gone to find him) and entring into a Room next at hand, called *Dorila* to him, and bid her Unswath the Infant. When she had open'd it, they both view'd it, and found it to be a Male Child, very Fair, and Beautifull; the Ornaments about it declared it was of no mean Parentage, or ordinary Extraction. Then *Don Francisco* desir'd her to procure a Nurse for it, but first to take off those rich Mantles, and to put on meaner: And for the better Concealing my bringing it hither, you shall convey it to a Midwife, who is seldom unprovided of necessary Expedients upon such Occasions; and for her gratification, take Money with you to defray the Charge; you may nominate what Parents you shall think fit, and give it what Name the Midwife and you shall agree upon: All this *Dorila* promis'd should be faithfully perform'd according to his Order.

The Business being thus contriv'd, *Don Francisco* with all speed hastned back to the place, to hear whether they would Whistle any more to him. But instead of of that, a little before he came to the House where the Whistling came from, he heard a great Clashing of Swords, as if several had been Fighting: He listned a while but could hear no Words spoke, but by the Sparks which flew from their Weapons, he perceiv'd by the Glimpse, that one was set upon by a great many; and had a Confirmation of it, by hearing one say, *False Trayters*

tars, though you are many againſt one, yet ſhall not your Advantageous Number gain you the Victory.

Don Franciſco at theſe Words, tranſported by his eager Courage, at two Leaps made to the ſide of the Gentleman aſſaulted, and drew out his Sword with ſo much Gallantry, ſaying Sir, fear nothing, for ſuch Aid is come to your Relief, as will not fail you, till his Sword or Life fail: And therefore, fortifie your Strength and Reſolution; for Traytors, though numerous, are not always ſucceſsfull. Immediately one of the Adverſe Party reply'd, Villain thou Lyeſt, here's no Traytors: But where there is Juſtice in a Cauſe, there's always hopes of Victory.

They had not time to uſe more Expreſſions, for the haſte they were in to Conquer each other, would not admit of a Parley; the unequal Party preſs'd very hard upon *Don Franciſco*, and his Companion that at two Thruſts they laid the Stranger on the Ground: *Don Franciſco* believing he had received his Mortal Wound, reaſsumed to himſelf that Courage, ſeconding his Blows ſo powerfully, and with ſuch nimbleneſs, that they were forc'd to retreat.

But all his Magnanimity had not been able to have defended him againſt ſo Potent an Enemy, had not Dame Fortune ſtept in to his Protection; for the Inhabitants by this time were alarm'd, and open'd their Windows; others came forth with Lights, and to cry out for help, which the greateſt Party perceiving, forſook the place, and made their Eſcape.

By this time the Stranger that was faln, had recovered himſelf, for thoſe Thruſts he receiv'd, lighted on ſome private Armour he had on, which was as hard, as the very Adamant. *Don Franciſco* in this Skirmiſh having loſt his Hat, by chance took up another, which he put on, without looking whether it was his own.

The Gentleman riſing up, ſaid (to *Don Franciſco*) Sir, that I am indebted to you for my Life, is not a greater truth, than that, I ſhall never ſcruple to loſe it in your Service; and what Fortune has been pleaſed to beſtow on me, I ſhall be very ready to lay at your Feet; but leaſt my Ignorance might (when occaſion ſerves)

render

render me uncapable of paying you that Debt, I ſhall beg to to be acquainted with your Name, that by my future Gratitude I may expreſs my thankfulneſs,

Sir, (reply'd *Don Franciſco*) the Service I have paid you, is ſo much the Duty of one Gentleman to another, that it merits not an acknowledgment; but to comply with your Deſires, I ſhall give you that ſatisfaction which is agreeable to your Demands. I am a Gentleman, a *Spaniard*, and a Student in this Univerſity, and if my Name can render you any Service, I am called *Don Franciſco de Bazola*.

You have highly honour'd me (reply'd the Stranger) in every reſpect, but I dare not diſcover my Name to you, but am willing you ſhould be inform'd from another, rather than my ſelf; and I will take that care, you ſhall not remain long a Stranger to it. By this time they perceiv'd eight Perſons, making towards 'em: *Don Franciſco* thinking them to to be Enemies, deſired the Stranger to be in a readineſs to receive 'em, and he would not be wanting in his Duty to aſſiſt him, though their number be ſo unequal. I believe, Sir, (reply'd the Stranger) they are not Enemies, but Friends; the Words were no ſooner ſpoke, but they ſurrounded him, Whiſpering ſome few Words to him, but ſo low, as *Don Franciſco* could not hear 'em.

Upon this, the Stranger turning aſide from 'em to *Don Franciſco*, he embrac'd him, ſaying, Sir, theſe Gentlemen are my Friends, and have promis'd me their aſſiſtance, elſe I ſhould have Created you farther trouble, by conducting me to ſome place of Safety; but ſince Fortune has offer'd this means for my preſervation, I will reſign my ſelf up to their Protection. Having loſt his Hat (as he pretended) he deſir'd his Friends to get him another; ſcarce had he ſpoke the Word, when *Don Franciſco* offer'd him the Hat which he had; the Stranger no ſooner view'd it, but rerurn'd it to him again, ſaying Sir, this is not mine, but I beſeech you accept of it, and wear it as a Trophy of this days Victory: Moreover, (he added) I am ſorry that Time Summons me away, which hinders me the paying you that further reſpect that is due to your merits. Uſing ſome Compli-

pliments, the Stranger took his leave of *Don Francisco*; who was in a great Surmize, who this Person should be; but by the richness of the Hatband of Diamonds, which was on the Hat, the Stranger gave him he concluded, he must be some great Person of Quality.

Don Francisco as he was returning home, met *Don Bernardo* his Companion, who told him he thought he had been lost; and withall desired him to turn back and walk with him some few Paces, and he would give him a Relation of what had happened to him in his Absence: *Don Francisco*, willing to hear his Story return'd back with *Don Bernardo*, who gave him this following Account.

A little more than an hour after you were gone, I went in order to find you out, and before I could reach thirty Paces, saw a Person coming in great haste, as if it were to meet me, and approaching nearer to me, I perceiv'd it was a woman, in a long Habit, who with a Voice, interrupted with Sighs, and Tears, said, Sir, are you a Stranger, or one of this City? Madam, (I replyed) I am a Stranger, and a *Spaniard* at your Devotion, and am ready to assist any Lady in Distress: I see Amazement, Madam, in your Face, Pray are you Wounded, or have you receiv'd any prejudice whereby your Life is in danger? Sir, (said she) the Injury I have receiv'd may prove my Death, without some speedy Remedy; Therefore, I beseech you, by that Civility which is never wanting in any Gentleman of your Nation, to Conduct me safe to your Lodging with the greatest speed imaginable; there I will inform you of my Person, and the occasion of giving you Sir, this trouble.

Seeing my assistance was desir'd with speed, without any reply, I led her through private ways to my Lodging; *Roderigo* my Page was ready, who when he had opened the Door, I order'd him to withdraw, and without his seeing her, conveyed her to my Chamber: She was no sooner entred, but she threw her self on the Bed, and fell into a Swoon; upon which, I uncover'd her Face, which was shaded with a Vail, and discover'd the greatest Beauty that ever Mortal Eyes beheld; her Age,

Conjectur'd, might be about Seventeen: I stood a while in admiration at such a rare Angelical Form, and shape, but recovering of her self, she put me out of that deep Ecstasie I was in, but she continued sighing, and lamenting her Condition; lifting up their Eyes, she look'd earnestly upon me, and said, Do you know me, Sir? No, Madam, (I reply'd) I never was so happy to be acquainted with so much Beauty.

Oh! unhappy is that Beauty (said she) which Heaven bestows on many for their great Misfortune. But this, Gentle Sir, is no time to commend Beauty, but to remedy the Events of Future Mischiefs: Therefore I beseech you, by your Worth, and Nobleness, to leave me here lock'd up from all humane eyes, and presently return to that place, where I received from you that kind assistance: If there be any Persons engaged with one another, I entreat you, Sir, side not with any Party, but rather seek to reconcile their differences, for whatsoever Blood is spilt on either side, will be a new supply to my former Miseries.

Having done speaking, I assured her those Commands she had laid upon me, should be obeyed, and punctually observed; so having left her to her self, I am now going to finish my Promise.

The Accident is very strange, (reply'd *Don Francisco*) and if you have done, I will give you an account of my Advenures. So relating to him the whole Story of what had happen'd to him, but particularily of the Quarrel he engaged himself in, in rescuing a Gentleman who was defending himself against a very unequal number; which he believ'd might be that Engagement he was going to inform himself of, and which the Lady would receive satisfaction from: Moreover he told *Don Bernardo*, all things were now silent; and did believe that those Persons who were engaged, were Persons of great Quality. They both admir'd at each other's Fortune, resolving now to hasten homewards to look after their Charge, and their attendance to the Lady.

As they were walking home, *Don Bernardo* acquainted *Don Francisco* of the Obligation the Lady had laid on him,

him, and of his Promiſe he made to her for performanc of it; which was, That none ſhould be admitted in the Chamber, but himſelf.

Don Franciſco reply'd, I will deviſe ſome Stratage or other to behold this Beauty you have ſo highly com mended. In diſcourſing, *Don Bernardo* caſt his eyes o the Hatband *Don Franciſco* had, which did Sparkle, an ſhine with great luſtre; ſo taking it from his Head, the both found it to be exceeding rich, and of great Va lue: This Hat (reply'd *Don Franciſco*) was preſented t me by the Perſon whom I aſſiſted, telling me, I ſhoul accept of it, becauſe it was well known; and keep it a a remembrance of that days Victory.

Being arriv'd at home, *Don Bernardo* open'd his Cham ber-Door, and finding the Lady leaning her Cheek o her Hand, which ſhe had bath'd with her tender Tears *Don Franciſco* having an earneſt deſire to ſee her, put hi Head half way in; at which Inſtant, the Sparkling o the Diamond-Hat band ſhined in thoſe eyes which wer full of tears. Come in my Lord *Duke* (ſaid ſhe) come in, Why will you diſtribute to me with ſo ſparing a Hand, the richneſs of your Preſence.

Madam, (reply'd *Don Bernardo*) your Ladyſhip's miſtaken; here's no *Duke* to excuſe himſelf, for not waiting on you. How! Sir, (ſaid ſhe) no *Duke*. Then have my eyes deceiv'd me; for that Perſon that looked into the Room muſt needs be him, whom the richneſs of his Hat cannot conceal.

Indeed Madam, I can aſſure you, (reply'd *Don Bernar do*) the Hat which you ſaw, no *Duke* wears it; and if you are willing to be fully ſatisfied, by giving him ad mittance into your Preſence, the Perſon (Madam) ſhall attend you: Sir, if it will not be too great a trouble to you, (ſaid ſhe) to requeſt that favour of him, I ſhall be more at eaſe; yet if my hopes are fruſtrated, and he prove not to be the *Duke*, it will make an Addition to my Affliction. *Don Franciſco* heard what was ſaid, and having leave granted for his Admittance, he made his Entry into the Chamber, and having paid thoſe Reſpects due to her Perſon and Quality, ſhe was ſoon convinc'd

that

that he was not the *Duke*; then Blushing at the *Mistake*, with a discompos'd Voice said to him.

Unhappy! and Miserable that I am, Inform me, Sir, I beseech you, without holding me in Suspence, whether you know the Person that did own this Hat? Where you left him? And whether happily alive? or is it the unwelcome Messenger of his Death? Then Weeping (she said) And is it possible for me to behold those Sparkling Diamonds here, and to behold my self thus clouded without thee, immur'd up in a Chamber under the Power of Strangers? Dear Madam, said *Don Francisco*, torment not your self, the Owner of this Hat is not dead, neither are you in such hands, that you will receive the least prejudice by: For our Lives and Fortunes are ready to protect you when ever any occasion shall require our Service; and be assured Madam, that all the Respect shall be paid to you, which is due to your Birth and Quality. Then she desired him to give her an Account of what Passages happen'd in the Enterprize, for (said she) that Hat belongs to *Cosmo de Medicis*, *Duke of Milain*,

Don Francisco, not willing to hold her longer in Suspence, recounted to her the whole Relation.

Madam, (said he) the Person who presented this Hat to me, I suppose is the *Duke of Milain*, I left him in very good health, and in the Company of some Friends that came to his assistance. This (Madam) that I have related to you is a certain Truth. *Evadne* returned him many Thanks, and told him her Mind was much eased for the present.

By this time *Dorila* had dressed the Child, and going to carry it out, as she passed by the Lady's Chamber, the Child cry'd so strongly, that it gave an Alarm to the Lady, who enquiring of both the Gentlemen, desired to know what Child that was, which to her thinking, was newly Born? Madam (reply'd *Don Francisco*) it is a Present was laid at our Doors this Night, and *Dorila* our Woman is going to get a Nurse for it. 'Pray, Sir, let her bring it to me (said the Lady) and I'll exercise that Charitrble Act for others, since *Fortune* is not so kind to permit me to do it for mine own. Then *Don*

Francisco called *Dorila*, to bring the Child, which he presented to the Lady, saying, (Madam) you may behold the Gift which this Night has produced, and it is no surprize to us, for we often meet with such Accidents. The Lady *Evadne* having the Child in her Arms, look'd as earnestly on the Face, as she did on the meanness of the Cloths it had on, and could not refrain from weeping; so covering her Breast that she might with more Modesty give the Infant Suck, she apply'd it to her Nipple, and laid her Face to the Childs, bathing it with her Tears.

The Lady considering the Child receiv'd little or no Sustenance, she return'd it to *Don Francisco*, saying in vain have exercised my Charity, I find I am not experienced in these Cases: Then she desired him to give order, that the Child might not be carried out into the Air at that time of Night, but be kept till the next day, and before it went, she desired it might be brought to her for she took great delight in viewing it.

Don Francisco returning the Child to *Dorila*, gave her order to take care of it till the next day, and then dress it up as handsomely as she could in those Rich Mantles it was brought in, but not bring it till he call'd for it. Then returning to the Lady's Chamber, where there was only *Don Bernardo*, with the Lady *Evadne*, who through grief being ready to faint, desired something to eat, whereby she might support her Spirits, that she might be able to utter her intended Relation. Then *Don Bernardo* went immediately to his Closet, and fetch'd thence some Conserves and Sweetmeats, wherewith being refresh'd, she began her Account in these Words.

I am one of this City, (whom I doubt not but you have heard very often nominated) the Unfortunate *Evadne Barbarino*; and by those which us'd to flatter me, was fam'd for Beauty; but such as it is, (Gentlemen) you may perceive that those which did Applaud it, wanted Skill; being a young Orphan, I was left under the Guardianship of *Marcellus* my Brother, who was indeed very Vigilant over me: Thus being confined to Solitude, only accompanied by my Woman, which Waited on me, growing up in Years and Stature, Fame's Trumpet blew

aloud

aloud, by the Breath of those Persons who had privately visited me, and by a Picture which my Brother's Curiosity would have done by a Famous Painter of *Italy*. But all this would have been the least part of hastening my Misfortunes, had not the *Duke* of *Milain* done a Kinswoman of mine the Honour to give her in Marriage. My Brother, to add more Guests to it, desired my Company; there it was the *Duke* beheld me, and wronged his Judgement, in making me the Object of his Love; who now has brought me to endless Misery.

Gentlemen, I will relate to you, the Devices, Plots, and Means, how the *Duke* at the end of two Years, came to obtain his Desires, which had their Birth at this Wedding: For neither Guardings, Watchings, Brotherly Admonitions, nor any other Humane Industry, were sufficient to hinder our private Assignations; but before I would surrender up my self into his close Embraces, he gave his faithful Promise upon his Honour, to Marry me: I begg'd of him very often to inform my Brother of his Intentions; but to what I desired, he pleaded those Excuses, which he entreated me to approve of, to be requisite, and necessary: In Obedience to his Commands, I did, as many other Lovers do, believe the best; within a few days, I found an Alteration in my Self, and not willing to discover my Condition, I feigned my self Sick, and Melancholy, desiring my Brother to remove me to that Kinswoman's House, where was the beginning of my Affliction.

There did I ease my Mind, and make known the present danger which seem'd to threaten me: for small Felicity did I take, when Jealousies and Fears were always tormenting me, thinking that my Brother had suspected my Imprudence. But it being fully agreed upon between the *Duke* and my self, that when I was in my last Month, I should give him notice of it; and that he with some other Friends would make Provision for me to go to *Milain*, where those Matrimonial Rites should be solemnized.

This was the Night that was concluded on for his coming, and this very Night waiting and expecting of him, I heard my Brother pass by, with many other Persons,

ſons, which ſeemed to be ready to engage, by the noiſe of their Armour: This ſuddain Fear, made Paſſion ſo prevalent, that inſtantly I was deliver'd of a Son, and this waiting Woman of mine, who was the *Duke*'s Sollicitreſs, and privy to all my Actions; ſhe ſeeing this ſuddain Alteration, wrapt the Child in other Clothes then this Infant has on, which was laid at your Lodging, and going to the Street-Door, ſhe gave it (as ſhe inform'd me) to a Servant of the *Duke*'s.

In a little while after, accommodating my ſelf the beſt I could, anſwerably to my preſent Neceſſity, I left the Houſe, thinking the *Duke* had been near at hand, which indeed I did contrary to his Orders; but the fear of my Brother's ſeverity hindred room for better Conſideration, and fooliſhly forced me forth, where I met with this Charitable Reception at your Hands.

Having ended her Diſcourſe, her Head fell from her Arm whereon it reſted; the Gentlemen ran immediately to ſee wheither a Fainting Fit had not ſeiz'd her; but perceiving ſhe wept bitterly, *Don Franciſco* apply'd himſelf to her in theſe Words: Madam, if my Self and Companion, when ignorant of your Birth and Quality, have had that Commiſeration of you as a Lady in Diſtreſs, we are now ready (Madam) being fully inform'd of your great Worth, to pay thoſe double Obligations and Reſpects which are due to your Merits, and you may command (Madam) whatever *Spaniſh* Civility can lay claim to: Though you never were under the like Misfortune before; yet I beſeech you, Madam, by your Nobleneſs, ſhew Patience an Example: Believe me (Madam) I am of that prophetick Spirit, that ſuch ſtrange beginnings will terminate in a happy Concluſion: For the Gods will never permit that ſo much Beauty ſhould be Oppreſs'd, and ſuch Vertuous Thoughts ſo ill rewarded: The beſt advice, (Madam) I now can Dictate to you, is to take your reſt, and preſerve your Spirits: *Dorila* our Servant ſhall attend you, whom you may place Confidence in, and knows as well how to ſilence your Misfortunes, as ſhe does how to pay her Reſpects and Services, and will endeavour to wade through all difficulties to oblige you.

Sir

Sir since you will oblige me so far (said *Evadne*) let me see her; for being proffered to me by so good a hand as yours, I shall think her very necessary in this present Occasion; but I desire that none else may be Eye-Witnesses of my Misfortunes. None Madam (reply'd *Don Francisco*,) shall dare to approach you or invade your privacy, without your Knowledge: so leaving her alone, they went out, and *Don Francisco* call'd to *Dorila*, and order'd her to carry in the Child dress'd up in its Rich Mantles; which she had done in the same manner he brought it home: Then *Dorila* went in with the Child, being inform'd before, what she should answer to such questions as the Lady should ask her.

So soon as the Lady *Evadne* saw her, she bid her welcome, and said to her, prithee *Dorila*, give me that pretty Creature, and bring hither the light. *Evadne* taking the Child in her Arms, she seem'd to be much concerned and look'd very earnestly upon it, saying, *Dorila*, tell me truly, Is not this the same Child you brought some few hours since? Yes, Madam, (she reply'd) How came this suddain Alteration in the Mantles? (said *Evadne*) Either these are other Garments, or else, this is not the same Infant? then she fell a weeping, saying, tell me, I conjure thee, dear *Dorila*, by all which thou lovest best, and all that's neareſt and deareſt to thee, tell me, I say, where thou hadst this Babe and Mantles? for I am the unfortunate owner of 'em, if sense of Sight and Memory does not fail me; for in this Garb, I delivered to my Maid, the most beloved of my Soul.

Don Francisco and *Don Bernardo*, hearing her in this Passion, were not willing she should be held any longer in Pain or Suspence, but resolved to remove the Doubts and Scruples which at that time had got Possession of her: Then *Don Francisco* said to her, these Mantles and this Child (Madam *Evadne*) are both yours. Then he related to her by Degrees, that he was the Person whom the Maid delivered the Child to, how he brought it home, and order'd *Dorila* to change the Mantles, that the Child should not be known: However, after her Ladyship had acquainted him with her Delivery, he was certainly assured it must be her Son, and he had informed her sooner, had

had he found out an opportunity, but now seeing her sudden Passion, proceeding from misdoubt, it might be recompenced with the supervening Joy of knowing her own. Infinite were the Tears of Joy shed by *Evadne*, endless were the Kisses she gave her Son, and many the thanks which she rendred to *Don Francisco* and *Don Bernardo*; calling them her Guardian-Angels, with many other Titles, in Expression of her Thankfulness.

Thus leaving her with *Dorila*, to whose Care they recommended the Lady, with a strict Charge to let nothing be wanting that was necessary for a Person in her State and Condition; having so done, that little remnant of Night which was left, they had Occasion to use it for rest. The next Morning they enquired after *Evadne*, how she had slept that Night, *Dorila* told 'em pretty well, and that she was not yet awake; whereupon, they went to visit the Schools, and passing through that Street where the *Duke* was set upon, and by the House, which the Lady *Evadne* came from, to harken out, if any Discourse were concerning *Evadne*, or the *Duke*; but all was hush'd up and silent, perceiving no notice to be taken of either.

Having heard their Lectures they returned home. *Evadne* hearing of them come, sent *Dorila* immediately to desire their Company. *Don Francisco*, and his Companion told *Dorila*, they were ready to attend her Pleasure. So entring her Chamber, having complimented *Evadne*, they told her, they had waited upon her sooner, but they were not willing to be so presumptuous as to press into her presence without Order: She desired them with Tears and Intreaties, not to use those Ceremonies now to her, but to lay them by, for a more fit opportunity. For she having the Happiness to see none but themselves, and *Dorila*, she looked upon Freedom to be the only Felicity could here be enjoyed; then she enquired of them whether they heard any reports concerning her escape: They informed her they had made enquiry with all the Curiosity they could devise, but not a word was to be heard concerning it.

Whilst they were Discoursing, one of the Pages came to the Chamber Door, and told *Dorila* there was a Gentleman

Gentleman below, attended by two Servants, whoſe name is *Marcellus Barbarino*, and deſires earneſtly to ſpeak with *Don Franciſco de Bazola*: Upon the hearing of this Meſſage, *Evadne*, with a low Voice, uttered theſe words; My Brother! (Gentlemen) my Brother! it is he! Doubtleſs, he has had Intelligence of my being here, and is come with an intent to deprive me of my Life; therefore, I beſeech you Noble *Spaniards*, ſuccour and protect a poor Diſtreſs'd Woman, and ſuffer her not to be murder'd in your preſence.

Don Bernardo entreated her to have Patience, and told her ſhe needed not fear any danger would happen to her, ſo long as he had a Life to loſe in her Defence: Then he deſired *Don Franciſco* to walk down, and hear what the Lady's Brother had to ſay; which accordingly he did: Then *Don Bernardo* call'd for his brace of Piſtols (which were ready charg'd) and laid them on the Table, commanding his Men to be ready with their Swords if there ſhould be Occaſion: *Dorila* ſeeing theſe Preparations, ſhaked like an Aſpen-Leaf, and the Lady *Evadne* fearful of ſome ill ſucceſs, trembled much more; but *Don Bernardo* being of a chearful Courage, comforted her up, with great Expreſſions of his Fidelity towards her.

In the mean time, *Don Franciſco*, found *Don Marcellus* at the Door, who after having complimented one another *Marcellus* ſaid, Sir, I beſeech you, (for this is the Cuſtom of *Italy*,) to honour me with your Company to that Church over againſt us, for I have a Secret to impart to you, which my Life and Honour depends upon, Sir, I am very ready to wait on you, (reply'd *Don Franciſco*:) ſo walking over to the Church, they choſe out a place where none could hear 'em, and *Marcellus* began his Relation in theſe Words:

Noble *Spaniard*, my Name is *Marcellus Barbarino*, ſo well known to others, that I need not ſound a Trumpet in my own Praiſe; I have for ſome years ſince continued an Orphan, and had left to my Care one only Siſter, to whom for Beauty Nature has been ſo Bountiful, that it is beyond the power of Art to delineate it; to deal ingenuouſly with you, there is not a Beauty, take

it

it all together, that can equalize it: her youthful and tender years, made me careful in the keeping ſo rich a Jewel, but the imprudent will of my Siſter *Evadne* (for that's her Name) has defrauded all my Preventions.

The *Duke* of *Milain*, with *Lynx*'s eyes overcame thoſe of *Argus*; outwatch'd my Vigilancy, and over-powr'd my Induſtry; for he not only enticed my Siſter, taking her out of a Kinſwoman's Houſe by Night, but is (as it's reported) ſhe's newly delivered of a Child by him it was late ere I had notice of it, and this very Night, I went in ſearch of him and found him out, but in the Battel, ſome *Angel* ſtept in to Aſſiſt him, and would not permit me to fetch out the ſtain of my Honour with his Blood. My Kinſwoman inform'd me, that the *Duke* had delud'ed her under the promiſe of Marriage, and Allurements of the Sweet Name of Husband: Thus being bereav'd of a Siſter, and my Honour, I have until now lock'd up my Boſom, and was not willing to declare my mind, till I could find out a ſpeedy Remedy.

My Reſolution is now to go to *Milain*, and require of the *Duke* full Satisfaction, either by Marrying my Siſter, or to diſpute it with his Sword.

In which Journey and Enterprize, (Noble Sir) I would deſire your good Company, being ſo well aſſur'd of your Courage, that good Fortune will not be wanting in any of your Proceedings. I was unwilling to acquaint any Relations with this Deſign, leaſt they ſhould fruſtrate my Intentions; but from you (dear Sir) I have a greater Confidence of Encouragement in the purſuit of it, than any Diſſwaſion to the contrary.

Sir, (reply'd *Don Franciſco*) I am ſorry for the Occaſion, but am glad of having the opportunity of ſerving one of ſo magnanimous a Soul; from this time I dignifie my ſelf your Defender; and take to my Charge, either the Satisfaction or Revenge of your Honour; and ſince the Gods are our Judges we need not fear partiality, for the Juſteſt Sword will be the ſharpeſt, and therefore the conquer'd will be eſteemed Guilty.

Now (Sir) all that remains, is, that you reſolve upon the time; which, I think, the ſooner the better, for the

Iron

Iron is to be wrought while 'tis hot; the heat of Choler encreaſes Courage, and an Injury whilſt it is freſh, rouſes up Revenge.

Don Marcellus hearing theſe words, aroſe from his Seat, and embrac'd *Don Franciſco* in his Arms: Sir, (ſaid he) having ſo Generous a Breaſt as yours is, it will be needleſs to uſe Motives, by ſetting before you any other Intereſt, then that of Honour; the gaining of which, in this Enterprize, ſhall be wholly yours, if Fortune be not wanting to give us Succeſs; and for our Journey, if it ſtands with your Conveniency, to Morrow Morning will be a proper time, for I ſhall be able to day to provide all things neceſſary.

Your time ſhall be mine, (reply'd *Don Franciſco*) only give me leave *Seignior Marcellus*, to impart this to a Friend and Companion of mine, a Gentleman, whoſe Valour, and Silence, you may as well build upon as mine. Since you have taken my Honour to your charge, (reply'd *Marcellus*) I know you will impart it to none but what are as Judicious as your ſelf; and this Gentleman being a Friend and Companion of yours, I ſhould be much wanting in my Reſpects, if I declined ſo great a Favour: for that Perſon muſt needs be happy, who is worthy of your Acquaintance; and good Fortune muſt needs attend him, whom you are pleas'd to ſtyle your Friend and Companion.

Then they embrac'd each other, and took their leave, *Marcellus* telling him he would ſend one next Morning to call him, and ſo take Horſe without the City, that there might be no notice taken of their Journey: After this, *Don Franciſco* went home, and acquainted *Don Bernardo*, and the Lady *Evadne*, of what had paſſed between *Marcellus* and himſelf, and of the Reſolution they had made of taking their Journey next Morning.

Dear Sir, (ſaid *Evadne*) your kindneſs is very great, and as great your Confidence: How ſuddainly have you engaged your ſelf in an Affair ſo full of Inconveniences? How are you certain, Sir, whether my Brother will lead you to *Milain*, or convey you to ſome other place, the better to accompliſh his Deſigns of Revenge? But whereſoever you go, you may be aſſured, my beſt Wiſhes go along

along with you. Though I confess my self a Wretched, and Unfortunate Woman, who am afraid of every shadow; yet my Timorousness is the more excusable, since my Life, or Death depends upon the *Duke's* Resolution. Who knows but Fury in 'em both may rage to that height, that nothing but Blood can Expiate the Wrong? And Sir, you cannot chuse but think, that your Absence will create in me a strange Suspence, expecting every hour between Hope and Fear, either the welcome, or unwelcome News of your Success. Do I so little love the *Duke*, or my Brother, that I dread not the Misfortunes of 'em both, and feel the Anguish of a double Event lie heavy on my Mind?

Raise not your Fears (said *Don Francisco*) Madam, to that pitch, but leave some place for hope: Trust to my Care and Conduct in this Affair, and I make no question, but all things will end in a happy Union; our going to *Milain* is not to be excus'd, neither can I decline assisting your Brother: We are yet ignorant of the *Duke's* Intentions, neither do we believe he knows of your Flight from your Kinswomans House: But perhaps, we may have a very fair Account from his own mouth, and no Man can better give a Relation of it than himself; and (Madam) I must deal plainly with you, I have that equal Honour and Friendship for the *Duke* and your Brother, that Duty binds me to be Careful and Vigilant for both their Safeties.

The Gods protect you (said *Evadne*) and give you that good opportunity of bringing your Affairs to a happy Issue, and me a thankful acknowledgement for all Favours received from you in this my Extremity: For had I not been so fortunate as to have met with this high Civility at your Hands, I must have remained the most Unfortunate; but Thanks to your Goodness, which led you to so much Charity and Pity, as to Relieve the Distressed: However Fears may assault me in your Absence, or Hopes hold me in Suspence; yet methinks I long now to see you return, that I may receive the welcome News of your Prosperous Success.

Don Bernardo approved well of the Design, and thanked *Don Francisco* for recomending of him to *Don Marcellus*

cellus; aſſuring him he would accompany them in their Journey, not knowing what might happen, but perhaps they might have occaſion for a third Perſon; ſo, for fear of the worſt, he would be ready to ſee how Affairs went and to prevent all unjuſt Proceedings.

It is not requiſite (ſaid *Don Franciſco*) the *Lady Evadne* ſhould be left alone; nor to make Seignior *Marcellus* ſuſpect, that I wanted Courage to perfom my Promiſe, and reſolution: The Reſpect I have for the Lady's Safety (reply'd *Don Bernardo*) ſhall not be wanting; whatever Enterprize you engage in, you muſt allow me a Participation: Therefore abandon all Excuſes, or elſe diſanul our Friendſhip, my Intention is to follow you at a diſtance undiſcovered by *Don Marcellus*; and (I preſume) the Lady *Evadne* will not be diſpleaſed at it; and I am confident *Dorila* will be ſo carefull, that there will be nothing wanting in our Abſence towards her Accommodation.

I ſhall be ſo far from reſenting your Departure, (ſaid *Evadne*) that it will be rather a Satisfaction to me, that you accompany one another; and I ſhould be guilty of breaking the Bonds of Friendſhip, if I ſhould interceed to the contrary: Beſides, Sir, (ſpeaking to *Don Franciſco*) who knows what danger you may be expos'd to, that may require *Don Bernardo's* Aſſiſtance.

Then taking out of a little Cabinet which ſtood by, two rich Jewels, ſhe preſented one to *Don Franciſco*, and one to *Don Bernardo*, deſiring them to accept of them as a ſmall Remembrance for thoſe many Favours ſhe had receiv'd at their Hands: But they modeſtly returned them, and told her they would not hazard ſo great a Treaſure in the Enterprize they were going to undertake: So recommendeng of her to the care of *Dorila* their Woman, they humbly took their leave.

Dorila uſed her Induſtry and Diligence in waiting on *Evadne*, wondering at her Maſter's Journey, but was ignorant where they went, and about what buſineſs; the next Morning *Don Marcellus* came betimes to the door, and found *Franciſco* ready prepared for the Journey, handſomely Accoutred, with his rich Hat, but the Hatband he covered with Cypreſs. the better to conceal it

So walking out of the City into a Garden, a remote place, they took Horſe, and taking By-Paths, they went towards *Milain.*

Don Bernardo upon a fine Nag, and in a good riding Suit followed after 'em at a Diſtance; but he perceiving they eſpy'd him, eſpecially *Don Marcellus*, reſolv'd to take the direct way to *Milain*, not queſtioning but there he ſhould meet with them: They had ſcarce gone out of the City, but *Evadne* had given *Dorila* an Account of all Tranſactions, concerning the *Duke* and her ſelf, not concealing the occaſion of her Maſter's Journey or her Brother *Don Marcellus* his Reſolution.

Dear Madam (ſaid *Dorila*) I perceive the danger you are in, is greater then you are ſenſible of, which if not ſpeedily prevented may utterly prove your ruine: If you pleaſe (Madam) to receive my Sentiments, I don't believe Seignior *Marcellus* your Brother is gone to *Milain*; but rather that he has decoyed them from home, whereby he may accompliſh his deſigns in taking away your Life. Pray (Madam) conſider how ſlightly we are guarded, if any ſuch black deſign ſhould evidently appear, how weak and poor an Oppoſition could be made; we have only three raw Pages left behind, and what Courage, or Skill can they uſe in your defence? Indeed (Madam) I have too high a Reſpect to delude you with Flattery, for my Heart Prophetically tells me of the ruine which threatens this Houſe, and for a ſpeedy Remedy, I will employ my Life in your Preſervation.

Evadne hearing *Dorila*'s Arguments which ſhe utter'd with ſo much earneſtneſs; and ſhew'd ſuch Manifeſtations of Fear, that ſhe was wholly poſſeſt, all ſhe had ſpoke was certainly true; ſo contemplating with her ſelf that if *Don Franciſco* and *Don Bernardo* ſhould be ſlain, her Brother might be entring the Chamber, and execute his Revenge: Being thus perplexed, ſhe ask'd *Dorila* what Counſel ſhe could give her to prevent this Storm, which ſhe perceiv'd was coming.

Madam, (reply'd *Dorila*) there is an honeſt Curate of a Country-Village, two Miles from *Milain*, whom I once did ſerve; he will do any thing for me that I can require, or is in his power to perform: If you pleaſe I will

will take care to find one out to carry us ſafe thither; and as for the Nurſe, which Suckles the Child, ſhe will go along with us to the world's end: And admit, (Madam) that you ſhould be found out, it is more honourable for you to be in the Houſe of an old Curate, than under the Roof of two Young *Spaniſh* Students.

In Concluſion, ſhe rendred ſuch Reaſons, that poor *Evadne* was willing to follow her Advice; and ſo in leſs than four hours, they had both of 'em got into a Waggon, together with the Nurſe, and the Child; and without being heard of the Pages, ſet forwards of their Journey for the Village where the Curate dwelt; all which was done by the Perſwaſion of this fooliſh Woman *Dorila*.

To defray the Charges of this Journey, *Evadne* would have given *Dorila* a Jewel to have Pawn'd, but ſhe informed her, ſhe could furniſh her; for her Maſter, not long before, had payed her a Year's Wages.

Evadne having heard *Don Franciſco* diſcourſe, that he, and her Brother would not ride the direct Road to *Milain*, ſhe gave order to the Waggoner to take the Common Road, the better to avoid 'em; bidding him drive leaſurely, and ſhe would reward him well for his pains.

We will now leave them on their Journey, and return to *Don Franciſco* and *Don Marcellus*, of whom it is reported, they had Information upon the way, that the *Duke* was not in *Milain* but *Bolognia*: So leaving the By-Ways, they entred into the High Road, conſidering with themſelves, that the *Duke* muſt paſs that way in his Return from *Bolognia*: They had not been long entred into the Road, but they eſpyed a Party of Horſe marching towards them: Upon this *Don Franciſco* perſwaded Seignior *Marcellus* to ſtep aſide out of the Road, for if the *Duke* ſhould happen to be in the Company, he would entertain him with ſome Diſcourſe, before he entred into *Milain*, if he ſaw a fit Opportunity: *Marcellus* approved of his Advice, and told him, he would leave the management of it to his Care.

So ſoon as *Marcellus* was gone aſide, *Don Franciſco* ſlipt off the Cypreſs which cover'd his Hat-band, for ſome

Reaſons he had, which he afterwards declar'd: By this time the Horſe drew pretty near, amongſt them was a Woman upon a Brown Nag, and in a fair riding Suit with a Mask on, either for the better concealing her ſelf, or for a Preſervative from the Sun and Air.

Don Franciſco made a Halt whilſt the Horſe came up to him; as they drew near him, they view'd his Lively, and Sprightful Deportment, his Phyſiognomy, the Gallantry of his Garb, and the rich luſtre of his Diamond Hat-band, together with the proudneſs of his Horſe; more eſpecially the *Duke* of *Milain*, who was in the Company: he no ſooner eſpied the Hat-band, but preſently apprehended it muſt be *Don Franciſco de Bazola*, who reſcued him from that great danger wherein he was ſurpriz'd; ſo entertaining the verity of it in his Thoughts, he made up to him, and ſaid after this manner, Noble Sir, if I call you *Don Franciſco*, I hope I ſhall commit no Miſtake, for your brave Deportment, and gentle Diſpoſition, together with that Hat-band, confirms me to be in the right. Sir, (reply'd *Don Franciſco*) you are under no Miſtake, for I never was yet guilty of any diſhonourable Practices, whereby the concealing of my Name was found neceſſary, and ſince my Name has receiv'd that Honour to be known by you, I hope (Sir) you will inform me of the occaſion, and make me ſo happy, that I may remain no longer ignorant of yours, but that I may pay thoſe Reſpects due to your Perſonand Quality.

Seignior *Franciſco*, (reply'd the *Duke*) I am one who ſtands indebted to you for my Life, and one whom your Victorious Arm ſo lately did protect, and had not the Gods deſign'd it, Death, at that time, had been my Portion: My Name is *Alphonſo*, but more known by the Title of the *Duke* of *Milain*: The *Duke* had no ſooner declared himſelf, but *Don Franciſco*, with great Agility alighted from his Horſe, the *Duke* with the ſame nimbleneſs, was as ſoon out of his Saddle, and took *Don Franciſco* and embraced him in his Arms.

Seignior *Marcellus* from a far beholding theſe Ceremonies, dubious whether they were Actions of Kindneſs, or Anger, put immediately Spurs to his Horſe, but

but in the midst of his Carreer, he took him up gently by degrees, and made a Halt, seeing the *Duke* and *Don Francisco* Complimenting each other.

The *Duke* espying *Don Marcellus*, knew him at the first sight, but had not the least Cogitation of his being so near him: He was somewhat amazed at it, and enquired of *Don Francisco*, whether he was of his Company: Yes, (said *Don Francisco*) and I will acquaint your Excellency with the occasion of it; so desiring the *Duke* to step a little aside out of the Road, he thus proceeded:

Don Marcellus, whom your Excellency sees there, has a great Accusation against you, concerning his Sister the Lady *Evadne*, and the Relation was to this effect: That four Nights since, you conveyed her from his Kinswoman's House, and have deluded and dishonoured his Sister, for which now he is come to demand satisfaction from you: All he expects (Sir) from you is, either by performing your Promise to her of Marriage, or to end the Dispute with your Sword: He has desired me to accompany him, and to be an Umpire in this Affair, or else his his Second, which I have freely undertaken: Now (Sir) understanding from his own Words, the occasion of the late Animosity between you, I am well assured you were the Master of this Present, you pleas'd to honour me withal, and to be the Donor of; and knowing likewise, that none could better be an Arbitrator in this Cause, than my self, nor be more tender of your Excellencies Safety than I am, I was the more eager in the Prosecution of what I have undertaken: Now that (Sir) which I would desire of you is, That you would declare whether that be true which *Don Marcellus* alledges.

Dear Sir, (reply'd the *Duke*) it is such an Invincible Truth, that I dare not deny it, though my Inclinations led me to it: But farther, I must speak in my own Vindication, I have neither deceiv'd the Fair *Evadne*, nor conveyed her away; though I am not ignorant she is removed from her Kinswoman's House, but whether, I remain a Stranger at this time: I do here Vow the Lady *Evadne* to be my Wife, and if I did not publickly Celebrate those Nuptials, the Reason of it was, The Dutchess my Mother was desirous to Match me to the Lady

Livia, Daughter to the *Duke* of *Ferrara*; but my Mother being now more ready for Death's Arreſt, than for Life's Protection, I can now the better perform my Duty to the laſt Period of her Life, and after her Death, keep that Fidelity and Conſtancy I ever had for dear *Evadne*.

I will inſtance to you ſome few Particulars of theſe grand Miſtakes; the ſame Night you wrought my Deliverance, my Intention was to have Conducted *Evadne* ſafe to *Milain*; ſhe was in that Month, which ſhe was to bring forth that happy Iſſue the Gods had ordain'd her to be Mother of; now whether it were by reaſon of the Rencounter, or my own Negligence, I am dubious: For when I went to her Kinſwoman's Houſe, I found at the Door *Laurana* her Maid, the Surveyor of our Contracts, Jocular Meetings, and Agreements: I enquired for her Lady, ſhe anſwered me, ſhe was newly gone, but had that very Night been delivered of a Son, one of the Faireſt Creatures that ever eyes beheld; and that ſhe had given it to my Servant *Giacomo*. *Laurana* is here with me and *Giacomo*, but my Child and *Evadne*, are both miſſing. I have been two days in *Bologna* in ſearch after 'em, but by all my enquiry, I can receive no ſatisfactory account.

Now, Sir, reply'd *Don Franciſco* when the Lady *Evadne* and the Child ſhall appear, you will receive 'em, both as yours, the one for your Dutcheſs, the other as your Son? Moſt joyfully, (reply'd the *Duke*) as long parched Ground receives the welcome Showers; for though I value my ſelf as a Gentleman, yet I eſteem my ſelf more to be a Chriſtian: The Lady *Evadne*'s Vertues Merit a greater Title than I am able to dignifie her with; and ſhould that Glorious Sun but once appear, or my Mother's Days be expired, the World ſhall then be certified, that if I underſtood what it was to be a Lover, I alſo knew how to finiſh thoſe Vows in publick, which ſolemnly I made to her in Secret.

This will be joyfull News to *Don Marcellus*, (ſaid *Don Franciſco*) if your Excellency will permit him to be a ſharer in it, and not be held any longer in Suſpence.

I much reſent it, (reply'd the *Duke*) he has remain'd unhappily ſo long under a *Miſtake*. *Don Franciſco* being infinitely well pleas'd, made Signs to *Don Marcellus* to ad-

advance towards 'em, who immediately Diſmounted himſelf, not thinking of the good Fortune which attended him: The *Duke* met him with open Arms embracing him, and greeting him with the Name of dear Brother: *Marcellus* being ſurprized, ſcarce knew ſuddenly how to return an Anſwer to ſo loving a Salutation, and courteous a Reception: Thus while he was ſtanding in Suſpence, before he could recollect himſelf, *Don Franciſco* apply'd himſelf to him in this manner:

The *Duke* (Seignior *Marcellus*) has been pleaſed, out of his own Generoſity, to declare, that his Affections for your Siſter are ſo great, that nothing but the making of her his Wife, he hopes, will give full Satsfaction; and what he averrs here in private, he is ready to avouch at any time in Publick: The *Duke* informs me, that four Nights ſince, he went to fetch away the Lady *Evadne* from your Kinſwoman's Houſe, to conduct her to *Milain*, and to wait for a Conjuncture, in the celebrating his Nuptials, which he had deferr'd upon very good Reaſons which he has imparted to me: His Excellency has likewiſe acquainted me with the Rencounter he had with you, and moreover, when he went for your Siſter (the Lady *Evadne*) he met with *Laurana* her Woman, which, is here in Company, who inform'd him, that it was not above an hour ſince her Lady *Evadne* had been delivered, and that ſhe gave the Infant to a Servant of the *Duke*'s, that *Evadne* believing the *Duke* was there, went haſtily out of the Houſe, imagining that you, (Seignior *Marcellus*) had already notice of her Proceedings: However *Laurana* gave not the Child to the *Duke*'s Servant, but to to another by Miſtake: *Evadne* is concealed, and you reprehend the *Duke*: Now he declares, that whereſoever the Lady *Evadne* ſhall appear, he will receive her as his true and lawfull Wife: Now Seignior *Marcellus*, what can the *Duke* expreſs more, or what more, in reaſon, can you deſire, or wiſh for, than only the finding out of thoſe two Rich, and Unfortunate Pledges?

Don Marcellus throwing himſelf at the *Duke*'s Feet, he haſtily took him up: To whom *Marcellus* apply'd himſelf, Of your Dignity and Magnificence, (moſt Noble Sir, and dear Brother) my Siſter, nor my ſelf could never ex-

expect more from you, than what you have declared; firſt in equalizing her with your ſelf; and next in ranking me in the number of your Friends and Alliance: With that the Tears fell from their Eyes; but conſidering it might portend weakneſs to manifeſt their Grief, they ſuppreſs'd and wip'd 'em away.

Thus things ſtood, when *Don Bernardo* diſcover'd himſelf; but drawing near he made a Halt for ſome little time; for though he knew *Don Franciſco*, and *Marcellus*, he knew not the *Duke*; he could not tell what to do with himſelf, whether he ſhould go on or retire. At laſt coming up to one of the *Duke*'s Servants, he demanded of him whether he knew that Gentleman, who was with the other two, pointing to the *Duke*? He anſwer'd, It was the *Duke* of *Milain*; at which he was amaz'd, and knew now leſs what to do with himſelf than before; but *Don Franciſco* put him out of this Perplexity by calling to him by his Name: Therupon *Don Bernardo* alighted, ſeeing they were on Foot, and approaching near, the *Duke* received him with much Amity, as being *Don Franciſco*'s Friend and Companion.

Then *Don Franciſco* related to *Bernardo*, all that had paſſed between him, and the *Duke*; *Don: Bernardo* was exceeding glad and ask'd him, why he did not compleat the Joy and Happineſs of theſe Gentlemen, by informing them where the Lady *Evadne*, and her Child were? The *Duke* and *Marcellus* hearing them ſpeak of *Evadne* and the Child, enquir'd of them, what they diſcours'd of. Gentlemen, not to hold you anylonger in Suſpence, (reply'd *Don Bernardo*) I am unwilling to be an Actor in this Tragi-Comedy, and to alter the Scene, by the Diſcovery of the Lady *Evadne*, and her Child, who are both ſafe at my Habitation: So they both repeated to them the whole Story, of what has been before related; which gave the *Duke* and *Marcellus* great Satisfaction: Then *Marcellus* embraced *Franciſco*, and the *Duke*, *Don Bernardo*, returning them thanks for this happy News, and relinquiſhing them of their Fears.

Then calling to *Laurana*, *Evadne*'s waiting Woman, that deliver'd the Child to *Don Franciſco*; ſhe having taken notice of *Marcellus*, ſtood trembling and quaking for fear

fear; they ask'd her if ſhe knew the Perſon, to whom ſhe delivered the Infant? She reply'd no; but ask'd him if he were *Giacomo*? And he anſwer'd, yes, and upon that belief ſhe gave it him: That's very true, ſaid *Don Franciſco*, and immediately you ſhut the Door, bidding me have a care of it, and ſee it ſafe kept, and return quickly back: I confeſs you are in the right, anſwered *Laurana*, ſhedding many a Tear; but the *Duke* bid her refrain, adding that now there was no Occaſion of Mourning but rejoycing; and ſince Fortune has been ſo favourable to us, I will not as yet enter *Milain*, but return back to *Bologna*: For all theſe ſeeming Contentments are but as a ſhadow, till the ſeeing of *Evadne*, make them prove real; ſo unanimouſly they conſented and preſently turn'd about for *Bologna*.

Don Bernardo rode away before, to prepare *Evadne*, that ſhe might not be ſurpriz'd, with any ſuddain Paſſion upon the unexpected coming of the *Duke*, and her Brother; but not finding of her, he appear'd the moſt dejected Man in the World, though when he ſaw *Dorila* was wanting, he imagined that by her Diligence and Perſwaſions *Evadne* was miſſing. the Pages inform'd him that *Dorila*, was wanting, the ſame day his Maſter *Don Franciſco*, and he went; but as for the Lady he enquired for, they never ſaw her. *Don Bernardo*, was in great Diſtraction at this unexpected Accident, fearing the *Duke* would take them for great Lyers and Impoſtors; or perhaps, imagine ſome great abuſe, which might redound much to the prejudice of their Honour, and *Evadne*'s Reputation.

Whilſt he was thus pondering and caſting theſe doubts and ſcruples with himſelf, entred the *Duke*, *Don Franciſco* and *Marcellus*, who by Streets and Lanes unfrequented, having left the reſt of their Equipage without the City, they at length came to *Don Franciſco*'s Houſe, and found *Don Bernardo* ſitting in a Chair, in a poſture altogether Melancholy, and Pale as Death; what are you not well? (cry'd *Don Franciſco*) where's *Evadne*? How can it be expected I ſhould be otherwiſe, (reply'd *Don Bernardo*) ſince *Evadne* is abſent? Who with *Dorila* that we left to attend her, went away the ſame day that we did. Nor

was

was *Franciſco* the leſs ſurpriz'd, when he heard this unfortunate News.

In a word, they were all extremely troubled, full of Cares and various Imaginations, not knowing what to think; but whilſt they were thus in their Diſtraction, there came a Page to *Don Bernardo*, who whiſpering him in the Ear, acquainted him that *Diego*, *Don Franciſco's* Page, had conceal'd a very handſome Woman in his Chamber, ever ſince his Maſter went, and did believe her Name was *Evadne*, for he had heard him call her ſo. *Bernardo's* trouble was now renewed afreſh, and rather deſired that *Evadne* ſhould not be found at all, (knowing that ſhe was one whom the Page had hid) than to find her in ſuch a place; yet without being perceived, he went privately to the Page's Chamber, where finding the Door lock'd, and him gone out, with a low Voice he called Lady *Evadne*, open the Door, and receive your Brother, and the *Duke* your Husband; to which, he heard a Voice from within anſwer, You need not jear me, I am not ſo ugly; but that *Dukes* and *Earls* may come after me; but this it is to have to do with louſie Pages. I deſerve indeed no better a Reward. By which Words, *Don Bernardo* ſaw he was miſtaken, and that ſhe was not the Lady *Evadne*.

While this paſs'd, came *Diego* the Page, who poſted preſently to his Chamber, and finding *Don Bernardo* at the Door, he commanded the Key from him to open it, then falling down upon his Knees, he beſeech'd him, if his Maſter had not heard of it, that he would be pleas'd not to acquaint him with it; for he did confeſs he had commited a Fault, and was ſorry for what he had done; that ſhe had been there three Nights, and he would now inſtantly put her out of the Houſe. And what's this Woman's Name? ſaid *Don Bernardo*, Sir, (reply'd the Page) it is *Evadne*.

The Page who made this diſcovery, (and who envy'd *Diego*) came down, where the *Duke*, *Don Franciſco*, and *Marcellus*, were talking of *Diego*. That Page yonder, ſaid he, has kept up *Evadne* as cloſe, like a Hawk in a Mew, and could have wiſhed his Maſter had not come home ſo ſoon, that he might have taken his Pleaſure of her

her three or four days longer. *Marcellus* over-hearing this, aſk'd him, what is that you ſay my Friend? Where is *Evadne*? Above (anſwered the Page.) The *Duke* had no ſooner heard this, but like Lightning he flew up ſtairs to ſee *Evadne*; ſo happening to go to the Chamber, where *Don Bernardo* was, he cry'd out; where art thou *Evadne*? Where is my deareſt Life? She that was wrapt up in the Sheet, with a maundring Voice, ſaid here's *Evadne*, there's not ſo much harm done as you think there is, nor ſuch a ſtrange thing for a Woman to Lye with a Page, that you need make ſuch a wonder of it. *Marcellus* being there, In a great fury took the Sheet by one of the Corners and pull'd it off; diſcovering a Woman of no ill Aſpect; who being abaſh'd clapt her Hands before her Face, and made haſte to reach her Cloths to her, which ſerved her inſtead of a Pillow. They ſaw ſhe was a common Hackney of the Town; then the *Duke* demanded whether her Name was *Evadne*; ſhe made him anſwer it was, and that ſhe had Relations of very good Account, and Credit in the City, that would ſcorn to do what ſhe did.

The *Duke* was ſo vext, that he almoſt imagin'd the *Spaniards* had put a trick upon him; but that he would not give way to the entertaining of ſo ill a Suſpicion, he turn'd his back, and without ſpeaking one word, *Marcellus* following him, they got to their Horſes, and went their way, leaving *Don Franciſco* and *Don Bernardo* more vext than they: Then they determined with all ſpeed to uſe their utmoſt Endeavours in the finding out *Evadne*, and in ſatisfying the *Duke* of their Integrity. They put *Diego* out of the Houſe, and diſmiſs'd him their Service, as a bold impudent Fellow, and turned that ſhameleſs Strumpet out of Doors.

They went to *Marcellus*'s Houſe, to enquire after the *Duke*, who told them, that he made no ſtay at all, but went directly for *Milain*, leaving order with him to make diligent ſearch for his Siſter: Moreover, telling them, the *Duke* was very well ſatisfied of their Fidelity, and that the *Duke* and himſelf did impute it only to *Evadne*'s Timorouſneſs; but they did hope in proceſs of time ſhe would be heard of.

Thus

Thus they comforted themſelves, not being willing to make enquiry after her by publick Proclamation, but by ſome private means, in regard her being miſs'd was known to none but her Kinſwoman, and amongſt thoſe that did not know the *Duke*'s Reſolution, his Siſter might run the hazard of her Reputation.

The *Duke* being now upon his return to *Milain*, as good Fortune would have it, or rather Divine Providence had ſo order'd it, that he came to that Village, which the *Curate* belong'd to, where was *Evadne*, the Child, the Nurſe, and *Dorila*, the Plotter and Contriver of their Eſcape: They had given him an account of all the Proceedings, and deſired his Advice and Counſel, what they were beſt to do.

The *Curate* was a great Lover of the *Duke*, whoſe Houſe, fitted and accommodated like that of a Clergy-Man well to paſs, the *Duke* us'd often-times to viſit from *Milain*, and from thence went a Hunting. For he took great delight in the *Curate*'s Gravity and Diſcourſes, ſo that the *Curate* was not troubled to ſee him there; but to ſee him ſo Melancholy, preſently perceiving that his mind was over-whelm'd with ſome extraordinary Paſſion.

Evadne hearing the *Duke* was there, extremely reſented his coming, being ignorant of the Occaſion; thus being perplexed, and in a great Agony, fain ſhe would have ſpoke with the *Curate*, but he being buſie entertaining the *Duke*, had not the leiſure to Diſcourſe with her.

At length, ſaid the *Duke* to him, Father, I muſt confeſs my Spirit is very much oppreſſed with Grief, and I do not intend this day for *Milain*, but will be your Gueſt: Therefore, pray ſend one of your Servants to bid thoſe who came with me, to make haſte to *Milain*. This being done, there were immediately great Preparations made to entertain him.

Evadne waiting for an opportunity to ſpeak with the *Curate*, at laſt ſhe ſent for him, and holding him faſt by both hands; O Father! ſaid ſhe, 'pray what is the *Duke*'s Occaſion of coming hither? Inform me, I beſeech you, and if you can by any means, raiſe ſome Diſcourſe concerning me, by that means you may diſcover whether his

his Intentions be real or false; this I entreat you to do according to your own Sagacity.

The *Curate* reply'd, the *Duke* was very sad and pensive, but had not as yet declared the Cause: My advice to you is this, That you presently dress up the Child, as rich as you can, and adorn him with your own Jewels, and those which the *Duke* gave you, then leave the rest to me. *Evadne* thank'd him, and promised she would go immediately about what he had so well advised her. The *Curate* in the mean time, went forth, to entertain the *Duke* till Dinner was made ready, and as he was discoursing of divers things, the *Curate* humbly implor'd the *Duke*'s Pardon, for taking that boldness upon him as to enquire into the Reason of his being so Melancholy; and withall, excusing it, that he had not assum'd that Liberty to himself, had it not been so apparent to be seen.

Father, (said the *Duke*) it is evidently to be seen that inward Passion will demonstrate it self in the Physiognomy of either Man or Woman, and the greatest of my Grief is, that I cannot as yet Communicate it to any that can ease me of my pain: Why (my Lord reply'd the *Curate*) were you in a Capacity to be merrily disposed, I could present to your Eyes one of the delightfullest Objects in the whole Universe, which is left to my Care and Conduct. That Man (reply'd the *Duke*) would be very much void of Reason, who could have a Remedy apply'd to his Malady, and should refuse the taking of it: Therefore (Father) 'Pray shew me this piece of Curiosity you so much applaud, for I believe it must be some extraordinary Rarity.

The *Curate* presently went to the Lady *Evadne*'s Chamber, to fetch the Child, who was just made an end of dressing, very finely adorn'd indeed, with her Jewels, and it looked very sweetly; so taking the Child in his Arms, he went to the *Duke*, beseeching him to look upon it: The *Duke* viewing of it, said, indeed it was a fine Child, and took it out of the *Curate*'s Arms and kissed it: Then looking stedfastly on the Jewels, he knew they were the same he gave to *Evadne*; being full of Admiration, he ask'd the *Curate* whose pretty Child it was? and told him it was as fine as a young Prince.

My

My Lord, (reply'd the *Curate*) indeed I don't very well know, but ſome Months ſince, a Gentleman of *Bologna* brought it to me and charged me to be very careful of him and breed him up, according to his Quality, for he was a Noble Man's Child: There came likewiſe a Nurſe to attend him, of whom I have enquired ſeveral times, if ſhe knew the Parents; but ſhe told me, ſhe could not ſatisfie me in that particular: But if the Mother be as Fair and as Beautiful as the Nurſe, ſhe muſt needs be the flower of all *Italy*. Now I have ſeen the Child (reply'd the *Duke*) I hope, Father, I may have that Liberty, of ſeeing the Nurſe: Yes, (reply'd the *Curate*) your Highneſs may command it, I will immediately attend you to the Chamber where ſhe is; for if the Child has thus tranſported you, which is but a Copy, what will the Mother not do, who is the Original? The *Curate* would have eaſed the *Duke*'s Arms, and have taken the Child from him, but he would not part with it, till he had given it many Kiſſes.

In the mean while, the *Curate* ſtept a little before, to inform *Evadne* the *Duke* was coming to viſit her, and deſired ſhe would be ready to receive him.

Evadne being ſurpriz'd with a ſuddain Paſſion, that there aroſe ſuch freſh Colours in her Face, which were mighty becoming, and rather prov'd a Friend than an Enemy to her Beauty. The *Duke* was intent, and aſtoniſh'd at the ſight of her, and *Evadne* throwing her ſelf immediately at his Feet, would have kiſs'd them; but the *Duke* without ſaying one Word, gave the Child to the *Curate*, and went with great haſte out of the Houſe; which *Evadne* ſeeing, ſhe turned about to the *Curate*, and being much amazed at this ſuddain Motion;

Alaſs! Sir, (ſaid ſhe) has the ſight of me ſo fear'd the *Duke* that he cannot endure me in his preſence? Am I grown ſo Odious, and deform'd in his Eyes, that he Loaths and Abhors me? has he forgot thoſe Obligations wherein he ſtands bound to me? Would he not vouchſafe to ſpeak ſo much as one Word to me? Was his Son ſo Burdenſom to him? Was he ſo weary with holding him, that he ſo quickly rather threw, than put him out of his Arms? To all which complaint, the *Curate* reply'd not a word, but won-

wondring at the ſuddain flight of the *Duke*, for it ſeem'd to him to be rather a flight than any thing elſe.

But all this haſte was made to no other end, ſave only to call *Giacomo*, whom he commanded to make all the haſte he could to *Bolognia*, and bid *Marcellus*, and the two *Spaniſh* Gentlemen, *Don Franciſco*, and *Don Bernardo*, with all ſpeed, and laying all Excuſes aſide, to meet him at the *Curate's* Houſe.

Giacomo was not ſlothful, but preſently put his Lord's Command in Execution; who being thus diſpatch'd, the *Duke* preſently return'd back where *Evadne* was, but found her weeping: Upon which the *Duke* took her up in his Arms, and adding Tears to Tears, exchang'd a Thouſand Kiſſes on her Roſie Lips, but their Tongues were lock'd up in an Amorous ſilence.

The Nurſe and *Dorila* obſerving theſe Amorous Paſſages, leapt for Joy, and were tranſported with the Pleaſure of ſeeing it. The *Curate* alſo beſtowed a Thouſand Kiſſes on the pretty Infant, which he had in his Arms.

By this time the *Curate's* Dinner diſturb'd their cloſe embracements; but being at Dinner, *Evadne* gave the *Duke* an account of all that had happened to her, ſince ſhe left her Kinſwoman's Houſe, and that *Dorila* a Servant of *Don Franciſco's* perſwaded her to come hither, and that ſhe had ſerv'd her very faithfully, and with a great deal of Reſpect. The *Duke* likewiſe recounted to her all that which had befall'n him to this preſent.

Some three days after, came *Marcellus*, *Don Franciſco*, and *Don Bernardo*, who were in great hopes the *Duke* had heard of the Lady *Evadne*: But *Giacomo*, who was purpoſely ſent for them, could not any ways acquaint them with the Buſineſs: The *Duke* went forth to receive them in a large Room, adjoyning near to that where *Evadne* was: He did not ſhew a Countenance of any Satisfaction at all, which made theſe new Gueſts to remain ſtill ſad and penſive looking dejectedly upon one another; however, he deſir'd them to ſit down: So ſeating himſelf by them, he directed his Diſcourſe to *Marcellus*.

You know well, Seignior *Marcellus*, that I never did delude your Siſter, the Fair *Evadne*, you are not unacquainted of the Diligence I have uſed, for the finding of her

her out, in order to the happy Union of us both, according to those Vows I have often made to her; neither are you a Stranger, that she appears not, and my Word ought not to be Eternal. I am in my youthful Years, and not so well grounded and experienced in the World, as to avoid those Delights and Pleasures, which offer themselves very often to me: The self same Affection which made me promise to be *Evadne's* Husband, led me likewise, before I past'd my Word unto her, to promise Marriage to a Country-Girl, a Farmer's Daughter in this Village, whom I thought to have put off, that I might have apply'd my self to *Evadne's* Worth, though not to that which my Conscience dictated to me, which was no small Manifestation of my great Love: But since no Man Marryes a Wife who is Invisible, and that it does not stand with Reason, that a Man should thus seek after a Wife that forsakes him; there is no Reason I should stay for *Evadne* that flies me: I say this (Sir) that you may see how willing, and ready I am to give you Satisfaction. And thus I have demonstrated to you, that I never did, or had any intention of doing you the least Injustice or Injury: And therefore, I would crave that leave of you, that I may comply with my first Promise to Marry this Country-Maid who is here in the House.

Whilst the *Duke* was making this Speech, *Marcellus's* Countenance chang'd very often, and was very restless; which were evident Proofs and Tokens of Passion, taking possession of his Senses: *Don Francisco*, and *Don Bernardo* were much disturbed: The *Duke* then reading their Minds in their Faces, desir'd *Marcellus* to be patient, and enjoyn'd him not to return him one Word in answer; for (continued he) I mean to shew you the Beauty of that Person, whom I intend to make my Wife, not doubting, but it will oblige you to gratifie my desires: For it is such, and so powerfully Charming, that it will easily excuse me for far greater Errours: When the *Duke* was risen, and gone from 'em they all consulted together, and *Don Francisco* told *Marcellus*, he thought the *Duke's* Request was very unreasonable, and that he ought to give some seasonable time for the finding out of the Lady *Evadne*.

While

While they were thus debating this buſineſs, from out of a Room juſt before 'em, came *Evadne*, led betwixt the *Curate* and the *Duke*; after them follow'd *Laurana*, *Evadne*'s Woman (the *Duke* having ſent for her to *Milain*); then the two Nurſes, and *Dorila*, which belong'd to the two *Spaniſh* Gentlemen: When *Marcellus* ſaw his Siſter, and had taken a full view of her, and knew that it was ſhe; ſtumbling for haſte he went and threw himſelf at the *Duke*'s Feet, who took him up, and placed him in his Siſter's Arms, who embrac'd him with all poſſible Demonſtrations of Joy. Then *Don Franciſco*, and *Don Bernardo*, told the *Duke*, that he had put upon 'em the moſt diſcreet, and moſt pleaſing deceit in the World.

The *Duke* took the Child, which *Laurana* brought in her Arms, and giving it to *Marcellus*, Here Brother (ſaid he) take your Nephew, and my Son, and ſee now whether you will give me leave to Marry this Country-Laſs, who is the firſt that ever I plighted my Faith to: It were endleſs to repeat *Marcellus*'s Replies; what *Don Franciſco* ask'd him; what *Don Bernardo* thought; the Rejoycing of the *Curate*; the Joy of *Laurana*; the Content of the *Adviſer Dorila*; the Admiration of *Giacomo*, and the Nurſe; and in a Word, the general Content of all.

The *Curate* forthwith Married them; *Don Franciſco* was the Father that gave her; and amongſt them all it was agreed upon, That thoſe Nuptials ſhould be concealed, till they hadreceiv'd the News of the *Dutcheſs* his Mother's Death, who was now almoſt ſpent, by reaſon of her long Sickneſs, and that in the mean time *Evadne* ſhould return with her *Brother* to *Bolognia*.

But the *Dutcheſs* ſhortly after dyed, and *Evadne* entred into *Milain* rejoycing the City with her Fair Preſence: Mourning Weeds were turn'd into Gay and Rich Cloths; the Nurſe, and *Dorila* were liberally rewarded; *Laurana* was Married to *Giacomo*; *Don Franciſco*, and *Don Bernardo*, were wonderfully well contented, that it had been their good Fortune to have been any way ſerviceable to the *Duke*, who offer'd them two of his near Kinſwomen to be their Wives, with exceeding Rich Dowries: But they told him, the Gentlemen of *Biſcay*, for the moſt part, Married in their own Country; and that not out of any ſcorn, but

to comply with that commendable Cuſtom, and the Will of their Parents, who had already provided Wives for them, they could not accept of this his moſt Noble Offer.

The *Duke* admitting of their Excuſe, however ſought all Generous Opportunities to ſend them Preſents to *Bologna* which were very conſiderable. The *Dutcheſs* gave alſo one of her Jewels to *Don Franciſco*, and another to *Don Bernardo*; who when they ſaw all their Modeſt Refuſals would not ſerve, they with unwilling willingneſs received them.

Evadne was viſited very often at *Milain*, by moſt of the great Ladies; among whom her Tranſcendent Beauty, and Incomparable Vertues, made her ſhine with as much Superiority, as a Star of a greater Magnitude exceeds in Splendour the leſſer Luminaries; and the *Duke* grew every day more Enamour'd of her than ever.

Sometime after, *Don Franciſco*, and *Don Bernardo*, return'd into their own Country, where they were Married to Rich, Noble, and Beautiful Young Ladies; continuing ſtill their Correſpondence with the *Duke*, and the *Dutcheſs*, and with *Seignior Marcellus Barbarino*, with all the Love and Amity in the World.

THE

THE GENEROUS LOVER.

A Novel.

OH the Lamentable Ruins of Unhappy *Nicosia:* The Blood of thy Valiant and Unfortunate Defenders, being yet scarce dry! If (as thou art insensible of it) thou hadst any feeling at all in this Disconsolate Condition wherein now we are, we might jointly bewail our Misfortunes: It would help to ease me in some manner of my Torment, to find a Companion of my Sorrows, and make that Burden of my grief the lighter, which now I find so heavy (I had almost said insupportable) for me to bear: But however, there is some hope yet left thee, that these thy strong Towere demolished and laid level with the ground, thou mayest one day behold them, (though not in so just a posture of defence as when they were overthrown) erected to their former Beauty and Strength.

But I, of all Unfortunate, (the most unfortunate of Men) What Felicity can I hope for in that wretched Consternation wherein I now find my self? If I should return to the same Station wherein I was, before I fell into this; such are my Misfortunes, that when I was free, and at Li-

berty, I knew not what Happineſs was; and now in this my Captivity, I neither have, nor can hope for it.

Theſe Words did a Chriſtian Captive utter, looking with a ſad and mournfull Countenance, from the riſing of a Hill upon the ruined Walls of lately loſt *Nicoſia*.

Thus did he diſcourſe with them, and compared his Miſeries with theirs, as if they had been able to underſtand him: The common, and proper condition of afflicted Perſons, who being violently carried away with their own Imaginary Conceptions, both do, and ſay thoſe things which are beyond all Reaſon, without either Study or Conſideration.

Whilſt he was thus Complaining to himſelf, from a *Pavilion* pitch'd in the Field, not much diſtant from him; came out a Sprightly *Turk*, a Young Man of a Noble Preſence, and with an Ingenious Aſpect, accompanied with Briskneſs and Courage, anſwerable to his Phyſiognomy; who drawing near to the Chriſtian, without much Ceremony, yet in a kind and civil manner; *Sir*, (ſaid he) *I durſt lay a Wager with you, that thoſe Penſive Thoughts, which I read in your Face, have brought you hither.*

You read aright, anſwered *Gaſparino*, (that was the *Captive's* Name) *ſuch Thoughts as thoſe have brought me hither indeed: But what does it advantage me? Since where-ever I go, I am ſo far from procuring any Peace, that I cannot obtain ſo much as a Truce, or the leaſt Ceſſation of my Sorrows: Nay, rather theſe Ruins, which from hence diſcover themſelves, have rather encreas'd my Pains. Thoſe of* Nicoſia *you mean?* (reply'd the *Turk*) *I mean none elſe*, (anſwer'd *Gaſparino*) *but thoſe which here offer themſelves to my View. You have great Occaſion* (quoth the *Turk*) *to weep, if you entertain your thoughts with ſuch Contemplations: For they who but two Years ſince, had ſeen this famous and rich Iſland of* Cyprus *in its Proſperity, and peaceable State; the Inhabitants thereof enjoying all that Humane Happineſs and Felicity, Heaven could afford, or themſelves deſire; and now ſhould behold them baniſh'd from it, or made miſerable Slaves within it, could not have ſuch Impenetrate Hearts, as to forbear bewailing their Calamity.*

But let us leave diſcourſing of things, that are not to be

be remedy'd, and come to your own Boſom-Sorrows, for I long to know if they be ſuch as you expreſs them to be; and therefore, I earneſtly entreat, nay conjure thee, by that which thou oweſt for thoſe Services I have done thee, the good Will I bear, and the Love I have ſhewn thee; ſeeing we are both of the ſame Country, and bred up in our Child-hood together, to deal freely with me, and acquaint me with the cauſe of this thy Melancholy: For though Captivity alone be ſufficient to afflict the ſtouteſt Heart in the World, yet I imagine the Current of your Diſaſters has a deeper Bottom.

For Generous Minds (ſuch as thine is) do not uſe to render up themſelves to common Misfortunes, in ſuch a meaſure, as to make ſhew of Sorrows ſo extraordinary; which I am the rather induc'd to believe, becauſe I know that Poverty is not ſo much your Maſter, but you may pay your Ranſom upon reaſonable Terms; nor are you immur'd up in the Towers of the Black Sea as a Priſoner of Note, or Captive of Conſideration, who late, or never obtains his deſired Liberty: For which Reaſon, your ill Fortune has not yet depriv'd your Hopes of ſeeing your ſelf ſet free; and therefore when I ſee thee ſo much overcharg'd with Grief, and making ſuch doleful Lamentations, I am forc'd to believe, that the Pain proceeds from ſome other cauſe than thy loſt Liberty; which I entreat thee to diſcover to me, upon the faithfull promiſe of all the aſſiſtance I am able to afford thee. Who knows, but that Fortune in her wheeling, has brought this about, that I ſhould, *Proteus* like, be clad in this Habit, which I ſo much abhor, to the end I may be ſerviceable to thee.

Thou knoweſt already, *Gaſparino*, that my Maſter is a chief Miniſter in this City; thou likewiſe knoweſt the great Sway which he bears here, and how much intereſt I have in him; together with this, thou art not ignorant of the fervent deſire I have, not to die in this State, which I thus ſeem to profeſs: For my own Heart can teſtifie, if ever I ſhould come to the Teſt, I am reſolved openly to confeſs the Chriſtian Faith, from which my few Years, and leſs underſtanding ſeparated me: From all this that has been ſaid, I leave it to thy ſelf to infer the Concluſion,

and to consider seriously, whether my proffered Friendship may be useful to thee.

Now, that I may know what Remedy thy Misfortune requires, it is requisite thou should'st recount it to me; the Relation of it being as necessary for me to hear, as the Rich Patient's mind to his Physician: And I assure thee by all the Fidelity that belongs to Friendship, to secure it in the deepest Silence.

To all these Words of his, *Gasparino* gave an attentive Ear; though his Tongue was silent, and seeing himself obliged by those kind Expressions, and his own necessity, return'd this answer:

My dearest *Pyrrhus*, said he, (for so was this *Turk* called) if as thou hast conjectur'd aright at my Misfortunes, thou could'st prescribe as well the Remedy, I should think my self happy in my lost Liberty, and would not change my State for the greatest Felicity imaginable; but I understand well the Cause is such, that all the World may take notice whence it proceeds; though that Man is not to be found, who dares undertake to find out a Remedy, much less to give me the least Relief; and that thou may'st be inform'd of the verity of my Discourse, I will relate as briefly as I can, the Cause of my Woes; but before I enter into this confus'd Labyrinth of my Miseries, I would first desire thee to acquaint me with the Cause, why *Bazon Bashaw* has pitch'd here in this Field, these Tents and Pavilions, before he makes his Entry into *Nicosia*, being deputed to be *Vice-Roy* or *Bashaw* there?

I will, (said *Pyrhrus*,) answer your Demands in a few Words; and therefore you must know, that it is a Custom among the *Turks*, that they who come to be *Vice-Roys* of some *Province*, do not immediately enter into the City where their *Predecessor* resides, till he departs out of it, and leaves the Place free to his *Successor*.

For when the new *Bashaw* has made his Entrance, the old one stays without in the Field, expecting what Accusations shall come against him, and what Misdemeanors (during his Goverment) they shall lay to his Charge; which being alledged and proved, are Recorded, and a note taken of them: Now the other, being settled in his *Residence*, he gives to him that leaves his Charge a Scroll of Parch-

Parchment seal'd up very close, and therewith he presents himself at the Gate of the *Grand Seignior*; which being seen and perused by the *Visier Bashaw*, and by those other inferiour *Bashaws*, they either reward or punish him according to the Relation that is made of his Behaviour.

For this Reason, thy Master *Bazon Bashaw* has remained in this Field four days, but he of *Nicosia* is not as yet come forth, having been very sick; but being now upon the mending hand, he will without fail come forth either to day or to morrow at the fartherst, and is to lodge in certain Tents that are pitched behind this rising Hill, which as yet thou hast not seen, and thy Master is forthwith to enter the City. Thus much to your first Question; in the Prosecution of my promised Relation.

But let me first ask you, Whether you know in our Town of *Trepana* a Virgin, to whom Fame has given the repute of being the Fairest in all *Sicily*; in whose Praise, the most Transcendent Wits have expressed themselves, and of whom the most Judicious have concluded, That she was the perfectest Pattern of Beauty, that the past Age had, the present has, and that which is to come, can hope to have: Nature indeed had bestowed on the whole composure, every thing so perfect, that Envy it self could not tax her in any one particular?

And is it possible (*Pyrrhus*) that all this while thou hast not told me, yet who she is, nor her Name? I verily believe, either thou dost not lend an Ear to me all this while, or when thou wast in *Trepana* thou wert senceless. *Pyrrhus* reply'd, That if she whom he had set forth, with such incomparableness of Beauty, were not *Graciana* the Daughter of *Pisaura Soresco*s, he knew not who she could be; for that she alone had all that Fame to attend her he had spoke of. 'Tis she, *Pyrrhus*, (reply'd *Gasparino*) 'tis she (my dearest Friend) who is the principal cause of all my Felicity, and Misfortune, 'Tis she, and not my lost Liberty, for whom my Eyes have shed so many numberless Tears. 'Tis she, for whom my Heart is ready to burst with continual sighing. 'Tis she, for whom my Complaints weary the Gods by my Invocation, and the Ears of those who are my Auditors: 'Tis she, for whom thou took'st me to be Distracted, or at least for a Man of little esteem, and less Cou-

'Tis *Graciana*, to me a Tygreſs, but to another, Affable, and Courteous: She it is that keeps me in this Wretched and Miſerable Eſtate.

For You muſt underſtand, that from my Minor Years, or at leaſt, ever ſince I gave place to Reaſon, I not only Lov'd, but did Adore her, and kneel'd to her Devotion, as to a Deity. Her Parents knew my Addreſſes were deſign'd to a Vertuous Intent; for many a time have they acquainted *Graciana* with that Ardent Love, and Affection I bare to her, and have often importun'd her to grant me a kind Acceptation,

But ſhe, who had placed her Eyes on *Hippolito*, the Son of *Moronio de Coriſca*, (whom you know very well, a Young Spark, Neat, and Spruce, Lilly-white Hands, and Curled Locks, a Charming Tongue, and Amorous Expreſſions, compoſed of *Civit*, *Muſk*, and *Amber-Greaſe*, Gay Cloths, and a pleaſant Deportment) would not ſo much as beſtow one Glance of her Eyes on me, who had not altogether ſo pleaſant a Countenance as *Hippolito*; nor vouchſafe to entertain with the leaſt Grain of Gratitude my beſt Endeavours to pleaſe her, my many and continual Services, but ſtill requited them with Diſdain, and Hatred: And to ſuch Extremes did the Exceſs of my Love bring me, that I ſhould have rendred my ſelf happy, had her Diſdains and Cruelties put a Period to my Life, that I might not have been Witneſs of her conferring ſuch open, though truly modeſt Favours upon *Hippolito*.

Conſider now, being thus Tormented with Diſdain and Hatred, and almoſt Mad with Rage, and Jealouſie, in what a miſerable caſe my Soul was, while two ſuch Mortal Plagues were reigning there! *Graciana*'s Parents concealed thoſe Favours ſhe beſtowed on *Hippolito*; thinking that he, attracted by her moſt Exquiſite and Incomparable Beauty, (which indeed was matchleſs) would propoſe a Contract, and ſo in him acquire her a Richer Husband; and perhaps he might be ſo: But I dare be ſo preſumptuous to declare, (without any Oſtentation) that my Birth, and Quality is no ways inferiour to his; and, for his mind, it cannot be nobler furniſh'd than mine; neither can his Valour, if once call'd in queſtion, gain the Victory: But that indeed which over-balanc'd me, was

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Graciana's Favour, and her Parents promoting the Buſineſs, which only made the Scales uneven, by their inclining to *Hippolito*. Now it ſo happened, that perſiſting in the purſuit of my Pretenſions, I had Intelligence, that one day in the Month of *May*, laſt paſt; *Graciana*, her Parents, and *Hippolito*, accompanied with their Kindred, Friends, and Servants, to make merry in *Moronio*'s Garden, near adjoyning to the Sea, towards the Salt-Pits. I know the place well, (ſaid *Pyrrhus*) go on *Gaſparino*, I was more than four Days in one, but I could have wiſh'd I had not been there four Minutes. I knew that, (reply'd *Gaſparino*) and at that very moment that I underſtood it, my Soul was poſſeſs'd with ſuch a Fury, ſuch a Hell of Jealouſies, that it bereav'd me of my Senſes; as you may perceive by my following Relation.

I haſted to the Garden, where I was inform'd they were, I found moſt of the Company very pleaſant, and *Hippolito* and *Graciana* ſitting under a Wall-Nut Tree, at ſome diſtance from the reſt: How pleaſant an Object I was to 'em, I am yet to learn; but the ſight of her wrought ſo upon me, that I ſtood like a Statute without either Sence, or Motion; but I continued not long in that Ecſtaſy, before my Anger rouz'd my Paſſion, and Rage gave Motion to my Hands and Tongue: I confeſs, my Hands at preſent were bound by the Reſpect which was due to that Fair Face, which I had in view, but my Tongue breaking Silence, I utter'd all that a rejected Lover, or Paſſion could invent.

But all I did ſay, could not move *Hippolito* to diſplace himſelf, but ſat looking on me as one amaz'd, not offering once to riſe; yet my Voice was ſo loud, and my Expreſſions ſo ſharp, as occaſioned thoſe who were walking in the Garden to draw near; who hearing the revengful Language I gave my Rival, came in to his aſſiſtance; and then all Drawing upon me, there began a moſt furious Combat between us: I valued not their Number, but encountred them with ſuch an Undaunted Courage, that I Wounded ſeven or eight, and put *Hippolito* to his Flight; at the ſame time, *Graciana* affrighted at this Engagement, fell into a Swoon. which, as it reinforc'd my Courage, ſo it enrag'd my Enemies the more to Revenge, which it had

had been impoſſible for me to eſcape, had not Fortune provided a Remedy worſe than the Diſeaſe: For on a ſuddain, there ruſh'd into the Garden a great number of *Turks*, Pirates of *Viſerta*, who with two Galleys, had put into a little Creek of the Sea, between two Rocks, hard by the Shore, where they Landed, without being heard or ſeen by the Sentinels of the Watch-Towers, or diſcover'd by thoſe Scouts, whoſe daily office it was to ſcour the Coaſts, and ſee that all was clear.

When my Antagoniſts eſpy'd 'em, leaving me alone, they ſwiftly ran away, and ſhifted ſo well for themſelves, that they got ſafe out of their danger; ſo that of all the whole Company, the *Turks* took no more Captives, but only three Perſons beſides my Self and *Graciana*, who lay there in a ſwoon. I defended my Self and *Graciana*, as long as ſtrength would permit me, till at length being wounded in four places, and having killed four upon the place, I was conſtrain'd, as the ſtouteſt Heart muſt to his Fortune, yield.

The *Turks* with their accuſtomed Diligence, having got as much as they could, though not very well pleaſed with the Succeſs, made haſte to imbark themſelves, and preſently put out to Sea; ſo that what with their Sails, and help of their Oars, in a ſhort ſpace they recover'd *Fabiana*; where they muſter'd their Men, and finding they had loſt four of their beſt Soldiers, *Levant-men* (as they call them) they were the more willing to take their Revenge of me; and therefore the *Admiral* of the Captain-Galley commanded them to hang me up at the Main-yard's Arm. *Graciana*, beholding the ſpeedy Preparations for my Death, gave the Captain of the Galley to underſtand, that I was a Perſon of Quality; and that if he did not ſpare my Life, he would certainly loſe a conſiderable Ranſom, and therefore adviſed him to tack about again for *Trepana*, whence his Ranſom-Money would ſoon be brought him aboard. This was the firſt and the laſt Kindneſs which *Graciana* ſhew'd me, and all for my greater injury.

The *Turks* hearing what *Graciana* had reported, eaſily believed her; and this their hope of profit turned the Courſe of their Malice. The next Morning, hanging out a Flag of Peace, they Anchor'd before *Trepana*: As for the Night be-

before, how I employ'd it, you may better conceive than I expreſs; not ſo much for the care of my Wounds, but to think on the danger wherein my Cruel Enemy was amongſt thoſe *Barbarous* People.

Being come now well to the City, one of the Galleys entred the Haven, the other ſtood off. All the Citizens flocked to the Sea-ſide, and amongſt the reſt was *Hippolito*, who ſtood afar off obſerving what paſs'd in the Galley, whilſt my Steward was treating with the *Turks*; but I had given him order not to treat about my Liberty, but of *Graciana*'s: and for her Freedom, to offer all I was worth, either in Lands, Goods, or Chattels, commanding him moreover to go on Shore, and acquaint *Graciana*'s Parents, that they ſhould leave it to him to treat about their Daughter's Liberty.

The chief Captain, who was a *Grecian*, but a *Renegado*, demanded for *Graciana*, Six thouſand Crowns, and for my ſelf Four thouſand, declaring withal, he would not ſell the one without the other. The ſetting ſo great a price, (as I underſtood afterwards) was, he was ſmitten with the Beauty of *Graciana*, and was therefore unwilling ſhe ſhould be redeemed.

Graciana's Parents offer'd him nothing on their part, relying on the promiſe my Steward had made them by my order; neither did *Hippolito*, make any Propoſitions towards her Ranſom. And ſo after many demands and Capitulations, my Steward concluded the Buſineſs, giving for *Graciana* Five thouſand Crowns, and for my ſelf Three thouſand: The Captain accepted this offer, forced thereunto by the Perſwaſions of his Companion, and all the reſt of his Soldiers; but becauſe my Steward had not ſo much Money in caſh, he deſired only three days time, intending to ſell ſo much of my Goods, till he had made up the Sum.

Rozak, (ſo was the Captain call'd) was glad of this, thinking in the mean while, to to find ſome Occaſion to break off the Bargain, and ſo ſail'd back again to *Fabiana*, with a Promiſe to return at the end of three days, and to receive his Money according to Agreement. But it ſo unfortunately fell out, at the ſame time the *Turks* diſcovered, from the main Top-Maſt, ſix *Italian* Galleys, and

and gueſs'd them, (as it was true) to be either of *Malta* or *Sicily*; ſo that the Captains immediately hoiſting Sail, and turning their Prows towards *Barbary*; in leſs than two hours loſt the ſight of thoſe Galleys, and by the help of approaching Night, ſecured themſelves from the danger that threatned them.

Now I leave it to your good Conſideration (Friend *Pyrrhus*) how much my mind was troubled in this Voyage, finding it to fall out ſo croſs and contrary to that which I expected; and much more: When the next day, the two Gallies reaching the Iſland of *Pantanalea* on the South part, the *Turks* went to get Wood, and freſh Victuals; but moſt of all, when I ſaw both the Captains Land, and ſhare between them all thoſe Prizes they had taken, which was to me a ling'ring Death: *Rozak* gave to *Ledalbo*, (for ſo was the other Captain call'd) ſix *Chriſtians*, four for the Oar, and two very Beautiful Boys, both Born in *Corſo*, together with my ſelf, that he might have *Graciana* for his own: 'Tis true, I could not underſtand what they ſaid, though I was not Ignorant what they did; neither had I known then the manner of their Sharings, if *Ledalbo* had not come to me, and told me in *Italian*; Chriſtian, thou art now mine, (as my Captive) rated at Two thouſand Crowns; if thou wilt have thy Liberty, thou muſt give me Four thouſand, or reſolve here to end thy Days. I then demanded of him, Whether the Chriſtian Lady, were his? He told me No, but that *Rozak*, kept her for his own uſe, with Intention to make her turn *Moor*, and then marry her. Whereupon I promiſed him if he would bring the Buſineſs ſo about, that the *Chriſtian* Lady might become his Captive, I would give him Ten thouſand Crowns in good Gold for her Ranſom. He reply'd, it was impoſſible; but he would acquaint *Rozak*, with the great Sum which I offer'd for her Freedom; perhaps, ſaid he, conſidering the profit he will reap by it, he may alter his purpoſe, and accept of the Ranſom. He did ſo, and then preſently commanded all thoſe of his own Galley to embark themſelves as ſoon as poſſibly they could, intending for *Tripoly* in *Barbary*, where he was born: *Rozak* likewiſe determined to go for *Viſerta*; and ſo imbarked with the ſame haſte they uſed to do when they diſcover any Galleys

which

which they fear, or Veſſels which they think to be a Prize; beſides they ſaw the Weather begun to change, inclining to a Storm.

Graciana was on Land, but not where I might ſee her, ſave only at the time of her imbarking, where we both met at the Sea-ſide. This her new Lover led her by the Hand, and ſetting her foot upon the Plank which reach'd from the Land to the Galley, ſhe turned back to look upon me, though my Eyes were never off from her; looking upon her with ſo much tender Affection, and languiſhing ſo long, at length I was depriv'd of that little ſence of ſeeing I had left, and fainted away; the like they afterwards told me befel *Graciana*, who dropt from the Plank into the Sea, where ſhe had been drowned, but that *Rozak* leapt in after her, and brought her out in his Arms.

But when I came again to my Senſes, and ſaw my ſelf alone in one Galley, and the other ſteering a contrary Courſe, and ſailed out of ſight, carrying away with them the own half of my Soul, or (to ſpeak truth) all of it; new Clouds hovered over my Heart, and I began again to curſe my Misfortune, and called aloud for Death to ſeize me: Such, and ſo great, was the Lamentation I made, that it proved ſo offenſive to my Maſter's Ears, that he threatened, if I did not hold my Peace, he would ſeverely puniſh me. Whereupon I ſuppreſſed my Tears, and ſmother'd my Sighs. But froward Fortune, not contented to have brought me into this ſo narrow ſtraight, took a courſe to overthrow all, by taking from me all hope of Remedy: For in an Inſtant, the ſtorm we ſo much feared overtook us, and the Wind, which blew ſtrongly from the South, blew full in the Teeth of us; and began with ſuch fury to re-inforce it ſelf, that we were forced to tack about, and ſuffer our Galley to go which way the Wind would carry her.

Our Captain's Deſign was to have put into ſome part of the Iſland for ſhelter, and more particularly, on the North part thereof; but it fell not out according to his Expectation, but rather, quite contrary to what he had deſign'd; for the Wind blew ſo high, that within little more than Fourteen hours, we ſaw our ſelves within two Leagues, or thereabouts, of the ſame Iſland, from whence we had

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put forth; and now there was no remedy for hindring our being driven upon it, amongſt very high Rocks, which preſented themſelves to our view, threatning us with inevitable Death.

We ſaw on the one ſide of us, that other Galley wherein was *Graciana*, and all their *Turks*, and Captive-Rowers labouring hard with their Oars, to keep themſelves off, as well as they could from running upon the ſame danger. We uſed the ſame means in ours, but with better ſucceſs; for they being tir'd out with their Voyage, and overcome by the ſtiffneſs of the Wind, and bluſt'ring Storm, forſaking their Oars, and abandoning their own ſafety, ſuffer'd themſelves to fall amongſt the Rocks, againſt which the Galley daſhing it ſelf, was ſplit in a thouſand pieces.

Night was then drawing on, and ſo great was the cry of thoſe that gave themſelves for loſt; and the Conſternation of thoſe in our Veſſel made aking Hearts, for that not any of thoſe things our Captain commanded was underſtood or done by them; only they ply'd their Oars, allowing it for their beſt remedy, to turn the Prow to the Wind, and caſt two Anchors into the Sea, to keep off Death for a while, which they expected every moment: And although the terrour of dying was dreaded by all the reſt, yet in me it was quite contrary: For flattering my ſelf with the alluring hopes of having a proſpect of her in the other World, who was ſo lately departed out of this; every minute that the Galley deferr'd its drowning, or ſplitting againſt the Rocks, ſeem'd to me an Age of Pain: And yet I could not forbear, but caſt my Eyes ſometimes, upon the inſulting Waves, to ſee whether I could eſpy floating upon thoſe proud Billows, the Body of unfortunate *Graciana*.

At length day appear'd, but with the Symptoms of a much greater Storm than the former; at which time, we found our Veſſel riding out at Sea, ſome diſtance from the Rocks; but having diſcovered a point of the Iſland, which we perceived might eaſily be doubled; both *Turks* and *Chriſtians*, began to be chearful, and with new Hopes, and new Hearts, falling with Courage to their work, in ſix hours we doubled the point, where we found the Sea more calm; in-

ſo-

ſomuch that coming under the Lee of the Iſland, the *Turks* leapt out to Land, and went to ſee, if there were any Relicks remaining of the Galley, which the Night before, fell among the Rocks; but even then, neither would Fortune be ſo Favourable to me, as to grant me that poor Enjoyment which I hop'd to have receiv'd, of having *Graciana*'s Body in theſe my Arms: Whom, though dead and bruiſed, I ſhould have thought my ſelf happy to have embrac'd; thinking thereby to have maſter'd Fate, and link'd my ſelf to her though Dead, whoſe Life my Stars had utterly deny'd me. To which purpoſe, I entreated one of the *Renegadoes* to go on Shore, to view whether the rolling Sea had not caſt her Body on the Land: But all in vain; for juſt at that very Inſtant, the Wind began to riſe, and the Sea grew rough, ſo that the ſhelter of that Iſland was of no benefit to us.

Ledalbo ſeeing this, would not ſtruggle againſt *Fortune*, who before had ſo violently perſecuted him; and therefore commanding his Men to fit the Galley, to bear little Sail, and to turn the Prow to the Sea-ward; while he himſelf took Charge of the Rudder, he ſuffer'd the Veſſel to run through the wide-Sea; being well aſſur'd that no impediment would croſs its Courſe, which made its way with that Swiftneſs, that in three Days and three Nights, paſſing in ſight of *Trepana*, of *Melazo* and of *Palermo*, we arriv'd at *Tripoli* in *Barbary*, where my Maſter fell Sick of a *Pleuriſie*, attended with a burning *Fever*, in that violent manner, that in three days, it ſent him of an errand into the other World.

The King of *Tripoli* ſeiz'd preſently upon all his Wealth, and I fell into the Hands of his *Vice-Roy*, within fifteen days after he received his Commiſſion for *Cyprus*; with whom I am here arriv'd, but do not intend to ſeek my Redemption, though he has often importuned me to it, (by reaſon *Ledalbo*'s Soldiers had inform'd him of my Ability) and wondring that a Perſon of my Quality, ſhould be ſo much wanting to my ſelf, as not to entertain ſo good a Motion. I gave him a ſlender Anſwer, and only told him, That he had receiv'd a wrong Information. But know aſſuredly (*Pyrrhus*) I will never return back to that place which will prove my Torment, and where *Graciana*'s

Death

Death will in part, if not wholly be imputed to me.

This (*Pyrrhus*) is my ill Fate, and the Occasion of these my Sighs and Tears. *Graciana* is dead, and with her are buried all my hopes; and though that which I had (whilst she liv'd) hung but by a slender Thread: Yet, yet,——— and then his Speech forsook him, whilst his Tears, which were numerous had eased his Passion; but having vented his Grief, and recovered himself, *Pyrrhus* promis'd him all the Kindness and Assistance that a true Friend could accommodate him withal. And to that end, assured him of his utmost endeavour so to contrive it, that they might be both Slaves to one Master, and that living both together, they might be the more serviceable one to another: For my Master (continu'd *Pyrrhus*) is Judge of this City, and none is his Superior in it, and none more in his Esteem than my self.

While they were thus Discoursing, (as luck would have it) they saw a great throng of People coming out of the City (occasioned by the old *Vice-Roy's* coming forth into the Field) to give place to *Pyrrhus's* Master. Here they left off any farther Communication for that time, and went to the Tents; just at that very Instant, as the old *Bashaw* came thither, and the new one came forth to receive him at the Tent-door. *Hattem Basham*, (for so was he called that left the Government) came attended with *Janizaries* (being the ordinary Garison Soldiers in *Nicosia*, ever since the *Turks* were Masters over it) to the number of Five hundred. They marched in two Divisions, the one with Muskets, and the other with drawn Scymeters. When they came to the Tent of the new *Bashaw Hazen*, they were drawn round it; and when *Hattem Bashaw* approached the Entrance of the Tent, he made a low Reverence to *Hazen*, who with a less bowing of his Body, congy'd to him again.

This being done, *Hattem* presently entred into *Hazen's* Pavilion: Then there was brought him a very stately Horse, richly Caparison'd, upon which he was mounted, and conducted round the Tents, (and great part of the Field) with loud Acclamations in their own Language: Long live *Solyman Sultan*, and *Hazen Bashaw*, his *Vice-Roy*: They repeated this very often, and then presently return'd back to the Tent where *Hattem Bashaw* remain'd all the

the while; and then with the *Cadi*, or *Judge*, *Hazen* and *Hattem*, shut themselves up close for the space of an hour, to treat of the Affairs of the City. Within a little while after, the *Cadi*, or Judge of Causes, came forth to the Door of the Tent, and with a loud Voice in the *Turkish*, *Arabian*, and *Greek* Language, declar'd, That all who had any Thing to lay to the Charge of *Hattem Bashaw*, might have free Admittance; for there was *Hazen Bashaw*, whom the *Grand Signior* had sent his *Vice-roy* into *Cyprus*, would do them all Right and Justice. Some *Greek Christians*, and some *Turks*, entered to crave Justice; but their Charge was so slender, that the Judge dispatched them immediately, finding no Grounds for their Complaints.

In this Interim entered in an Officer, who gave the *Bashaw* notice, that there was a *Jew* at the Tent Door, who had brought a most Fair and Beautiful *Christian* Virgin to be sold; the *Judge*, or *Cadi*, commanded that she should be brought in: Upon which the Officer went forth, and presently return'd, ushering in an Ancient *Jew*, who led by the Hand a Woman in a *Barbary* Habit, so richly attir'd, that the wealthiest *Moor* in *Fez* or *Morocco* was not able to compare with her; for throughout her whole Dress she surpassed all the *African* Women; her Face was covered with a of Scarf Crimson Taffata; the small of her Legs, and her Arms, (which through thin Sarcenet were easy to be seen) were adorn'd with Bracelets of Gold, wherein were set scatteringly many fair Pearls and precious Stones. In Conclusion, the fashion of her Cloaths, and all other her Furniture, were such, That the *Cadi* or *Judge*, and the two *Bashaws*, upon the very first Sight of so much Grandure, being mightily taken, before any other Thing was said or questioned by them, desired the *Jew* to take the Scarf from off the *Christian's* Face: But thence such a Splendor, such a beautiful Countenance discovered it self, as dazzled the Eyes of all the Beholders.

But he in whom this amazing Beauty wrought the deepest Impression, was the sorrowful *Gasparino*, as one who better than any other knew her, she being his cruel and

beloved *Graciana*, who ſo often, and with ſo many Tears, had by him been reputed and deplor'd for dead. Nor was *Gaſparino* the only Perſon that ſuffer'd Love's powerful Reign, but at the ſame time, the two *Baſhaws* and the *Cadi*, were equally ſmitten; and therefore, without queſtioning the *Jew* where, or how he came by her, they only asked him, What he would take for her? The covetous *Jew* replied, *Two thouſand Crowns*. He had ſcarce ſet the Price, but *Hattem Baſhaw* proffered to give him his Money down.

But *Hazen Baſhaw*, who was reſolv'd he ſhould not have her though he ventured his Life: *Well*, ſaid he, *I will give the* Jew *Two thouſand Crowns, which he demands; not that I would either give ſo much, or go about to circumvent* Hattem, *did not that inforce me, which were he as ſenſible of it as my ſelf, he would not be ſo unjuſt as to condemn me; for this lovely Slave belongs not to any of us, but to the* Grand Signior; *and therefore, ſay I, I buy her in his Name. Now let me ſee who dare be ſo inſolent as to offer to take her from me.*

That dare I, replied *Hattem, becauſe for the ſelf ſame end and purpoſe do I buy her; and it belongs more eſpecially to me, to tender this preſent to the* Grand Signior, *by reaſon I am taking my Voyage for* Conſtantinople, *and am provided with that Convenience for her ſafe Conduct, and by that means I may the better obtain the Favour of the* Grand Signior. *Nay, rather, it will be better received from my Hands*, replied *Hazen*, *to take care of ſending her to the* Grand Signior; *ſince I do it without any reſpect to my own private Intereſt, or expectation of Profit. And whereas you alledge the Conveniency of carrying her along with you; I will ſend her in a Galley of my own, well armed, and provided with a ſufficient Convoy at my own Charges.*

At theſe Words *Hattem*'s Blood began to riſe; ſo that laying his Hand upon his Scymeter, Hazen, ſaid he, *our Intentions are the ſame with yours, and ſhe is mine, for I was the firſt that purchaſed her; therefore if thou thinkeſt to circumvent me, this Scymeter ſhall defend my Right, and chaſtiſe thy Preſumption.*

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The *Cadi*, who was attentive to all that had past between them, and burned no less in Loves Flames than either of the other, fearing lest he should lose his Treasure: Hazen *and* Hattem, said he, *let me intreat you both to lay aside these your Differences, which I doubt not but to compose in such a manner, that both of you may effect your Intentions, and the* Grand Signior *be sensible of both your Services.* To these Words of the *Judge* they shewed themselves obedient. Hattem, *you would have this Christian*, saith the *Judge*, *for the* Grand Signior, *and* Hazen *says the like: You alledge, That you were the first in offering the demanded Price*; Hazen *contradicts you, and though he doth not inforce his Argument so home, yet I understand you both agree to buy the Slave for the same purpose; only you got the Start of him, in declaring first; yet he ought not to be wholly defrauded of his Intentions: And therefore, in my Opinion, let this Business be thus accorded,* Hazen *shall pay Two thousand Crowns*, and Hattem *shall lay down the other Two thousand, and let the Captive remain in my power, to the end that I may send her in both your Names to* Constantinople, *that neither of you may remain unrewarded: For (as an Eye-witness) I can certify the forwardness of you both to gratify the* Grand Signior; *to which purpose I will send her at my own Cost and Charge, with that Equipage and Attendance which is due to him to whom she is sent.*

The Two enamour'd *Bashaws* neither could, nor would contradict him; each of them forming and imagining in his mind a hope (though doubtful) of promising to themselves the Attainment of the end of their inflamed Desires. *Hazen*, who was to continue *Vice-roy* of *Cyprus*, thought to win the *Judge* by great Gifts to deliver the Captive up to him; and *Hattem*, having other Projects in his Head, and both conceiting his own Design the surest, they easily condescended to what the *Judge* propounded, and with a Joint-consent delivered the Captive presently to him, and made present Payment to the *Jew* of a Thousand Crowns a-piece; but then the *Jew* would not part with her upon those Terms, unless they would likewise purchase her wearing Appa-

rel, and Jewels, which he valued at a Thousand Crowns more. Upon which, the *Cadi* or *Judge*, that he might not shew himself less bountiful than the Two *Bashaws*, promis'd to pay those Thousand Crowns; thinking it proper to have her presented in the same Dress (which she then wore) to the *Grand Signior*.

When *Gasparino* saw all this, and that it was no Dream, he came to *Pyrrhus*; and whispering him in the Ear, *Friend*, said he, *dost not thou know her?* Not I, said *Pyrrhus*. Then replied *Gasparino*, *This is* Graciana. *How?* (answered *Pyrrhus*.) *'Tis very certain*, (replied *Gasparino*.) *Peace then*, (replied *Pyrrhus*;) *for Fortune is now so ordering the Business, that thou shalt find her Complaisant, since* Graciana *is in my Master's Power*. *Gasparino* would have put himself into some Place to have been seen by her, but *Pyrrhus* would by no means permit him, for fear some suddain Passion should overthrow his present Hopes.

Graciana being thus surrendred up to the *Judge*, he came to her, and taking her by the Hand, delivered her to *Pyrrhus*, commanding him to convey her to his Lady *Rodula*, with Orders to use her kindly, as being the *Grand Signior*'s Slave. *Gasparino* seeing *Pyrrhus* lead her away, all alone, followed her as far as he durst; but having lost her, he went to seek out the *Jew*, whom after he had found out, he civilly demanded of him where he had bought that Captive *Christian*; and by what means she came to his Hands. The *Jew* made him answer, That he met with her in the Island of *Pantanelea*, and that he bought her of certain *Turks*, whose Galley had been split against the Rocks of that Island. And as he was proceeding in his Discourse, he was interrupted by one who came from the *Bashaws* to inform the *Jew*, That he must come immediately to 'em.

Now as *Pyrrhus* waited on her between the Tents and the Town, he took occasion to ask *Graciana*, Whence she was, and where born? Who made him answer, Her Native Place was in the City of *Trepana*. Then *Pyrrhus* question'd her, Whether she knew in that City a Rich, and Noble Gentleman, called *Gasparino*? At her hearing him named, *Graciana* fetching a deep Sigh, *Too well, Sir*,

Sir, ſaid ſhe, *to my Prejudice. How to your Prejudice, Madam?* (ſaid he:) *Becauſe he knew me* (ſaid *Graciana*) *to his own, and my Unhappineſs. But I pray reſolve me*, (ſaid *Pyrrhus*) *did you know in the ſame City another Gentleman, a very worthy Perſon, called* Hippolito? *I likewiſe knew him*, (replied *Graciana*) *and I may ſay much more to my Grief than* Gaſparino.

But, pray Sir, if I may be ſo bold to ask you, Where had you this Intelligence? I am (ſaid *Pyrrhus*) *of* Palermo, *and by various Accidents in this Diſguiſe; and for* Gaſparino, *and* Hippolito, *I know them well, in regard it is not many days ſince they were both in my Power; for certain* Moors *of* Tripoli *in* Barbary *had taken* Hippolito *Captive, and ſold him to a* Turk, *who brought him to this Iſland.*

But tell me, Sir, how came Gaſparino *to this Iſland? He came* (replied *Pyrrhus*) *with a Pyrat who took him Priſoner in a Garden, near the Sea-ſhore of* Trepana, *and with him a certain Virgin, but I could never get him to tell me her Name. He ſtaid here ſome few days with his Maſter, who was to go and viſit* Mahomet's *Sepulchre; but juſt at the time of his departure,* Gaſparino *fell ſo extremely Sick, that his Maſter left him with me, (as being his Country-man) that I might uſe all the beſt means I could for his Recovery, and take care of him till his return hither; and if he did not return hither, that I ſhould ſend him to him to* Conſtantinople, *according to the Advice I ſhould receive from him.*

But the Gods had otherwiſe ordered it, ſince that unfortunate Gaſparino, *without any Symptom of a dangerous Sickneſs, within a few days ended his Life; making often mention of one* Graciana, (*whom as himſelf told me*) *he loved more than his own Life, and was as dear to him, if not dearer than his own Soul.* Graciana (*as he related to me*) *ſuffered Shipwreck at the Iſland of* Pantanalea, *the Galley wherein ſhe was being ſplit upon the Rocks, and her ſelf drown'd, whoſe Death he continually lamented, till his mourning had brought him to Breath his laſt.*

Well, Sir, (replied *Graciana*) *but as to that other young Man* Hippolito, *whom you spoke of, in those last Diſcourſes which he had with you, Did he not at any time ſpeak of* Graciana? *Did he not tell you how ſhe and* Gaſparino *were made Captives? Speak of her!* (ſaid *Pyrrhus*) *Yes, a Thouſand and a Thouſand Times; and enquired of me very frequently, Whether any Female Chriſtian of that Name had of late been brought to this Iſland; telling me withal, how joyful he would be to hear any Tydings of her, that he might ranſom her; to which purpoſe he poſſeſſed his Maſter with ſo much Credulity, that ſhe was not ſo Rich as he ſuppoſed her to be; and that having had the Happineſs of enjoying of her formerly, he needed not ſet ſo great a Value upon her: However, if Three or Four hundred Crowns would purchaſe her freedom, he would willingly Diſcourſe it for the Kindneſs he had formerly received from her.*

It ſeems (ſaid *Graciana*) *he valued her Kindneſs but at a low Rate, that would not go beyond Four hundred Crowns; but* Gaſparino *was more Noble, Valiant, and Generous, fuller of Magnanimity, than to make ſo poor an Offer. O ye Gods! forgive that inconſiderate Wretch, who was the occaſion of Generous* Gaſparino's *Death: For I am that unhappy Woman whoſe Death he ſo much lamented. And Heaven knows, were he now alive, how much I would repay his Kindneſs! And ſhould be witneſs how ſenſible I am of his Misfortunes, who hath endured ſo much for mine!* Having ſo ſaid, ſhe beſought *Pyrrhus*, (conſidering ſhe knew not where ſhe was, nor whither her Fates would hurry her) to aſſiſt her in her Miſeries.

Pyrrhus replied, he would perform to her all the Service he was capable of, and adviſe her according to his beſt Underſtanding. With that he informed her of the Difference between the Two *Baſhaws* upon her Account; and how ſhe now remained in the Power of the *Judge* his Maſter, in order to convey and preſent her to the Great *Turk*, *Han* the Fourth, at *Conſtantinople*: But he hoped Heaven would otherwiſe diſpoſe of her. However he adviſ'd her in the mean time to uſe a fair Deportment, and ingratiate her ſelf into the Favour and good Opinion

Opinion of *Albuma* his Master's Wife, in whose Custody she is to remain till they send her to *Constantinople*; acquainting her withal, of *Albuma*'s Temper and Qualities, with many other Things which might redound to her Benefit; at length they were arriv'd at his Master's House: *Albuma* seeing her so richly attired, and so lovely, gave her a very friendly and kind Entertainment. *Pyrrhus*, having rendred up his Charge, returning back to the Tents, gave *Gasparino* an Account of what had passed between him and *Graciana*.

Gasparino having attentively heard the Relation of his Friend: *How must we*, said he, *proceed in this Affair, and imploy our Time to the best Advantage? That which is first of all to be done*, (answered *Pyrrhus*) *is for you to be entertain'd in my Master's Service, which being effected, we will afterwards consult what is in the next place most convenient.*

But whilst they were thus talking, came the Guardian of the *Christian* Captives belonging to *Hazen*, and took *Gasparino* along with him. The *Judge* return'd with *Hazen* to the City, and *Hattem* taking his leave, prepared forthwith to set forward on his Journey, being very importunate with the *Judge* to hasten the sending of the Captive Virgin; and withal, to write to the *Grand Signior* in his behalf, for the better promoting his Interest: All which the *Judge* promis'd to perform, though he meant otherwise.

Hattem being gone full of false Hopes, and *Hazen* abiding behind, not altogether in Despair; *Pyrrhus* so brought the Business about, that *Gasparino* was entertain'd into his Master's Service: But still Time's Hour-glass run on, and *Gasparino* burn'd so with desire to see *Graciana*, that he could not enjoy one Minute of rest: And now *Gasparino* was advis'd to change his Name, the better to conceal himself from *Graciana*'s Knowledge, before he had seen her; (so he gave himself the Name of *Mauritinio*,) but it was so difficult a Task to see her, that he could not as yet obtain it.

Yet one day it so happen'd, that the Lady *Albuma* beheld her Slave *Mauritinio*, and took such an Affection to him, that he made a deep Impression in her Heart,

and fixed a ſtronger in her Memory. and perhaps taking little or no Satisfaction in the cold Embraces of her aged Husband, ſhe eaſily gave way to this her Luſtful Deſire, and acquainted *Graciana* (whom ſhe now dearly loved) with her filthy wiſh'd-for Embraces: *Graciana* indeed was of an obliging Temper, and ſweet Behaviour; he therefore *Albuma* inform'd, That the *Judge* had received into his Houſe a *Chriſtian* Captive, of a lovely Aſpect, and fine Deportment; that in her Eye he was the comlieſt Perſon that ever ſhe beheld, and that he was of the ſame Country with *Pyrrhus*, but could not contrive which way to bring it about, whereby he might underſtand her Affection for him, and ſhe fearing he ſhould ſlight her Amours when he did know of it.

Graciana being willing to pleaſe her, ask'd, What was the Captive's Name? *Albuma* told her *Mauritinio*. To whom *Graciana* replied, *If he be a Gentleman, and of that Place you ſay he is, I muſt needs know him; but of the Name of* Mauritinio, *I dont't remember any ſuch an* Trepana: *But if your Ladiſhip will permit me to ſee him, and diſcourſe with him, I ſhall be able to inform you, both who he is, and what may be expected from him. It ſhall be done* (ſaid *Albuma*) *with the firſt Opportunity; and according to your Diſcretion you may give him ſome light of my Affections, and in ſo doing this Friendly Office, I ſhall place the greater Eſteem upon you.*

As *Albuma* had thus declar'd her ſelf to *Graciana*; within leſs than Two Hours after, the *Judge* calling *Pyrrhus* and *Mauritinio* to him, with no leſs Efficacy than *Albuma* his Wife had done to *Graciana*, did he diſcover to them the Affections he had for the Virgin Captive, requiring their Privacy and Advice, what courſe he ſhould take to keep the Female *Chriſtian* to himſelf, and yet comply with the *Grand Signior*, whoſe ſhe was; acquainting them withal, That he would rather die Ten thouſand Deaths than once reſign her up to him. After ſeveral Conſultations, among Perſons aiming at contrary Ends, it was at length concluded, That *Mauritinio*, as being a Perſon of her own Native Country, ſhould undertake to Court her for his Maſter; and if he could not

prevail

prevail by fair Means, he ſhould then uſe Violence to force her; and that being done, they ſhould then report abroad ſhe was Dead. The *Judge*, or *Cadi*, reſted extremely well ſatisfied with this Contrivance of his Slaves, gave *Pyrrhus* his Librety, and after his Death half of his Goods: He likewiſe promiſed *Mauritinio*, not only his Freedom, but good ſtore of Crowns, if he ſucceeded.

Now if he were ſo Generous and Noble in promiſing, his Captives were as Prodigal in their Performances; offering to pull down the Moon to do him Service, much more eaſily to draw *Graciana* to his Embraces, ſo as *Mauritinio* might have the Opportunity of diſcourſing with her. *I will grant him free acceſs to her* (ſaid the *Cadi*, or *Judge*) *as often as need requires, if that will advance the Buſineſs; and to that purpoſe I will ſend away* Albuma, *my Wife, to her Friends in the Country; and in the mean time* Graciana *ſhall have all the Liberty in the World to diſcourſe and converſe with her Country-man.* This Agreement being made between theſe Three, all was huſht.

The next day the *Cadi*, or *Judge*, came to *Albuma*, and in a pleaſant Humour told her, ſhe might, when ſhe pleaſed, viſit her Father and Mother, and ſtay in the Country as long as ſhe would, or till he ſent for her: But in regard her Heart was over-joy'd with thoſe fair Hopes which *Graciana* had given her, ſhe had no Inclination of going; and therefore told him, at this time ſhe had no great Fancy to depart from Home, or to go thither; when ſhe had, ſhe would acquaint him with it; but whenever ſhe went, ſhe did deſign to take the Captive *Chriſtian* along with her. *By no means*, (replied the *Judge*) *for it is not requiſite that the* Grand Signior's *Female Slaves ſhould be ſeen by any Perſon. That matter's not much*, (replied *Albuma*) *for ſhe may be as private in my Father's Houſe as any where elſe: Beſides, the longeſt time I mean to ſpend with them, ſhall not be above Four or Five days; for that will ſeem an Age to me to be ſo long abſent from you.* The *Judge* made no Reply, becauſe he would give her no Occaſion to ſuſpect his farther Intentions.

Whilſt

Whilst these Transactions were agitating, the *Judge* had some Affairs to mind, which *Albuma* his Wife knew would detain him from home, for the space of Four Hours. He was no sooner gone, but she commanded *Mauritinio* to be called to her: No sooner was *Mauritinio* admitted, but he walked through the whole House, gazing about him, yet could he not perceive any Thing, save a dumb and still Silence, till he cast his Eye aside, where *Graciana* sat, at the Foot of a curious Stair-case of polish'd Marble, which led up to a spacious Gallery that surrounded the whole House. Instantly so many Passions seiz'd the Enamour'd *Gasparino*, as wrought in him both Amazement and Refreshment; he considered with himself, that he was a Captive, and in another's Power; but at length overcoming with all Facility those little Irresolutions, with a formidable Love, and exhilerating Sadness, and pusillanimous Courage, advanc'd to the Place where she sat; at what time *Graciana* turning her Head aside, fixt her Eyes upon *Mauritinio*, who look'd no less stedfastly upon her.

But when both their Looks encountring thus each other, by different Effects had given evident Signs of that which their several Souls felt within: *Gasparino* was at a stand, and wanted Motion to advance further; and *Graciana*, who upon *Pyrrhus*'s Relation of *Gasparino*'s Death, gave credit to it; but beholding him now so unexpectedly alive, full of Fear and Amazement, blest her self, as if she had seen some Apparition. *Gasparino* coming to himself, and understanding by her Gestures the true Cause of *Graciana*'s Fears, assur'd her, in the most passionate Expressions that a Lover could invent, that he was the same unfortunate *Gasparino* whom she had made so. *Graciana*, having dissipated her Fears, desired him to speak lower, and not speak of any Thing but to what she should ask him. *For*, said she, *you may be sure our Lady hath a quick Ear, and may over-hear our Discourse; and (to deal plainly with you) has acquainted me that she is a great Admirer of you, and has employ'd me to intercede with you in her behalf: If you answer her Desires, your days here in Captivity may seem more easy to you, though in the end prove perni-*

cious;

cious: However for the present you must counterfeit your Embracements, first for my Desire, and next it is a piece of Rudeness to despise any Lady's Addresses.

To this *Gasparino* replied, *I never could harbour any such Thought, Fair* Graciana, *that any Service you should ever command me to undertake, should prove so hard a Task for me to perform as this which you lay before me; neither is it agreeable to the Honour and Faith of a Gentleman, or the Reputation of a good Man, to feign and dissemble in such weighty Consequences: However, because you shall not say I gave a Refusal to your first Request, your Commands shall be obeyed; I'll, Janus-like, look Two ways; pursue the Ill, because it is for Good to come of it. I will, to satisfy your Desire, and* Albuma's *Pleasure, (Lust I should have call'd it) comply as far as a counterfeit Yielding will permit, so that thereby I may gain the Happiness of seeing you; to which purpose do you study for my Answers to her according to your Discretion.* Which having said, he intreated her briefly to tell him how she escaped from the Hands of the Pirates, and how she came into those of the *Jew*, who so lately sold her.

"The Story of my Misfortunes (answered *Graciana*) "require more leasure than time will now permit, yet "will I not leave you wholly unsatisfied: Know then, that "the very same Evening we parted, *Rozak*'s Galley was "carried with a strong Wind to the same Isle of *Pan-*"*tanalea*, where we likewise saw your Vessel; but ours, "we being not able to hinder it, ran unavoidably upon the "Rocks. However *Rozak* foreseeing his own Destruc-"tion, and mine before his Eyes, before the fatal Ruin "happen'd, took care to have me rowed on Shore, be-"tween Two Casks fastened together, which was done "at first by the Captain himself, who had ventur'd his "Life to save mine, till an unfortunate Billow threw him "upon the Rocks, and dashed out his Brains. After "which, Two others, who were endeavouring to save "themselves, took hold of my Cable, and hall'd me to "Land, where I lay in a Swoon for some time; but of "this I know nothing my self, but by information. "With me, Eight other Persons sav'd themselves; who

" though,

" though *Turks*, us'd me with as much respect as if I " had been related to them: We kept our selves close " in a Cave for Eight days, the *Turks* fearing the *Chris-* " *tians* should espy 'em, which had command of the " Fort in the Island; and all that time we fed upon no- " thing but the wet Bisket which the Sea had cast upon " the Shore, from the broken Bins of the Galley, which " the *Turks* gathered up by Night, that they might not " be discovered.

" At the Eight days end, there arrived upon that " Coast a Vessel of the *Moors*, which came to an Anchor " a little off the Land; upon which the *Turks* made " such Signs to the Vessel which lay not far off, that " they which were in her perceiv'd they were *Turks* that " call'd to 'em. Thereupon they sent out their Cock- " Boat, and receiv'd them into their Bark, wherein was " an exceeding Rich *Jew*, a Merchant; all the Lading of " the Vessel, or the most part of it, was his, being " Freighted with Carpets, and Hides, with other Com- " modities, which they carry from *Barbary* to the *Le-* " *vant*. In that Vessel the *Turks* sailed for *Tripoli*; and " in that Voyage they sold me to the *Jew* for Two " thousand Ducats, an Excessive Price, if his Love to- " wards me had not made him so generous, as he after- " wards declared to me.

" Leaving the *Turks* after all this in *Tripoli*, the Vessel " tack'd about to perform her Voyage, and the *Jew* " began to be very hot in his Solicitations: At length " despairing to obtain his lustful Ends, he resolved to " make the most of me the first Opportunity that should " offer it self: At last, he understood that the Two " *Bashaws* were in this Island, where he might sell and " vend his Merchandize, as well as in *Xio*, whither he " was bound; and intending to sell me to One of the " *Bashaws*, he put me in this Habit which I have on, to " make me the more Sailable and Amiable to the Eyes of " those that bought me.

" And now I understand this *Cadi*, or *Judge*, has " purchas'd me, with a Design to send me as a Present " to the *Great Turk*, of which I am not a little Fear- " ful. Here I heard of your supposed Death; and I

" must

" must now declare to you, if you dare believe me,
" That it grieved me to the very Soul; though I ra-
" ther envied than pitied your Misfortune; not out of
" any disrespect, but because I knew you were then
" Happy, while I continued still in Misery.

Dear Graciana, (replied *Gasparino*) *you judged aright, in what you have now spoken; only Death had deprived me of this Happiness which I now enjoy, in seeing of you once more; a Felicity which I esteem more dear than my Life. But Fairest of Creatures, I am now to acquaint you, the* Judge *my Master, by no less various Accidents than yours, entertains the same Affections to you, as* Albuma *your Lady declares she has for me; and he has made choice of me to be the Interpreter of his Thoughts: I received the Motion, though not to do him that piece of Service, but to gain the happy Opportunity of conversing with the Joy of my Life. Thus you may see (Dear* Graciana) *to what hard measure our Misfortunes have hurried us; you to be Agitator in working such Impossibilities; and me likewise to be Solicitor in such a Prodigious Cause as this, which rather than obtain, I would forfeit Life, and all I have, which now I value, since it has afforded me this great Happiness.*

" I am doubtful what to say, or imagine, (replied
" *Graciana*) how we shall be able to get out of this
" Labyrinth; but you see what our Condition constrains
" us to make use of: I am sure our Inclinations never
" tended to Dissimulation, and Deceit; we must now
" make a Vertue of Necessity; and therefore I will ac-
" quaint *Albuma* with some feeling Expressions pretend-
" ed to be yours; that shall rather entertain her with
" Hopes, than drive her to Despair. You shall likewise
" report of me to the *Judge* what you think most con-
" venient, that may not prove prejudicial to my Honour,
" but prevent his Designs; and since I wholly intrust
" you with it, you may assure your self it never was
" yet violated, though indeed those Difficulties I have
" endured might call it in question: As for our Conver-
" sing one with another, will (by their means) appear
" very easy, provided you declare to none your Preten-
" sions

" ſions to me; for in that very Hour you do that, you " muſt expect never to ſee me more: For I would not " have you prize me at ſo low a Rate, to think that " Captivity can effect that, which Liberty could not at- " tain to.

Madam, (replied *Gaſparino*) *as to that Particular you may at preſent eaſily command my Obedience: I am willing, e'er I entertain ſuch Thoughts, to give you farther Proofs of my Affection, in working your Deliverance and mine. Now as to what concerns the* Judge, *take you no care of that, but do you undertake the like with* Albuma.

With this they took their leaves of each other; *Graciana* remain'd very well ſatisfied with *Gaſparino*'s fair Intentions, and he the moſt joyful Man in the World, that he had heard *Graciana* ſpeak with ſo much Sweetneſs.

Albuma, in this Interim of time, had ſhut her ſelf up in her Oratory, praying to her Prophet *Mahomet*, that *Graciana* might bring her good Tydings of the Buſineſs recommended to her Care. Nor was the *Judge* leſs ſolicitous than his Lady, as wholly depending upon a good ſucceſsful Anſwer, which he hoped to receive from *Mauritinio*, to whoſe Charge he committed his diſcourſing with *Graciana*.

Graciana greatly pleaſed *Albuma*, by giving her very good Hopes that *Mauritinio* would acquieſce to her Deſires; but telling her withal, he muſt intreat her Patience while Two Moons were firſt expired; before which time, he could not anſwer that which he much more deſired than her ſelf; and this forbearance was only deſired, that he might finiſh his Vows for his Deliverance from Bondage. *Albuma* was not at all diſpleaſed with the Excuſe of her beloved *Mauritinio*, but promiſed to obtain his Freedom before the appointed Time, provided he would anſwer her Expectation; and therefore intreated *Graciana* to inform him of it, and ſee what Operation ſhe could make with him to diſpence with the ſaid Time; ingaging withal to furniſh him with as much Money as the *Judge* ſhould require for his Ranſom.

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As for *Gasparino*, before he would return an Answer to his Master, he consulted with *Pyrrhus* what Answer to make him; and the result of it was, That they should acquaint him the Case was desperate without any Hopes of winning her; and therefore, as soon as possible he could, he should carry her away to *Constantinople*; and that in the way thither, either by fair means or by force, he might obtain his Desires. Then to keep from the *Grand Signior*'s Displeasure, he should purchase for him another Slave, which in the Voyage should be thrown Over-board, upon Pretence that *Graciana* was fallen Sick, and dead of her Distemper; which they said should be done in such a manner, as it should never be discovered; neither should he incur the *Grand Signior*'s Displeasure, but filfil his own Heart's Desire: Afterwards, for the continuance of his Favour, they would invent some Stratagem, which should make all firm and secure.

This old *Judge*, his strong Affections to *Graciana* had so blinded the Eyes of his Understanding, That had they told him a Thousand greater Unlikelihoods, he would have believed them all; only one more Difficulty offer'd it self to the *Judge*, which in his Opinion was greater than all the rest; which was, least his Lady should hinder him from going to *Constantinople*, without permitting her to go with him: But immediately they removed that Obstacle, by informing him, That in the Room of the *Christian* which they were to buy, and to throw Over-board instead of *Graciana*, *Albuma* would serve excellent well for that purpose; and none better to please him, whom he earnestly desired to be free'd from more than Death.

This Scruple being thus removed, that very day the *Judge* Discourses with *Albuma* concerning the Voyage he intended to make to *Constantinople*, to transport the *Christian* to the *Grand Signior*, by whose Bounty he hoped to receive some higher Preferment. *Albuma* replied, she approved very well of his Design, thinking he would leave *Gasparino* at home: But when she found he was to go with him, she began to change her Opinion, and to dissuade him from that which before she had advised him to. In short, she concluded, That if he

he did not take her with him, ſhe would uſe all the means that poſſibly could be found out to hinder his Voyage: That pleaſed the *Judge*, who had before determin'd to ſhake off that Yoke which was ſo uneaſy to him.

All this while, *Hazen Baſhaw* was not negligent in ſoliciting the *Judge* to reſign up the *Chriſtian* Slave to him, offering him Mountains of Gold; but all his Gifts and Promiſes wrought no effect upon him, but to forward him more in his departure. Within Twenty days he had fitted and rigg'd up a *Bregantine* of Fifteen Banks, Manning it with Voluntary Soldiers, luſty young able Men, partly *Moors*, and ſome *Greek Chriſtians*. Therein he imbarked all his Wealth; neither did *Albuma* leave any Thing in her Houſe of any conſiderable Value: For *Albuma's* Deſign was the ſame with that of *Pyrhus*, That when the Veſſel was out at Sea, *Gaſparino* and he ſhould make themſelves Maſters of the *Bregantine*, and Sail away with it. But ſhe thought not fit to declare her Intentions to them, till ſhe ſaw her ſelf embarked, hoping thereby to gain *Gaſparino's* Affection; being verily perſwaded, That carrying ſuch Store of Wealth along with her, he would not refuſe her for his Wife.

But as private as *Albuma* kept her Deſign, *Gaſparino* underſtood it from *Graciana*, whom *Albuma* had made acquainted with her Contrivance: And now the day of departure being come, *Hazen* went forth, accompanying them with all his Soldiers to the Sea-ſide; where he remained with his Eye fixed upon the *Bregantine*, till he had quite loſt the Sight of it. But then as One who having long continued in ſuch Torment, oppreſſed by Love, which did diſturb this quiet, being ready furniſhed with Intentions, without delay he put that preſently in Execution, which with long Deliberation he had forecaſted; having therefore a Veſſel for that purpoſe ready in another Port, he clapt into her Fifty Soldiers, with all his Friends and Acquaintance, whom he had obliged by many Gifts and Promiſes, giving a ſtrict Charge to put forth to Sea immediately, and recover the *Judge's Bregantine*, and to put to the Sword all that were in her, except

except *Graciana* the Captive; alſo he gave them order to ſink the Veſſel, that nothing might remain, the better to prevent diſcovery.

Nor did they need many Arguments; for their Coveteouſneſs of the Plunder added Wings to their Feet, and Courage to their Hearts; conſidering the vaſtneſs of the Spoil, which was known to be in the Veſſel.

Two Days had the *Bregantine* Sailed in her intended Courſe, which to the Judge ſeemed two Ages: For the firſt day he greatly deſired to have put his Deſign in Execution, but his Slaves adviſ'd him to the contrary: For the firſt Contrivance was, that *Graciana* ſhould fall ſick, the better to ſhew a pretence to her Death, which would require a little longer time: He did not approve of ſo long a delay, but would have it reported, ſhe dyed ſuddainly; and ſo quickly make an end of what they had projected, by diſpatching his Wife out of the way, that he might allay the heat of that Fire, which by degrees conſum'd his Bowels. But in Concluſion, to what they propoſed, he at length condeſcended.

In this ſpace of time, *Albuma* had diſcover'd her Deſign to *Pyrrhus* and *Gaſparino*, and they were ready to put it in Execution, as ſoon as they had doubled certain Points they were to Sail by; but the Judge was ſo haſty with them, and ſo ſharp ſet, that they were forc'd to promiſe him to perform the task they undertook, upon the firſt opportunity that ſhould offer it ſelf. And now the Day began to appear, wherein (according to the Contrivance of *Pyrrhus* and *Gaſparino*) they were to accompliſh their Deſires, or to end their Days, when upon a ſuddain they deſcry'd a Veſſel, which with Sails and Oars made briskly after them: At firſt they were afraid they had been *Chriſtian* Pirates, from whom neither the one nor the other could expect any Benefit.

Thereupon they prepar'd to defend themſelves, and to do all that might be done in ſuch a Caſe of Neceſſity; three hours afterwards they drew nearer to them, till they came within Cannon-Shot. Perceiving this, they immediately ſtruck Sail, and looſed their Oars, and put themſelves in a poſture fit to receive them. But when the Veſſel came within ſight, the Judge bid them chear up and fear nothing;

for the Vessel was *Turkish*, and would do them no prejudice; withal, he commanded a White Flag should presently be hung out, which they in the other Galley, already blinded with greedinesse of gain, took no notice of, but made up with greater fury to Board the *Bregantine*.

At the approach of this danger, *Pyrrhus*, by chance, turning his Head aside, perceiv'd from another Point of the Compass, another Galley bearing up with full Sails carrying *Christian* Colours.

Now I am apt to believe, the *Judge* would have given all the hopes of his Pleasure, to have found himself again in *Nicosia*, so great was his Confusion and Amazement; more especially to see himself so fiercely attack'd by the first Vessel, that they wanted very little of sinking his *Bregantine*. But when he saw them to be Soldiers of *Nicosia*, he soon gues's'd the Cause of their coming, and by whom set on work, and and gave himself for a lost Man: Indeed had it not been, that the Soldiers more minded the Spoil than the Slaughter, not a Man had escap'd alive.

But by this time, when they were most busie about their Pillaging, the Vessel bearing *Christian* Colours, came up with the Victor-Galley, and began to batter it very rudely; but before she came to grapple with her, the Captain demanded what Vessel that was, and from whence? They made answer that it belong'd to *Hazen* the *Bashaw*, *Vice-Roy* of *Cyprus*. How comes it then to pass that you being *Musselmen*, have robb'd this Vessel which carries the *Judge* of *Nicosia*? To which they answer'd, that they were commanded to take her by their Superiour, and therefore they were to obey, without asking any Questions.

The Captain of the last Vessel thus satisfied with that which he desir'd to know, fell off from *Hazen's*, and made towards that of the *Judge*, and with the very first Volley of Shot he kill'd him ten of his Men; and presently after entred her with great Courage and speed. But they had scarce set their Feet upon the Hatches, but the *Judge* instantly knew *Bazon*, the *Bashaw*, who with the same Design as *Hazen*, had pursu'd him; and that he might not be known, had put forth *Christian* Colours.

The *Judge*, understanding the Intentions of both these

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Lovers, finding himself thus set upon, began to shew his anger, reviling one, reproaching another, and threatning others, and so severely rebuk'd the Soldiers, for drawing their Swords against a *Judge* and *Minister* of *Mahomet*, and their Natural Soveraign the *Grand Seignior*; that the Seamen began to consider what they had done, and were about to put up their Scymeters; only *Bazon* shut his Eyes and Ears to all that he saw or heard, and falling upon the *Judge*, gave him such a cut on the Head, that if the Blow had not been born off by the thickness of his Turbant, he had cleft his Scull in sunder; for it came with such a force, that it strook him down between the Banks of the Vessel.

This Action caused *Bazon's* Soldiers to follow the Example of their General, so that all was now again in worse Confusion than before: *Bazon's* Men fell upon the *Judge*, and *Hazen's* Soldiers fearing that *Bazon's* Men should get their Plunder from them, entred *Bazon's* Vessel; that in Conclusion, the Slaughter was so great, that there was hardly a *Turk* left alive, but what was much wounded.

Gasparino and *Pyrrhus* observing, that the *Turks* were in a manner all slain; and those which remain'd alive, were sore wounded; now thought it their only opportunity: And therefore calling to their Assistance two Kinsmen of *Albuma's* and being aided by the Volunteers, who were *Venetians*; with a great deal of ease, and without receiving so much as one Wound, they cut the Throats of all the rest; and Boarding *Bazon's* Galley, which they found without Defence, they took it, with all that was in it.

Of those that dy'd in the second Encounter, was *Bazon* the *Bashaw*, whom a *Turk* in Revenge to the *Judge* ran through the Body.

Being now Masters of all the three Vessels, by *Pyrrhus's* Advice they took out all things that were of any price or value, both in their own, and *Hazen's* Vessel, and stow'd them in *Bazon's* Galley, which was a Vessel of far greater Burden, and fitter to take in the Lading; nor did they want Rowers, for they being most *Venetian* Slaves, were glad of the opportunity to return home, after they had carried the Vessel where *Pyrrhus* should require them.

But before they set Sail, *Pyrrhus* and *Gasparino*, full of

Expreſſions of Joy, for their good Succeſs, went to *Alb[a]-ma*, and told her, that if ſhe would return to *Cyprus*, th[e] would man her own Veſſel, and give her one half of t[he] Goods, which ſhe had imbark'd. But ſhe having not y[et] loſt that Amorous Affection, which ſhe bare to *Gaſpa[r]-no*, told him, ſhe would go with him to *Venice*, or el[ſe] where.

The *Judge* was by this time come to himſelf; havi[ng] dreſt and bound up his Wound, as well as the place wou[ld] permit, they likewiſe inform'd him that he ſhould take [his] choice either to go with them, or to return in the ſame Ve[s]ſel he ſet forth, to *Nicoſia*, To which he reply'd: *Th[at] ſince his ill Fortune, had been ſo great, he would ſupplica[te] the* Grand Seignior *to redreſs thoſe Injuries, he had recei[v]-ed from* Bazon *and* Hazen, *two of his* Baſhaws.

In the end, they mann'd his own Veſſel, and furnith[ed] him with all things neceſſary for his Voyage: They ga[ve] him ſome *Chequins*, of thoſe which once had been his ow[n], and ſo having taken his leave; he begg'd that *Gracia[na]* would vouchſafe but only to embrace him, which h[e] would look upon as a great Kindneſs, and would of it ſ[elf] be ſufficient to make him forget all his Misfortune; [to] which *Graciana* yielded, at the requeſt of *Pyrrhus* a[nd] *Gaſparino*; that done, the *Judge* further begg'd her [to] to lay her Hands upon his Head; not doubting but he[r] charming Hand would heal his Wound. Which *Gracia[na]* did likewiſe perform according to his Deſires; and no[w] having bored many holes in *Hazen's* Veſſel to ſink it, [a] merry Eaſtern Gale ſeeming to court the Sails; they mad[e] ſuch freſh way, that in a very few hours they loſt the ſight of the *Judge's Bregantine*, who with tears in his Eyes ſtood beholding how the Winds carried away his Wealth, h[is] Wife, and *Graciana* his Soul's Delight.

The Wind ſtill favouring them, without touching any where, in a few days they got within ſight of their belov-ed Country; which not a little augmented that Joy, which had already taken Poſſeſſion of their Hearts; and no won-der their Spirits were tranſported with a new Content-ment, which is one of the greateſt that can be purchaſe[d] in this Life, to arrive after a long Captivity, ſafe in their own Native Country; there being nothing can equalize it.

, but the Pleaſure of Victory and Conqueſt. About an our after Day-break, they found them ſelves within leſs han a League of the City, at what time *Gaſparino* gave Order to trim the Veſſel with ſeveral Flags, Streamers, nd Pendants, and row'd leaſurely into the Haven; which eing diſcovered from the Port, an infinite number of People preſently ſhewed themſelves upon the Shore.

In the mean time *Gaſparino* entreated *Graciana* to loath and dreſs her ſelf in the ſame manner, as when ſhe as conducted by the *Jew* into the Baſhaw's Tent.

Gaſparino and *Pyrrhus* alſo put themſelves into *Turkiſh* Habits, as alſo did the Chriſtians that ply'd the Oar; for here were Garments enough of the ſlain *Turks* to ſerve ll. This occaſion'd a pleaſant deluſion of the ſight to hoſe that were upon the Land; for the People that ſtood azing to behold a ſtout Veſſel ſo gayly trim'd with treamers, and Pendants playing, and triumphing in the Air: But when they beheld the *Turkiſh* Habits and white Turbants, they began to grow fearful and jealous of Stratagems; thereupon they forthwith betook themſelves to heir Arms upon the Haven, while the Horſe were ſent out to ſcour the Coaſt.

But thoſe Fears were ſoon diſpell'd, when Landing, they with Tears of joy ſaluted the ground, as an evident ſign they were Chriſtians, who had made prize of the Veſſel. The laſt that landed was the fair *Graciana*, having a Veil caſt over her Face of Crimſon-Taffety, led by *Pyrrhus* and *Gaſparino*: Which object drew after them the Eyes of all that infinite multitude, who at their Landing kneeling as the reſt did, Saluted the Earth with their proſtrate Lips.

By that time this was done, the Captain and Governor of the City were come up unto them, who preſently knew *Gaſparino*, and ran with open Arms, and all the manifeſtations of exceeding joy to embrace him. With the Governour came *Hippolito*, and his Parents, and the Parents of *Gaſparino* and *Graciana* with all her Kindred and Acquaintance, who were the greateſt Perſons of Rank and Quality in the whole City; all whom *Gaſparino* receiv'd with a Joy and Affection, equal to what they had ſhewed to him. Then taking *Graciana* in one hand and *Hippolito*

in the other, whose Colour then began to change; but *Gasparino* saluted him with much respect according to his degree and Quality, and then declared himself.

Gentlemen said he *you may well remember the misfortune which some Months since happen'd to me in* Moroco *Garden, together with the loss of* Graciana; *nor can you forget the diligence which I used to procure her Liberty, offering my whole Estate for her Ransom; which though to you it may seem a kindness, was to me none; it being to redeem what I priz'd above all the World. What since that time has happen'd to us both, will require long time and a seasonable opportunity to relate; let it suffice for the present to tell you, That after many various and strange Accidents, and after a thousand lost hopes of remedying our Misfortunes; the Gods have protected us, and returned us home to our Native Country, with Riches agreeable to our Contentment, and compleated our Happiness: Yet neither from this nor my procured liberty, is the end answerable to my desire; but in that great pleasure which I conceive my sweet Enemy takes as well to see her self Free, as to see before her here the chief Object of her Affections.*

In short, I offer'd my whole Estate for her Ransom, resigned up my Heart only to her self, contriving the means for her Liberty, and adventur'd my Life for her safety; and though from all these, may be raised Engagements of moment; yet I will not impose any thing upon her, except this one, which I presume she will agree to; and so saying he put up his Hand, and with a Grace full of Humility, took away the Scarff from before *Graciana*'s Face; which had the resemblance of the dissipating of a Cloud which darkens the Sun's brightness: *Here,* Hippolito, said he, *I deliver thee such a Jewel which it behoves thee to esteem above all those things that are esteemed worthy. In the same manner (fair* Graciana*) I freely give thee that which thou hast ever had in thy Memory: For this, if you please you may call me Generous, since in comparison of this Gift, to give away my Life, Estate, my Honour, all is nothing. Take her most fortunate of Men, and if thy Understanding can but soar so high as to value her Worth, thou art the happiest of all Mankind; and with such a Jewel here*

1

I give and allow thee as much Wealth as comes to my ſhare in this Adventure.

Having thus ſaid he was ſilent, as if he had laid a Charm upon his Tongue; but preſently recollecting himſelf, *What Juriſdiction* (ſaid he) *have I over* Graciana, *to give her to another? Or how can I diſpoſe of that to another which is none of my own?* Graciana *is his, and ſo much his, that her affections to him can meet with no oppoſition; or if there may intervene thoſe Obligations which ſhe may think ſhe owes me from this time forward; I diſclaim and cancel them: I give therefore to* Hippolito *nothing; becauſe I neither can nor dare do otherwiſe: Only I confirm the grant of my Goods made to* Graciana, *without deſiring any other recompence, but only that ſhe would be ſo credulous, and not think otherwiſe, but that my Intentions were honeſt and juſt, and never aim'd at any other Deſign but what was agreeable to her infinite Beauty and Perfections.*

Here *Graciana* turning to Gaſparino. *If any favours* Sir (ſaid ſhe) *were by me ſhewed to* Hippolito, *you muſt believe them to be Vertuous, and to proceed more from Duty than Affection. But now if they will give me leave freely to diſpoſe of that which your Valour and Generoſity hath obliged me with al*——

Here her Parents interrupted her, telling her ſhe had free Liberty to do as her Diſcretion ſhould direct her. For which when ſhe had returned them her humble thanks with all duty and ſubmiſſion: *I had rather incurr* (ſaid ſhe) *the cenſure of Inconſtancy, than to be taxed with Ingratitude; and therefore Valiant* Gaſparino, *my Affection, hitherto ſo reſerved and dubious, ſhall now declare it ſelf, to be in your Favour: I am yours,* Gaſparino, *and will be yours till Death, if the knowledge of ſome more deſerving Beauty have not prevented my Happineſs.*

Gaſparino hearing theſe Words was ſo tranſported with Joy, and in a manner in ſuch an Ecſtaſy; that he knew not how preſently to return *Graciana* an Anſwer in any other Dialect, than by proſtrating himſelf on his Knees to her, and kiſſing her fair Hands, which he held ſo faſt, and bath'd often with his tender and affectionate Tears.

Hippolito likewiſe wept, but 'twas for Grief for the

lols of *Graciana*. *Graciana*'s Parents wept Tears of Joy and Gadneſs, while all the Standers by, were full of admiration and aſtoniſhment.

Gaſparino having recovered himſelf out of that deep Ecſtaſy of Joy wherein he was loſt, they all ſeated themſelves at a ſmall Banquet, which *Graciana*'s Friends had prepared. They were full of Mirth, and Jollity, exchanging multiplicity of Kiſſes with each other, and thinking of their paſt Misfortunes: Amongſt the reſt *Graciana* remembred a Song which *Gaſparino*'s Boy Sung in the Garden, a little before the *Turks* came and ſurpriz'd them; which occaſion'd her often to reflect upon her Ingratitude, in not making a ſuitable return to his Affections; but withall deſired that his Boy might Sing it. He told her that Song was now quite out of date with him, but to ſatisfie her Requeſt it ſhould not be wanting; ſo calling his Boy he commanded him to Tune his Inſtrument, and Sing that laſt Song which he Sung in the Garden: He readily obeyed his Order and began.

The SONG.

Go, Treacherous Hopes, by whoſe uncertain Fire
I cheriſh my Tyrannical deſire:
Love is a more uncertain Gueſt than Care,
And my Fate's ſuch,
That it will coſt as much
To Love, as to Deſpair.

'Tis true, our Lives are but a long diſeaſe,
Made up with real care and ſeeming eaſe.
Ye Gods that ſuch uncertain Favours give,
Oh! tell me why,
It is ſo hard to die,
And, ſuch a Task to live.

This being ended, the Biſhop of that City was then preſent, who with his Benediction and Licence conduct'd them to the Cathedral Church, and inſtantly Married them. *Pyrrhus*

rhus and *Albuna* were reconciled to the Church, who seeing it was impossible to be *Gasparino's* Wife, contented her self in matching with *Pyrrhus*, to whom *Gasparino* gave Generous and Noble Gifts: In conclusion, all remain'd fully contented and satisfied; and the Fame of *Gasparino* spread it self through all *Italy*, and many other Places under the name of, *The Generous Lover.*

THE

THE LIBERTINE.

A Novel.

THE Sun having run his due Course in a hot Summer's day, and the Evening being approach'd; an Ancient Gentleman, accompanied with his Wife, his Son a little Youth, a Daughter about Seventeen Years of Age, with a Maid-Servant, having been taking a Walk for their Recreation upon the Banks of the River of *Toledo* and were returning home. The Night was clear and bright, and the Hour Eleven, the High-way large, and their Paces slow, that they might not lose, through wearineſs, thoſe Pleaſures which the delightful Meadows, lying by the River-ſide afforded them; and depending on the ſecurity, which the ſtrict courſe of Juſtice, and the well diſpos'd Humour of the People of that City warranted; the good old Gentleman walk'd leaſurely along with his ſmall Family, not the leaſt ſurmizing of being diſturbed; but far from the thoughts of having any Diſaſter happening to 'em. But in regard Misfortunes commonly approach, when leaſt thought of, contrary wholly to his Expectation, and quite beyond all imaginary Conceptions, there happen'd one, which not only diſturb'd their preſent Recreation, but gave them great cauſe to weep many Years after.

There

There was a Gentleman of that City, about the Age of two and twenty, whose great Wealth, his Nobleness of Blood, but chiefly his depravd Disposition, and too much assum'd Liberty, together with the loose Extravagant Libertines, like himself, whom he kept Company withal; led him to commit such Obscene Actions, as ill became his Person and Quality, and entitl'd him only to Audaciousness and Insolency: This Gentleman, (whose Name, for Modesty sake we shall conceal, and call *Octavio*) with four other Frolicksome young Gentlemen full of Jollity, were upon the top of a Hill singing to their Instruments in a mad merry Humour, these following Verses.

How Sweet, and how Free is the Plunder,
When we care not for Jove *nor his Thunder;*
When we enter a Town,
Then the Lasses go down,
And to their Overcomers lie under.
Why then should we study to Love and look Pale,
And make long Addresses to what will grow Stale?

If her Fingers be soft long and slender,
When once we have made her surrender;
She will handle a Flute,
Better far than a Lute,
And make what was hard to grow tender.
Why then, &c.

If her Hair of a dark chesnut brown is,
And her Belly as soft as the Down is;
She will fire your Heart,
In performing her Part,
With a Flame, that more hot than the Town is.
Why then &c.

When the Houses with Flashes do glitter,
And we sever the Sweet from the Bitter;
And in that bright Night,
We can take our Delight,
No Damsel shall scape but we'll bite her.
Why then should we study to Love, and look Pale,
And make long Addresses to what will grow Stale?

As

As the old Gentleman had reach'd the Foot of the Hill, theſe Libertines were coming down; and meeting with this harmleſs Family, they in a very rough manner, Vizarding their own Faces, threw up the Vails of the Mother, Daughter, and Maid: The old Gentleman was not a little offended at the Action, and reprehended them exceedingly for it; telling them, they did not underſtand the Rules of Civility, nor indeed good manners, to offer any ſuch Abuſe to Ladies, which were Modeſt, and not for their turn.

They minded not his Diſcourſe, but in ſtead of giving him a ſuitable Anſwer, they Retorted upon him with Scoffs and Scorns, repeating, *If her Hair of a dark Cheſt-nut Brown is*, &c. and without farther Misdemeanour, went forward on their way: But the great Beauty of *Almeria*, which *Octavio* had ſeen; (for that was the Name of this Gentleman's Daughter) began to rouſe his unbridled Paſſion in ſuch a manner, that he reſolv'd to Enjoy her, in deſpight of all Inconveniencies that might enſue; and to that purpoſe, conſulting with his Companions, they all return'd back immediately, with an Intention, and full Reſolution, to force her from her Parents: They being willing to pleaſe *Octavio*; for in *Spain*, rich Men which are lewdly and Licentiouſly given, ſhall never want thoſe that will Canonize their evil Actions; and therefore in their Communication, they approved of the Deſign, and reſolv'd to to put it in Execution after this manner.

They put on their Vizards, and [illegible] their Swords drawn, they faced about, and with a ſwiftneſs of Foot, preſently overtook thoſe, who were rejoycing for their late Delivery: *Octavio* ſeiz'd upon *Almeria*, and taking her up in his Arms, ran away with her, with all the ſpeed imaginable; ſhe having no ſtrength to defend her ſelf from this Violence: For the ſudden Paſſion that poſſeſs'd her, was ſo prevalent, that it took away the uſe of her Voice, which Fear and Amazement had rendred uſeleſs; and Swooning away, ſhe was deprived of all her Senſes: Her Father made what reſiſtance he could, and call'd out as loud as his Voice would permit him, the Mother Shriek'd, her little Brother Cry'd, and

and the Maid Wept, and tore her Hair; but neither their Crys nor Shrieks were heard, nor could their Tears move Compaſſion: For the Solitarineſs of the Place, the late Seaſon of Night, and the Reſolute Cruelty of thoſe Debauchees that aſſiſted their wicked Deſign: So that the one went away Jocund and Merry, and the other went home Sad and Penſive.

Octavio return'd home to his Houſe, rejoycing at his Adventure; but the Parents of *Almeria* with great Affliction, and full of Deſpair, were without Sight, and deſtitute of all the reſt of their Senſes, wanting their Daughter's Eyes, which were the Light of theirs: They were very melancholy, lacking the Sweet and Facetious Company of *Almeria*; they were in Confuſion, and Amazement, not knowing which way to ſteer their Courſe; whether they ſhould give timely notice of their Misfortune to the Miniſters of Juſtice, or elſe conceal it: They were loth to be the Principal Inſtrument of publiſhing their own Shame and Diſhonour; nor did they know on whom to complain, but their own hard Fortune.

Octavio in the mean-time, being Subtil, and Crafty, brought *Almeria* home to his Father's Houſe, who having lock'd her up in his own private Lodging, while ſhe was yet in a Swoon; and the better to keep her ignorant of the way he had brought her, he Blind-folded her with an Handkerchief, that ſhe could not take notice of the Streets ſhe had paſs'd through, nor of the Houſe, or Room whereunto he had brought her.

Before *Almeria* had recovered her Swooning, *Octavio* had ſatisfied his Luſtful Paſſion; for the unchaſt violence of Youth ſeldom or never, reſpects either time, or place, but runs on headlong, whither their unbridled Luſt leads 'em; letting looſe the Reins to all Licenciouſneſs: Having the light of his Underſtanding thus blinded, he robb'd *Almeria* in the dark, of the beſt Jewel ſhe had; for the Sins of Senſuality reach no farther for the moſt part than the accompliſhing and fulfilling of them: *Octavio* preſently reſolv'd to turn the abus'd *Almeria* out of doors, and it entred into his Imagination, to lay her out in the Street, being thus in a Swoon as ſhe was; but going to execute this Villanous purpoſe, he perceived ſhe was newly come to her

ſelf:

ſelf: At what time recovering her Voice; *Heavens!* ſaid ſhe *defend me*, ſaid ſhe *where am I? What darkneſs is this? What Clouds have compaſſed me about? What ails me? How comes this to paſs?* Then calling out for her Father, and Mother, and neither anſwering, ſhe repeated a thouſand Lamentations in the dark; and calling to remembrance how ſhe was aſſaulted, and forced violently from her Parents, ſhe at laſt took faſt hold of *Octavio's* Hands: *If thou art ſuch a one* ſhe cry'd *whoſe Soul will admit of Entreaty, I earneſtly beſeech thee, ſince thou haſt thus triumph'd over my Honour, gain the Victory likewiſe over this wretched Life; Deprive me of it I conjure thee immediately; for it is but requiſite I ſhould loſe the one, ſince I cannot regain the other: And conſider with thy ſelf, that the rigour of that Cruelty which thou haſt exerciſ'd upon my Weakneſs, will be tempered and Mollified by the pity thou wilt extend towards me, by taking away the Life which thou haſt now made ſo deplorable and miſerable.*

Theſe mournful Arguments which *Almeria* alledg'd to *Octavio*, left him ſo amazed and confuſed, that the horridneſs of the Crime ſeem'd to make him ſenſible of the wrong he had committed, that he knew neither what to ſay or do: So that his ſilence made *Almeria* think at firſt, it might be ſome Apparition that was with her; but when ſhe found that ſhe touched a real Body, and calling to remembrance the violence uſed to her walking along with her Parents, and duely weighing the greatneſs of her Misfortune; with the very Thoughts thereof, ſhe return'd anew to vent thoſe Words which her many Sighs and Tears had before interrupted,

Bold Raviſher, ſhe cry'd *thy Actions make me judge thee to be one of no great Years; I pardon thee the Violation thou haſt offered me, and forgive thee that foul Offence thou haſt committed, provided thou wilt here ſolemnly Swear to me, that as thou haſt covered my Honour with this Darkneſs; ſo likewiſe that you would bury it in perpetual Silence, never to acquaint any perſon with it: It is but a ſmall Satisfaction, I crave at your Hands, in compariſon of ſo great an Injury; yet to me (conſidering this perplexed State I am now in) it will be the greateſt that I can beg of you, or you can grant me: Conſider beſides, that I ne-*

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ver beheld your Face, nor ever do desire to see it; for though I cannot but descant upon the Offence, yet will I endeavour to forget the Offender: Neither will I imprint in my Memory, the Image of the Author of my Woes, but pour forth my Complaints between my self and Heaven, without desiring the World to be my Auditors: For they are not Competent Judges of such Cases, as to their real effects; but are rather Commentatours to cast ill Reflections upon 'em. I must confess my Passion has made me guilty of Ignorance, in uttering these Verities to you, which indeed ought to be grounded upon the experience of more Years, than ever I had the honour to arrive to; yet I may make that Interpretation, that Grief and Sorrow, doth with equality fix and dissolve the Tongue of the Afflicted; one while amplifying the received Injury, that others may be the more induced to believe it; another while burying it in the Grave of Silence, the better to hinder the application of Remedies. So that whether I expreſs my self in Words, or remain silent, I flatter my self with those Perswasions, that you cannot be wanting of Motives to believe me, or of Remedies to supply me; since that Incredulity in you would but imply Ignorance, and to afford me Relief, be an Impossibility: Yet may your Charity extend so far as to grant me some ease in this Affliction, whereby no place may be vacant to entertain Despair, since the expence of it will amount to so little a charge: Yet flatter not your self with vain, or false Hopes, that Time shall allay, or pacify that just Rage, which I shall ever bear towards thee; neither make farther Attempts upon my lost Honour, since thy Designs in that Enterprize will be wholly frustrated: For having already satisfied thy base Lust, I should think thy evil Concupiscence might be less inflam'd: Impute this your Offence to heat of Passion, committed against Reason, by Accident; and I will pronounce that rash Judgment upon my self, That I was not Born, and brought forth into the World, but to prove Unfortunate: Convey me therefore presently into the Street, or at least, near unto the great Church, from which place, I can take Directions to my own Home: Promise me; and Swear likewise, not to pursue me, or be at all inquisitive after my Habitation, Name, or Parents; for I would not have them so unhappy as to bear a share in my

Mis-

Misfortunes: Return me a suitable answer, I beseech you, to these my Requests. If that fear doth possess thy Spirits, that thy Voice should discover thy self to me, then answer me in Silence. All the answer *Octavio* return'd to the long Discourse of the afflict'd *Almeria*, was no other than a kind Embracing her, as if he intended to renew the Combats of his Amorous Heat; which being perceived by *Almeria*, she us'd that force and resistance which her tender Years render'd her capable of, and defended her self with that Courage, and Resolution, using her Feet, Hands, and Teeth; then with her Tongue broke out into these following Expressions. *Know, Cowardly Traytor as thou art, and basest of all Humane Kind, without either Fear or Shame, who e'er thou art, those Wrongs which thou hast offer'd me, thou mightest have exercised upon a Stock, or Stone; for I was bereft of either Sence, or Motion: The Conquest and Triumph of this Night's Victory cannot but redound to thy Reproach: As for thy second Ignoble, and Filthy Attempt, thou shalt never obtain thy unlawful Desires, unless thou takest away my Life. Though thou robbed'st me of that precious Jewel, when surpriz'd by a Swooning Fit, and acted thy lewdness with Pleasure, and Delight; yet know, that now my Spirits are return'd to my assistance, thou shalt sooner conquer my Life, than gain the Victory over my Honour: For if I, now being able to make resistance, should yield to thy abominable Lust; thou mightest then very well conjecture and boast, That the Ecstasy I was in, was only feigned, when thou wast so audacious and insolent in the operating my utter ruin and destruction.*

But in conclusion, *Almeria* us'd so strong an opposition, and made such a manful resistance, that the Strength and Courage, and with it, the vigorous Desires of *Octavio*, were weakened: For the Insolence he had us'd to *Almeria*, had no other rise, than from a violent Lascivious Impetuousness; from which root never springs that true Love which is permanent; but instead of that heat of Love, there remains only Repentance, and a coldness of Affection to second it.

Octavio, then waxing some degrees cooler, but much more weary, without uttering a Word, left *Almeria*, to her self

ſelf in his Chamber, and went to hunt out for his *Libertinian* Companions, to conſult and adviſe with them which Method he ſhould take, both for his and *Almeria*'s ſatisfaction and ſafety,

Almeria, perceiving her ſelf alone, and faſt lock'd up, roſe from the Bed, and went groping about the Room with her Hands, to ſearch out for a Door to get out, or a Window to leap down. She firſt found the Door, but lock'd too ſtrong for her to open it; then ſhe found out the Window, which ſhe unhaſpt, and open'd the Wooden Shutters, and by the light of the Moon that ſhone ſo clear and bright, being in its plenitude, ſhe perceiv'd the Chamber richly Hung, the Bed guilded, and all the Furniture very magnificent; that it ſeem'd rather the Appartment of a Prince, than of a Private Gentleman: She ſumm'd up the number of the Chairs, which were very rich, and the Scritoires, and Cabinets which were very gay and ſtately: She took notice of the Door, and the Pictures which adorned the Room, though ſhe could not well diſcern the Figures whereby to deſcribe 'em: The Window was very large, and ſtrongly ſecured with Iron-bars, a defence againſt Banditros, and Robbers, which are there very frequent. The Proſpect before the Window was a lovely Garden, with a pleaſant Fountain in the middle, adorned with all that Art and Nature were capable of: Near it was a little Wilderneſs, in the Center whereof was a Spring, whoſe Water was received in a Ciſtern of Alabaſter, which was held by the Statue of a Nymph cut in white Marble: Near unto it ſtood a row of Orange-Trees, whoſe Fragrant ſmell was very comfortable: The Walls of the Garden which encloſ'd it were very high; many Difficulties ſtood in oppoſition to hinder her eſcape, and the View that ſhe had taken of every thing induced her to believe, that the Owner thereof muſt needs be ſome Magnifico, and not one of an ordinary Extraction: Wandring ſome time round the Appartment, at length ſhe eſpyed a Table-book, richly bound in Seal's Skin, neatly over-laid with Silver, and curiouſly wrought, and engraved, with a large Silver-pin belonging to it, which lay upon a Cabinet that ſtood near to the Window: She took it and put it up in her Pocket, not out of any ill deſign of Robbery; but being inſpired to pro-

mote a discreet Design, which her Thoughts prompted her to: Having secured it, she shut the Window, leaving it as she had found it, and return'd back to the Bed, expecting what kind of end such a bad beginning would produce.

To her thinking, it was not much above half an hour after, that she heard a Door open, and some Person coming to her, and without so much as speaking one Word, with an Hand-kerchief Blind-folded her; and taking her by the Arm, took her out of the Room, and shut fast the Door after him.

This Person was *Octavio*, who though he had been upon the search for his Fellow *Libertines*, yet he was not altoge her willing to find them or give them, the least Intelligence of that Night's Transactions; and therefore resolv'd to equaint 'em, that repenting himself of that ill Act, and being mov'd with the Virgin's Tears, he left her in the Mid-way: Having thus recollected himself, he return'd back with all speed, to convey *Almeria*, near to the Great Church, according to her own Directions: Before the Morning was approach'd too far, and to avoid the inconveniency of detaining her till the Night following; in which Interval of time, he resolv'd to exercise no more Violence, nor give any other occasion to discover himself.

Having conducted her to the Place appointed, he told her in a kind of broken Language, and with a counterfeit Voice, She might then go securely to her own Habitation, and that none should follow her to espy where she went; so left her to untie the Hand-kerchief he had bound about her Eyes; which before she could loosen, he was got far enough out of her Sight.

Almeria being now at Liberty, made all the haste she could, still looking behind her, at every step she fetch'd: Going to her Father's House, she found her Parents amaz'd, and astonish'd and so far from preparing themselves to go to Bed, that they had not so much as entertain'd the least thought of taking any Rest: When they saw her, they ran to her with open Arms, and embrac'd her, and indulgently receiv'd her. Tears of Joy had furnish'd their Eyes, and their Tongues could not express their Gladness, for the present; their Hearts being so transported within them: But *Almeria*'s Heart being loaded with Passion, and over-

whelm'd

...'d with Grief, besought her Parents to withdraw in... a private Room, and there, in a few Words she gave ... an Account of what had befaln her, and her unfortu... Success, with all other Circumstances belonging to it, ... could not by any means discover the Person that rob... her Honour: She acquainted them with all she had be... in that Famous Theatre, wherein was Acted that Wo... Tragedy of her Misery; the pleasant Garden, and Foun... the Cabinets, the Bed, and Hangings of rich Arras; ... last of all, she shewed them the fine Table-book, which ... had brought from thence with her: She likewise told ..., though she did not desire to come to the knowledge ..., who was the Offender; yet if they thought it con... to have him discover'd by the means of that Table... they might do it; by causing it to be publickly pro...'d, That he who had lost such a Table-book might have ...'d at such a place, as the Party that lost it should ...: So by knowing the Owner of it, they might both ... the House, and likewise this *Libertine*.

... (*Almeria*'s Father reply'd) *your Advice, Dear ..., is very pertinent, and would take good effect, were ... in Execution; if the Subtilty, and Craftyness of the ..., now in these days, did not make any opposition: ... all probability, such a Trifle as that may not sudden... miss'd; but, perhaps if it should, they would set no ... value on it, especially such an Owner, as you describe ... Libertine to be, and when he recollects himself, that ... Person who was with him in his Appartment took it a..., he will rather desire to have it Conceal'd than Di...'d.*

... Father therefore advis'd her to keep it secure, *for ...haps* (said he) *in process of time, thou may'st have occasi... to make use of it; for as it has been a Witness of thy Dis...our, it may at last be an Evidence to procure thee Jus...e, and revenge that Wrong which thou hast so lately re...ved: I tell thee Dear Child, that the least Grain of pub... Dishonour lies heavier upon us, than a ponderous weight ... secret Infamy*; True Dishonour consists in Sin, and true ...nour in Vertue: *The Powers Divine, are offended with ... Sayings, Doings, and Desires; and since that thou ...ther on Thought, Word, or Deed, hast provok'd the Di-*

vine Vengeance, esteem thy self Vertuous; for I shall ever have that Charity for thee, and continue to thee still a Kind and Indulgent Father. With these Prudential Reasons did this old Gentleman comfort up his Daughter *Almeria*, and her Mother embracing her, confirm'd what her Father had cherish'd her withal; and desir'd her not to let any Sorrow or Grief, disturb her Mind; for she retain'd the same Affection for her now, as she had formerly: Whereupon, she burst forth into showers of Tears, and often did abscond her self, and through Modesty's Promptitude, betook her self to a Private, and Retired Course of Life under the Shelter, and Protection of her Parents.

Octavio in this Interval, being return'd home, and sitting down in his Chamber, as he cast his Eye upon the Cabinet, miss'd his Table-book, but presently imagin'd, that the Party that he brought home might take it away with her. He made slight of it, and never made any enquiry after it. Many days before, *Octavio* had determined to Travel into *Italy*: For his Father, who had been there in his Minority, perswaded him to go; instructing him, that they could not attain to true Gentility, who had not gain'd it by Experience in Travel. *Octavio* put on that Resolution, as Conformable to the Will of his Father, whom he knew would set him forth in a good Equipage: He gave him Bills of Exchange payable at Sight, for good round Sums of Money, for all those Places, whether he intended; so that he and two of his *Libertinian* Companions, prepar'd for their Journey: They had taken up three Places in the Stage-coach, to go for *Rome*, *Genoa*, and *Naples*; there were three Persons in the Coach, besides themselves, which had taken Places in the Coach, *viz.* a Lady, a Young Gentleman, and an University-Scholar.

Amongst all their Discourse *Octavio* enquir'd what Intelligence afforded for the satisfaction of Gentlemen? The Stranger that was in the Coach, told him it was a Place very Pleasant, Ingenious, and Witty; for he had been there, and could give a very good Account of it: As for the People, many of 'em were of an Effeminate Disposition, he told him, for he had heard many Stories from them, which he could relate, if it would not tire out their Patience: *Octavio*, and the Lady told him, he would highly oblige them

and it would prove a very Diverſitive Recreation: The Gentleman inform'd them, that he was willing to contribute any Diſcourſe to the good Company's Satisfaction, and ſhould eſteem it as a great Honour, if what he was to relate, ſhould receive their kind Acceptance; ſo that not to hold them any longer in Suſpence, he related the firſt that came in his Mind, and directed himſelf to 'em all.

In one of the Cities of Italy, *there liv'd a Perſon, a Man, of whoſe Nature, if one might judge by the Complexion of his Face, that he was a greater Servant to* Bacchus, *than to the Prieſts of* Diana: *He had married a Woman of a large Fortune, and good Reputation, and who govern'd her Family and Children very diſcreetly; at which her Huſband was much ſatisfied. One day it was told him, that his Wife was fall'n very Sick, being taken ſuddenly, and was in very great danger of ending her days; whereat he appear'd as ſorrowful as a Man might be, and in great Diligence made haſte to her Relief. He found her in that deſperate Condition, that ſhe ſtood in more need of a Prieſt to abſolve her, than of a Phyſician to cure her; and therefore he expreſs'd for her the greateſt Lamentation in the World; and the better to diſſemble his Grief, he ſpoke faintly, and with a hollow Accent in the Throat, in Imitation of his dying Wife; and that Painter muſt be a good Artiſt, that could lively repreſent the ſadneſs of his Looks and Countenance.*

After that he had paid all the Services to her that poſſibly he could, ſhe then deſir'd that a Crucifix ſhould be brought her; which the good Man perceiving, he caſt himſelf on the Bed, and thinking his Wife paſt all hopes of Recovery, he cry'd out, and faltering with his Tongue, did Expoſtulate, O Heavens! What ſhall I do? I ſhall loſe my poor Wife, I ſhall become the moſt wretched, and moſt unhappy Man in the World! *With divers other Complaints. At the laſt, when he perceiv'd there was no Body in the Room but his dying Wife, and a young Chamber-Maid, Beautiful enough, and very amiable, he call'd her ſofrly to him, and ſaid to her* Sweet-heart, I am ready to die my ſelf, to ſee thy Miſtreſs in this Condition; I am ſo overwhelm'd with Grief, I know neither what to ſay or do, but only to recommend my ſelf to thee, and to Deſire thee

to take Care of my House and Children: Here take these Keys, and look well after what I commit to your Charge; for I shall not be able to look after them any more. The poor Girl being mov'd with Compassion to hear him express these Words, did endeavour to comfort him what she could, and did beseech him, that he would not enter into so great Despair; for if she must lose her Mistress, she hop'd she should not lose her good Master also. He reply'd, Sweet-heart, it is impossible; for I find my self to be a dying Man, and not for this World, see how the cold Sweat stands upon my Brow, put your Cheek unto mine, and your Lip unto my Lip; and speaking these Words, he forc'd his Hand into her Breast, whereat the Maid seem'd very Coy; but he desir'd her to let all Fears vanish; for if she had any hopes of his Recovery, she must approach nearer to him, and with these Words, he took her in his Arms and, and threw her on the Bed.

His Wife, who had not spoken in two days before, with her weak Voice, began to cry out as loud as possibly she could, Ah, ah! what are you a doing? I am not as yet Dead; and threatening them with her Hand, O you wicked Creatures! I am alive still, and hope I shall not die yet.

Her Husband and the Chamber-maid hearing her Voice, did immediately rise; but she was so extremely incens'd against them, that her Anger consum'd all the moisture of her Catarrh, which was the load she was perplex'd with before, and caus'd her to rattle in the Throat, and could not utter so much as one Word; but now she gave them all the Opprobrious Language she could imagine. And from that Minute she began to recover, and perpetually did reproach her Husband, for making so much of his Chamber-maid.

Having ended his Story, the Gentleman apply'd himself to the Lady, Madam said he, you may see the Hypocrisy of Men, that for a little pleasure, they forget all the Sorrows and Pains their poor Wives endure; but we must have so much Charity for him as to believe he thought it the only Remedy for her Recovery: For seeing all his Kindness and Affection could not raise her out of that languishing Condition, he was resolved to try this Experiment, which

which indeed prov'd a Catholicon. *Indeed Sir,* (reply'd the Lady) *I can't blame you for harbouring so much Charity for your own Sex; but had it been my Case, I should not have rise only out of my Bed, but out of my Grave also, to be revenged on such a Husband.*

What wrong (reply'd the Gentleman) *Madam did he do to comfort himself a little after he thought she was Dead? For I hope there is none of the Company here Ignorant, that the Bonds of Matrimony continue no longer than Life, and then the Knot is unty'd. But how unty'd?* (said the Lady) *'Tis true, the Obligation of the Oath is of no effect any more; but a good Husband, would always preserve the Obligation of Love: He had soon laid aside his Mourning, who could not have Patience, till Death had put a period to her Life.*

By this time they were well forward on their Journey, and the Gentleman told them, he could relate to them a Story which was contrary to this, wherein the Woman was very Diligent to create a Kindness from him.

After they had all return'd their thanks, they earnestly intreated him to furnish them with what he was pleas'd to relate: Whereupon he proceeded as follows.

In *Spain* there liv'd an Apothecary, whose Name I shall conceal, who had espoused a Vertuous Woman, a good House-wife, and Beautiful enough to give him Content. But he tasted of divers Druggs, so he did often times of divers Women, the better to enable himself to Discourse of all Complexions; whereat his Wife was so much tormented, that she lost all Patience; for he made slight of her, and lov'd her not so well, as she expected. One day this Apothecary being in the Shop, and his Wife near at hand, where she conceal'd her self, the better to listen to his Discourse; there came to him one of his Gossips, a Woman of the City, and troubled with the same Disease his Wife was, and sighing to the Apothecary, *O dear Sir!* she said, *I am the most Unfortunate Woman in the World: For I love my Husband as well as I love my self, and perform whatever Obedience, or Duty binds me to him; but all my Labour is but lost, for he loves the most wicked, the most deform'd, and the most nasty Slut in all the Town, better than he Loves me: I would therefore intreat you,*

good Neighbour, if you have in your Shop, any Drugg that may serve to change his Complexion, that you would let me have it; for I am not well used by him, and I assure you, I will give you whatever it shall cost me.

The Apothecary having a great desire to Pleasure his Customer, said to her, that he had a Powder, which if she put in something either boyl'd or roasted, and gave it to her Husband; it would make him give her the best and fullest Contentment in the World. The Woman being very earnest to see that Miracle, desir'd to know what it was: He represented it to her, that it was only the Powder of Cantharides, of which he had great store in his Shop; and before she went away, she constrain'd him to prepare and weigh out some of that Powder for her; and she took with her so much as he knew would serve to do the Business; for which she afterwards pay'd him, and gave him many hearty Thanks. Her Husband being a Strong-bodied Man, and not taking too much of it, felt no great Alteration in himself, but she found the good effects of it.

The Wife of the Apothecary, understanding all this Discourse, did think with her self, that she stood altogether in as much need of the Receipt as her Companion. And observing the Place, where her Husband did put the remainder of the Powder that was left, she resolv'd to make use of it her self, the first opportunity she could find, which within three or four Days afterwards she did; her Husband desiring her to make him some good Pottage, (for he was troubled with a great Cold in his Stomack) She told him that something roasted would do better, and be more profitable. Wherefore he commanded her to go presently to the Market, and to buy somewhat to roast, and to take Cinnamon and Sugar out of the Shop to put in the Sauce; which she did accordingly, and did not forget the rest of the Powder, which he had given before part of it to her Companion; she put it in, without regard either of Weight or Measure. Her Husband eat heartily of the Meat she had prepar'd and lik'd it very well, and not long afterwards found the Heats and Effects of it, which he thought to qualifie with his Wife, which was impossible for him to do; for the Heat within him, and the Inltigation was so extraordinary, that he did not know on which side to

to turn him. Whereupon he perſwaded his Wife ſhe had poyſon'd him, and was very importunate to know of her what ſhe had mix'd with his Meat: She confeſs'd the truth unto him, and withal aſſur'd him, that ſhe had as much Occaſion of that Receipt, as the Woman whom he preſcrib'd it to for her Husband.

The poor Apothecary could not uſe any rigour to her, for the Wrong ſhe had done him, being at that time in ſo great an Extremity; but commanded her to go out of his Sight, and ſend for his Brother-apothecary, in the ſame City, to deſire him to take that Trouble upon him to give him a Viſit, who adminiſtred to him all the cooling things that were effectual for his Recovery. In a ſhort time he was well amended, and his Brother-apothecary did reprehend him very ſharply for his raſhneſs, that he ſhould be guilty of ſo much Folly, as to adviſe another to take thoſe Drugs which he would not make uſe of himſelf; and that the good Woman his Wife, had done no more than what ſhe ought to do, to procure to her ſelf that Love from him, which ſhe ſo much deſir'd. At length the poor Man was forc'd to overcome his Folly with Patience, and to acknowledge it was but juſt to make that ridiculous Experiment fall upon himſelf, which he had prepared for another.

Now Madam, (ſaid the Gentleman) in my Opinion, the Love of this Woman was as indiſcreet as it was great. Do you call that Love, Sir, to her Husband, (reply'd the Lady) to make him ſuffer ſo much Torment, in a fond hope, that ſhe might receive ſome Pleaſure from him? I do believe, Madam, (ſaid the Gentleman) that ſhe had no other Intention than to recover her Husband's Love, which ſhe conceiv'd, if not, to be altogether loſt, yet certainly to be gone a-ſtray; for to obtain ſo great a Bleſſing a Woman ought to leave nothing undone to accompliſh it. The Lady told him, ſhe thought it her Judgment, That no Woman ought to give her Husband any thing either to eat or drink, without Advice from others, or her own Experience, whether it might prove hurtful; but Ignorance ought to be excuſed, in regard it was a Woman that was blinded with the Paſſion of Love, and are allowed to be weaker Veſſels: They all laugh'd heartily at the Repartees between 'em, and return'd the Gentleman

man many thanks for his diverting of them; and now being arriv'd at their Journey's end, for that Stage; they alighted, and call'd for a Dinner, where we will now leave 'em, and return to *Almeria*.

Octavio, had no Resentments of what had pass'd betwixt himself and *Almeria*, but appear'd very Jocund and Merry, while she in the Interim led a sedentary Life in the House of her Parents, with all possible Retiredness; not permitting any Person to visit her, least any Discovery should be made of her Misfortunes: In this Solitariness within a few Months, she perceiv'd, that she was oblig'd to confine her self, and to be obscure from all Eyes, except those which were continually with her. She saw it was convenient to live Cloyster'd up, finding to her sorrow, her unhappy Condition, in having an Infant, without any Husband; a Misfortune which occasion'd those many Tears, which were before a little mitigated, but now sprung forth a fresh like running Fountains. Those Sighs which for a while remain'd calm and quiet, rise again like fierce and tempestous Winds that blow against each other: Her Mother us'd all the diligence, that her Maternal Care could furnish her with to allay the violence of her Passion, but all her gentle Perswasions could not afford her Sorrows any relief.

Time fled away with a swift Wing, and the time of her Delivery was come; which was carry'd with that Secrecy, that she would not intrust any Midwife, but her Mother taking that Office upon her, soon perform'd it; and brought into the World, a little young Son, one of the loveliest and beautifullest Babes that Nature could produce; which as it was born with Wariness and Secrecy, so it was convey'd with the like Circumspection to a Country-Village, where he continu'd four years; at the end whereof under the denomination of Nephew, his Grandfather brought him home to his own House; where he was bred up very well, in that which his Minority rendr'd him capable of. *Nicola* (for so was the Child call'd) was of a fair Complexion, a delightful Countenance, and a sweet Disposition, together with a quick Wit, that in all those Actions which he perform'd, in that tender Age, he gave apparent demonstrations, that his Extraction was of Noble

ble Parentage; ſo that his Wit, Beauty and pretty Behaviour, created ſo great an Affection in his Grand-father and Grand-mother, that they eſteem'd their Daughter's Misfortune, to be a happineſs; ſhe having furniſhed them with ſuch a Grand-child.

As he went through the Streets, ſome prais'd his Beauty, others bleſs'd the Mother that bare him, ſome the Father that begat, and others thoſe that had brought him up, and had beſtowed upon him ſuch good Education. With this Applauſe of thoſe that knew him and of thoſe who were Strangers, the Child grew to be ſeven years of Age; in which time he had learn'd to read *Spaniſh* and *Latin*, and to write a very good Hand; and made ſo great Improvement at his years, that he was the admiration of all his Inſtructours.

Now it happen'd one day that the Child was ſent to viſit a Kinſwoman of his Grand-mother's, and it was his chance to paſs through a Street, where ſome Gentlemen were running Careers with their Horſes; which the Child ſtaying to look upon, for his better Conveniency of ſeeing them, ran croſs the Street, from one ſide to the other; juſt in ſuch an ill Conjuncture of time, that he could not avoid a Horſe's running over him; whoſe Rider with all the ſtrength he had, was not able to ſtop in the Fury of his Career; ſo that he left him ſprawling on the Ground for dead, much Blood iſſuing out of his Mouth.

This ſad Miſchance had ſcarce happen'd, when an Ancient Gentleman, who was beholding the Career, with extraordinary Agility leap'd from his Horſe, and taking the Child out of the Arms of him that held him, into his own, neither conſidering his own Grey Hairs, nor regarding his Authority, which was great; haſtned home to his own Houſe, and ſent his Servants immediately for a Surgeon. Many Gentlemen follow'd him grieving and lamenting at the ſad Accident, that had befaln ſo ſweet and fair a Child.

The ill News preſently was diſpers'd abroad, that the Child which had received the harm, was *Nicola*, the Nephew of ſuch a Gentleman naming his Grand-father. This Report went from one to another till it reach'd at laſt the Ears of his Grand-father and Grand-mother, and his diſcon-

ſolate

ſolate retired Mother *Almeria*; who being fully and truly informed of this unhappy Accident, ran immediately out of Doors, in great Diſtraction, to ſee what was become of their only Darling.

They quickly underſtood, the Gentleman that took care of him, was well known to be a Perſon of great Quality in the City; therefore flying thither in a hurry betwixt Love and Fear, they arriv'd at the Gentleman's Houſe, just at that inſtant when the Child was under the Surgeon's Hands. The Gentleman and his Wife, who were the Owners of the Houſe, entreated thoſe whom they ſuppos'd to be the Child's Parents, not to weep, which would do the Child no good but prejudice. They began to be a little chearful when the Surgeon, who was one Famous for his Skill, having dreſſed him, inform'd 'em that the Wound was not ſo Mortal, as at firſt he imagin'd it to have been.

When *Nicola* was dreſs'd and laid to ſleep, his Grand-father began to give the Maſter of the Houſe thanks, for the great Care and Charity he had extended towards his Nephew; to which the Gentleman reply'd, that he had no occaſion to thank him; intimating to him That when the Child fell, he perceiv'd ſo much of his Son's Phyſiognomy in the Face of the Child, that it mov'd him to Pity and Compaſſion, to take care for that which repreſented one whom he lov'd ſo tenderly: Moreover he told him he ſhould be kindly entertain'd in his Houſe till the Surgeons had fully compleated the Cure, and that he ſhould not want whatever his Houſe could afford him, that was needful and neceſſary for him. His Wife, who was a fine, noble and well accompliſh'd Lady, repeated many Words to the ſame effect, ſomewhat more enlarging and endearing her Promiſes.

The Grand-father and Grand-mother of the Child, did much admire at this their wonderful Charity and Love, but the Mother much more; for her mournful Spirit being in ſome meaſure Comforted by the Surgeon's reviving Words, ſhe diligently obſerv'd the Lodgings where her Son lay, and by manifeſt Signs and Tokens clearly perceiv'd that it was the Room, which put a period to her Honour, and a beginning to her Misfortunes. And tho' it were not now ſo richly furniſhed as then it was, yet ſhe remembr'd the Fi-

gure

gure and Form of it: She view'd the Windows that were ſtrongly fortified, which look'd into the Garden; but that which with the greateſt Curioſity ſhe obſerv'd, was the Bed, which gave her that aſſurance, that it was the ſame which prov'd a Tomb to her Virginity; and moreover that the ſame Cabinet whereon lay the Table-Book which ſhe carryed away with her, remain'd ſtill unmoved from that Place where ſhe left it; and laſtly the number of the Stairs certified her to be in the right, by reaſon ſhe had retained the account of them in her Memory, ever ſince ſhe was led blind-folded out of the Houſe into the Street.

When ſhe return'd home, ſhe gave a large Account to her Mother of theſe Paſſages, who like a diſcreet Woman, inform'd her ſelf whether this Gentleman where her Nephew lay, had any Son, or no? And ſhe found that he, whom the Story calls *Octavio*, was his Son, and at that time in *Italy*; and ſo ſumming up the time, that he had been abſent from *Spain*, they law that it agreed with the Age of the Child: The Grand-Mother gave notice of all this to her Husband, and betwixt them two and *Almeria* their Daughter, they agreed to wait with Expectation, to ſee how the Divine Powers would be pleaſed to diſpoſe of the Child, who within Fifteen days was out of danger of his received Hurt, and at the end of thirty, was upon his Feet, and of Ability to walk up and down the Chamber; in all which time, he was viſited by his Mother and Grand-mother, and was as indulgently made much of by the Gentleman and his Wife, the Owners of the Houſe, as if he had been their own Child.

Moreover *Donna Traciana* (for ſo was the Gentleman's Wife call'd) Diſcourſing with *Almeria*, told her this Child ſo much reſembled a Son of her's who was in *Italy*, that ſhe never look'd upon him, but he put her in mind continually of him, that he was always harbour'd in her Thoughts; from which Words of hers, *Almeria* taking upon Occaſion an opportunity, when ſhe was alone, which in a little time after offer'd it ſelf; *Madam* (ſaid ſhe) *the Day that my Parents heard of that ſad Diſaſter their Nephew receiv'd, their Credulity advanc'd to that pitch, they verily imagin'd that the Divinity had wholly excluded*

them

them, and that all the orbicular Crosses had attended them; they conceiv'd that they had lost the light of their Eyes, whom they lov'd so dearly, and in such an extraordinary Passion of Love, that by many degrees it exceeds that which Parents commonly bear to their own Children; (but as we usually say) that when Heaven decrees the Wound, it likewise prescribes for it a Remedy. This Child has now tryed that Experiment, and has found the Expedient in this House; and I my self can recollect my Memory, to inform me of some Transactions which I shall never cease to forget the longest day I have to live, and the last hour that I retain my Senses. I must now acquaint you, (Dear Madam) I am not of Ignoble Extraction, by reason my Parentage proves it to the contrary, and so have been all my Ancestors, whose Progeny with a meaner benevolence of Fortune have still happily supported their Honour and Reputation wheresoever they inhabit, being ourselves, though faln from their pristine Glory.

Donna Traciana was struck both with wonder and suspence at *Almeria's* Discourse, considering how feelingly her Words came from her, and could not give Credit though she was witness of it, that so much Discretion could be Comprehended in so few years; not Judging her to be above Twenty years of Age: So that without replying so much as one Word, she stood expecting to hear what she would further express her self in, which was at length sufficient enough, to inform her of her Son's Lasciviousness, and Wantonness, and of her own Dishonour, in the violation of her Virginity; of his hurrying of her away by force and violence; of his tying a hand-kerchief over her Eyes, and of his bringing her to that very Room wherein she now was, and giving her many Demonstrations, and Signal Tokens, whereby she certainly knew that it was the same Chamber, which so strongly confirm'd her suspicion: And furthermore, the better to confirm what she had related for Truth, she pull'd out of her Pocket the Silver Table-book, which she had taken from off the top of the Cabinet: Then she proceeded in this manner.

Madam, I hope the Divine Powers, who were Eye-witnesses of the wrong which was offered to me, will in their due time revenge my Cause, and afford me that relief and re-

paration of my Honour, as in due satisfaction and right I may claim that Interest. From the top of that Cabinet I took this Table-book, to reserve as a Mirour only to put me in mind of the Injury I receiv'd, but not to imprecate a Revenge for my Misfortunes; only Madam I beg of you to exercise your Charity towards me, by assisting me with your comfortable and prudent Council, whereby I may the better be enabled to bear this my injured Innocence with strength and patience. This Child (Madam) on whom you have extended the Almost of your Charity, may without any imposturous Design claim an Alliance to you; it being the off-spring of your own Son: And for the Disaster which befell it, it was Heaven's Decree it should be so ordered, that by his being receiv'd into your House, his Mother might hope to find some redress in this her Calamity; if not the Remedy, which is most convenient for the Curing of her Misfortunes, yet at least the means in some measure to support and refresh her fainting Spirits.

Having said this, she fainted away in *Donna Traciana's* Arms; who like a noble Lady, in whom Compassion and Pity, flowed like a mighty Stream, had scarce perceiv'd *Almeria* to faint, but she joyn'd her Cheeks to hers, bestowing so many Tears upon 'em, that there was no occasion of sprinkling any Water on her Face to revive her: While they both thus remain'd in this kind of Ecstasy, it was *Donna Tracianas* Husband's Fortune to enter the Room, leading *Nicola* in his Hand, who, beholding *Traciana* Weep and *Almeria*, lying in a Swoun by her; was amaz'd, and with great earnestness hastily enquir'd into the occasion of such a Scene of Astonishment. The Child *Nicola* imbrac'd his Mother, as his Cousin, and his Grand-mother, as his Benefactress; and he likewise ask'd the occasion of their Weeping. *Great and Strange Transactions I have to relate to you,* (reply'd *Traciana* to her Husband) *the ultimate of it is, I can assure you this Lady, who remains in this Ecstasy, is your Daughter, and this loving Boy, your Grand-Child: This Truth which I inform you of, was related to me by this young Lady, and the Physiognomy of this young Child confirms it; having often both of us beheld in his Countenance the Lineaments of our own Son: If you give me Intelligence of no more than this, Wife,* (reply'd

ply'd her Husband) *I do not understand your meaning.*

By this time *Almeria* had recovered her self, she lift up her Head, holding fast the Silver Table-book in her Hand, and seem'd to be like *Niobe* turn'd into a Sea of Tears, which put the Gentleman into a greater Confusion and Amazement than he was before; till *Traciana* had freed him from his Surprize, by informing him, what *Almeria* had imparted to her: So that at length he was as fully convinced as if the whole had been proved and attested by many substantial and credible Witnesses. Thereupon he comforted and imbrac'd *Almeria*, and kiss'd his Grand child *Nicetas*, and the same Day dispatch'd a Post to *Italy*, requiring the immediate Return of his Son home with all speed, intimating to him, That he had concluded a Marriage for him with one that was Rich, Fair, and Beautiful; and such a Lady as was most proper and convenient for him, and very agreeable and suitable to his Condition, Person, and Quality: Nor would they by any means permit *Almeria*, or consent that either she or her Child should return back to her Father's House, who were indeed beyond measure satisfied with the News of this good Success of their Daughter and only Child *Almeria*. They return'd very often infinite Thanks to the Divine Powers for granting them this opportunity in receiving so seasonable and happy a Redress.

Nor was it long ere the Post hasted speedily from *Naples*, and *Octavio* out of an eager, and fervent Desire to enjoy so fair a Wife, with all those Accomplishments as his Father had represented to him; within two Days after the receipt of his Father's Letters, (occasion of passage being offer'd unto him for his Return into *Spain* taking hold of that opportunity) embark'd himself, with two of his *Libertinian* Companions, who had never left him: With a prosperous Gale of Wind, in twelve Days he safely arriv'd at *Barcelona*, and from thence (furnishing himself with good Post-horses) in seven more he came to *Toledo*, and entred his Father's House in such a brave, and gallant Equipage as did Exceed many in that Country: His Parent rejoyc'd in great Measure to see him, after so long an Absence, and he was no less glad to find 'em in good Health after so long and tedious a Voyage and Journey.

Almeria,

Almeria, who kept herſelf in Obſcurity, yet from a private Window had a full view and proſpect of him, that ſhe might not trangreſs the Directions dicta-ed to her by *Traciana*; enter'd into a great Con-ſternation with her ſelf, being dubious what Effects this Buſineſs would produce. *Octavio's* Fellow-*Libertines* were very willing, and deſirous to return preſently home to their reſpective Houſes; but *Traciana* would by no means permit 'em, they being in ſome meaſure to be inſtrumental in effecting of her Deſign. The Evening was near approaching when *Octavio* arriv'd, and in the interim of time that Supper was a providing, *Traciana* watch'd an Opportunity to diſcourſe with her Son's Two Companions alone, by her ſelf: For it enter'd into her Thoughts, that theſe muſt needs be Two of thoſe Three whom *Almeria* inform'd her of, which accompanied her Son *Octavio* that Night when he carried her away; and with great and earneſt Intreaties ſhe beſought them to oblige her ſo far, and to give her that Intelligence, Whether they did not remember, That her Son on ſuch a Night, ſo many Years ſince, had carried away (by Vio-lence) ſuch a Virgin? For to be certain of the Verity of that Nights Tranſaction, ſo much concerned her, that upon it depended the Honour and Peace, not only of his Parents, but of the whole Affinity of Kindred.

This ſhe requir'd with ſo many Endearments, engaging her ſelf ſolemnly to them, that the Diſcovery of it ſhould by no ways prejudicial, but ſhould remain in her Breaſt as great a Secret, as though it never had been reveal'd. They were not a little ſurpriz'd at her Words, and ac-quainted her, That it was not cuſtomary for Aſſociates to declare each others Proceedings, or make any Diſco-very likewiſe of their Frolicks: But ſeeing ſhe was ſo ur-gent, and they ignorant of the Emergency of the Occa-ſion, they thought fit to declare what their Memory could recollect; and were it not in ſo weighty a Cauſe, as ſhe is pleas'd to expreſs her ſelf, they were liable to be eſteemed for Betrayers of Secrets.

Then they acquainted her, That what ſhe deſir'd to be inform'd of, was a certain Truth; that them Two, and another of *Octavio's* Friends, were upon the Ramble

one Night, in the Summer-time, with a Resolution to debauch some young Virgin, the next that opportunity offer'd for their purpose; and they did not know, but that it might be the same Night which she had nominated to them: At last they met with their Prize, which was a young Lady, walking to take the Pleasure of the Evening, accompanied by her Father, Mother, and Attendants: Her they assaulted, and *Octavio* took her up in his Arms, and posted away with her, whilst the other Three detained the rest of the Company, that they might not obstruct his Enterprize, nor any ways rescue her from his intended Proceedings. The next Day following *Octavio* inform'd them, that he convey'd her to his Lodging: What farther Progress he made, they were not acquainted with; neither were they so inquisitive, as to press him to any other Confession, more than what his own voluntary Inclination prompted him to. This being all which they could relate, they hoped, if it gave her Satisfaction, they had discharg'd their Duty in obedience to her Commands.

This Confession of theirs, was the Key which unlock'd the Door to all the Doubts and Scruples, which in such Cases offer themselves: And therefore she put on that Resolution to go on with the Design she had contriv'd, and to bring the Issue of it to a happy Conclusion. To effect it the better, a little before they went to Supper, *Octavio*'s Mother went apart with her Son into another Chamber, and pulling a small Picture out of her Pocket, very well drawn by a curious Artist, put it into his Hands, saying withal, "Son *Octavio*, I intend this "Night to make you very welcome, and your Friends "with a very good Supper, and to entertain you with "a very pleasant and savory Dish, and for your Diver-"sion, to propose to you a Bride. This is her true Re-"gies: But withal I must tell you, that you may con-"sider the better upon it, what Nature, by her Defects, "has been wanting to her Beauty, is superabundantly "supplied to her in Vertues and Graces. She is Noble, "Discreet, Worthy, and indifferently Rich; and since "your Father, and my self, have made choice of her for "you, I hope you will place the greater esteem on her,

"and

and not be guilty of disobedience by your Refusal; for I can assure you she is such an one, as is most proper and worthy my Recommendation.

Octavio beheld the Picture with a searching and judicious Eye; and after he had done viewing of it, "If Painter's (said he) who commonly are us'd to be prodigal of their bestowing Beauty on those Faces which they delineate, have been busy with Flattery in this Copy, I dare be confident to say, and may very well give Credit to it, that the Original must of necessity be made when Nature was in haste; and instead of Perfection, has made use of nothing but surprizing Deformity. In truth, Madam, is is but just, that Children should obey their Parents in all their lawful Commands; but withal, it is It likewise requisite and necessary, that Parents should in some measure condescend to what is most agreeable and suitable to their Childrens Dispositions: For since the Bonds of Matrimony are not to be loosed, but by each other's Departure from this Life; nor the Cord, which like the *Gordian* Knot, be untied, but by the cold Hand of Death; 'twere convenient, and much to be desired of every Person, to have wove in this Knot, where there is Nobleness, Vertue, Discretion, and Riches, to mix Beauty with it instead of Deformity, which would make a compleat Composure, and make a more pleasant Mansion for Love to seat it self. Indeed, Madam, my obedience to my Father's Commands, and yours, I can perform my Duty by my Acceptance; and should all those Gifts and Graces, which you are pleas'd to mention, meet in a happy Union; yet if the Physiognomy is not attractive, it will rather extinguish the Flame of Love, than kindle the Affections.

"For if Beauty and good Features be wanting, Matrimony will soon halt, and become lame, and contradict Love, which is its second Intention: Therefore, dear Madam, as you are my Mother, by the Decrees of Heaven, I humbly beseech and beg of you, that you would not let your Maternal Care be wanting, in granting me an Object that may create an Affection, and not smother it: For married Lives are often ac-

" companied with many Misfortunes, and Incon-
" niencies, which may usurp and disturb their Qu-
" et; and should Deformity then appear, all
" little Pleasure and Delight, which Mankind would
" joy, must immediately vanish. If this Lady be Noble
" Discreet, and Rich, she cannot want a Husband, th
" may happily be of a far more different Temper than m
" self, and more suitable to her Humour and Dispo-
" tion: For some seek after Honour, others Riches, o
" Wisdom, and some for Beauty; of which last Propo
" I am one of that Number. As for Honour, and
" ches, thanks to the Gods, my Ancestors and Pare
" have furnished me with a good Competency of th
" and it is only Beauty that can compleat my Felic
" One of a good Aspect, brown Complexion, and w
" featur'd; and one on whom Nature has bestow'd so
" Pains and Care in the Task she undertook: Such
" one (Madam) I could freelier enjoy, without Hon
" or Wealth, than espouse those two chief Idols which th
" World adores, than to let Beauty and an entire Affe
" tion be wanting.

His Mother was very well satisfied with his ea
Motives, and strong convincing Arguments, which
deed carried on her Designs the better; and told hi
since he was so much averse to the Match she had pro
fed, she would endeavour to procure such a Marriage
him; as should be answerable to his Desire; and desi
that what she had said might not prove a Torment t
him; it being so easy to find out a Remedy, and
annul the former Contract and Agreement. *Octa*
rendred her many Thanks for her Care, and the Hour
Supper being come, they immediately prepar'd to
down; at what time the Father and Mother, *Octa*
and his Two Friends, being already set at the Table; *D*
ciana, after a careless Manner, as if her Memory
Fail'd her, " Bless me! (quoth she) sure my mind is
" toxicated, to place my self before all my Guest
" seated; and one of my own Sex wanting, to wh
" ought to be more obliging! Go immediately, and
" fire *Almeria* to come and honour my Table,
" lay aside all Excuses; for here are none but Fri
" wi

with me. Thus far was her Designs carried on, and *Almeria* had received before of her Instructions; a little ce after, *Almeria*, with her Son in her Hand, entred e Room, presenting on a suddain in her Person, all e Splendor and Beauty that either Art or Nature could ntribute. She was very Rich attir'd, adorn'd with Pearls d Diamonds; on her Head a Coron of Ribbands, Tufts Feathers intermixed with Rubies, and other precious nes, which were interwoven with them. They cast great a Lustre, that she dazzl'd the Eyes of all that eld her.

Almeria was of a facetious Disposition, an affable mper, and of a quick and lively Apprehension: Two l-Servants led the way, with two Wax-Tapers in Sil- candlesticks; when they beheld so rare a Master- ce of Nature, the more they look'd the more they e astonished, and all rose up to pay their Obedience, if she had been some Deity sent from above. *Almeria*, h a pleasant Deportment, and a serene Carriage, grace- y saluted with Modesty the whole Company; and *iana*, taking her by the Hand, placed her by her; Youth *Nicola* was seated by his Grand-father. *Octa-* was strangely surpriz'd at her transcendent Beauty, he was even charm'd into a kind of Rapture; which e admittance to *Almeria*' Perfections to take Posses- of his Soul: He often contemplated with himself, t had that been a fair Copy, which his Mother shew'd , of so blest an Original as *Almeria* produc'd, he had the most happy Man in the World. Nor did *Alme-*'s Eyes less discover her Passion than *Octavio*'s; her e was so inflam'd with Love's powerful Darts, per- ving him so near who had conquer'd her Affections, she was even ravished at his Presence. Sometimes would recall to mind what had formerly passed be- ween her and *Octavio*, and then those Hopes began to ish which his Mother had given her of his being her and; being timorous, that the narrowness of her une would not be efficient to his Mother's Promises. ponderously consider'd with herself, how near she of being happy or unhappy for ever. And so Intense this Consideration, and such the Violence and Strength

of her Conceptions and Imaginations, that it infus'd such Perturbations upon her Heart, and on all her vital Spirits, that she began to change her Complexion, and to look pale and wan in an Instant, and presently fainted away; and in this Trance she fell into *Traciana's* Arms.

Upon this, they all rose from the Table, being so surpriz'd and astonish'd with this so suddain Passion. They immediately addres's'd themselves to procure Means for her Recovery out of this languishing Condition: But he who gave most Demonstrations of his Grief, was *Octavio*; who, being in so extraordinary a Passion himself, for meer haste receiv'd two Falls upon the Ground. But neither the cutting her Laces of her Gown, nor sprinkling Water in her Face, avail'd any Thing to bring her agaen to her Senses; but the Rising and Palpitation of her Breast, and the faint Beating of her Pulse, discovered great Symptoms of her approaching Death. So that all were in so great a Consternation, and overwhelm'd with Grief, that they were even fit for nothing but to entertain Despair. The Servants of the House more passionate than Prudent, made loud and doleful Out-cries, That Death had seiz'd her, and that she was a dead Woman. They were altogether in so much Disorder and Amazement, that they knew not what Methods to take, or Remedies to apply. *Octavio* rag'd and storm'd like one that was Luuatick, till his Mother *Traciana* endeavour'd to chear up his Spirits, by telling him (what indeed she was not certain of) there was Hopes of Life.

This sorrowful News, attended with such woful Lamentations, arriv'd, and soon gave the Alarm to the Ears of *Almeria's* Parents; whom, for a more pleasing occasional Scene, *Traciana* had kept close and secret, till she found a fit Opportunity to make publick this her private Design. Now without Orders being given them by *Traciana*, *Almeria's* Parents hastily rush'd into the Room where they were; but whereas they imagin'd to have found but one in a Swoon, contrary to their Expectation, they perceived two. For *Octavio* was become a Sympathizer in the same Condition with *Almeria*; his

Face

Face leaning on *Almeria*'s Breast, with a Countenance equalizing Death it self. His Mother not presently perceiving his Complexion, as she did the Posture he was in, permitted him that Liberty, and was very willing he should be so near her, she being the just and only proper Object of his Love; but when she beheld her Son was likewise Motionless, and lay prostrate for Dead, she was in a manner bereaved of her Senses, and had been overcome with Passion, had she not immediately perceived him Breath: *Octavio* having recovered himself, was not much out of Countenance for having been seen in such an Ecstasy, since it proceeded from a suddain Passion, as commonly the Effects of Love produce.

But his Mother, as one that prophetically knew her Son's Thoughts, address'd her self to him after this manner; *Dear Octavio,* (said she) *ne'er let these Transports trouble thee, for they are Natural, and it is usual for Lovers to be inclin'd to them. I am sorry I have conceal'd that from thee so long, but it was only out of a Design of a better Opportunity: My Intention is now to put thee out of all Suspence, and to declare to you the true purport of this Affair. You must know, dear Octavio, that this young Lady which lies there intranced, your Father and my self have made choice of for your Wife; and that Picture, which I shewed you, was only a Counterfeit: I hope you will have no Cause to repent of this our Care, but thank Heaven, and us, for so happy a Union.*

Octavio, at his Mother's Words, was transported with his Amorous Passion, and inflamed Desire; and the Name of Husband remov'd all those Obstacles, which the Respect and Decency of the Place seem'd to oppose to his Affection: He instantly ran to *Almeria*, and laying his Face close to hers, remain'd as one expecting his Soul should breath its last, and either to bring hers back again, or leave his with hers for ever.

But at length, when all their Expectations were almost at a Period, and that their Cries and Lamentations had almost wearied Grief it self, *Almeria* came again to herself; and with her returning to Life, return'd that pleasing Joy and Content, which for a time had absented

it self from the Hearts of those that were about her. Opening her Eyes, she found herself fast in *Octavio's* Embraces, from whence, by a modest Force, she sought to unloose her self: But he, unwilling to let her go, told her, It was not requisite she should depart his Arms, who held her already so fast in his Soul. With which kind Words, *Almeria* perfectly recovering her Strength, *Traciana* order'd the Priest forthwith to make an end of the Matrimonial Ceremony.

Which being now fully concluded, I leave it to some choicer Pen to sum up the general Rejoicing of all that were present: The Embraces and Congratulation which *Almeria's* Parents gave *Octavio*; the Thanks which they return'd Heaven, and to his Parents; the Admiration and Wonder of *Octavio's* Friends and Companions, who so unexpectedly were Eye-witnesses the same Night of their Arrival, of beholding so fair a Match concluded; and their greater Wonder, when they knew by *Traciana's* Discourse, that *Almeria* was the Virgin, which her Son had violently carried away that Night, when they were in his Company.

Octavio, not being willing to remain in Suspence, but for his better Certification, he intreated *Almeria*, That she would acquaint him with some Proceedings, whereby he might render himself the more capable of an Acknowledgment of his Crime; since he was no ways dubious of the Verity of it, because his Parents had so well approved of his Choice. Whereupon *Almeria* reply'd, "When "I return'd, Sir, out of that fainting Fit I was in, I "found my self in your Arms, bereav'd of my Honour; "but I think it now well bestow'd, since in this my lat-"ter Recovery I find my self in the same Arms I did "then, but with much more Honour and Reputation: "And if this signal Token be not proof sufficient, let the "Table-Book be an Evidence, which none could take "from you but my self, which you could not chuse but "miss next Morning; and if that be the very same which "your Mother has now in her Custody, you are the "Image of my Soul, which I highly Esteem and Adore; "and you shall ever remain still neerest and dearest to "me, as long as Heaven shall permit us to live toge-"ther.

ther. Then embracing her anew, iterating their Kisses over and over, they saluted all the Company there with them; they having now a little respite of time, *Octavio's* Father enquir'd of him concerning his Travels, how he had improv'd his Time, and what Diversion he had met withal.

Whereupon *Octavio* reply'd, He was very well received, and met with very facetious Company; and that in the return of his Journey, they were much diverted with pleasant Stories. Supper not being yet ready, *Octavio* desir'd his Friend *Gregorius* to furnish the Company with one of them. *Gregorius* willing to oblige them, told them, Any Service they were pleas'd to command him, he was very ready to obey; whereupon he began:

There was a Gentleman in *Italy*, (whose Name I shall conceal, and name *Gallipus*) who afterwards for rare Endowments was preferred to Honour, and was highly esteemed by most Persons; he was often invited to Banquets where several Ladies met. One Day, being in a Mask, he led in the Dance one of the most Brave and Beautiful Ladies that was in that City. When the Musick ceased, he always entertain'd her with a Discourse of Love, which was his chief Delight, but she would return him no Answer: But oftentimes to interrupt his Discourse, and to give a stop to his Desires, she would assure him, That she neither did, nor ever would love any but her Husband; and would by no means seem to Countenance him. At this Answer, the refused Gentleman would not desist, but vigorously prosecuted his Suit for some time.

But for all his Endeavours, he found her stedfast in her Resolutions, neither to love him, or any else; which he could hardly believe, seeing the hard Favour, and course Deportment of her Husband, and the excellent Beauty of herself: He determin'd therefore with himself, since she used Dissimulation, to practice the same Art himself, and from that Hour did forbear his Courtship, and so narrowly enquir'd after her Conversation, That he found at last she lov'd a Gentleman in the same City, who was Young, Handsom, and well Educated.

Gallipus,

Gallipus, by Degrees, acquainted himself with this Gentleman, with such Cunning and Sweetness, that he mistrusted not in the least the Occasion; and the Gentleman loved him so entirely, That next to his Mistress, who was this Lady, there was none in the World that he tendred more affectionately. *Gallipus*, to pluck his Secret from his Heart, did counterfeit to tell him all his own, and and amongst other Affairs acquainted him, That he loved such a Lady, when indeed he scarce ever thought of her, and desired him to keep it private, as he was not dubious at all of it, by reason he plac'd in him so great a Confidence. The poor Gentleman, to shew him a Reciprocal Love, did declare unto him very often the Affection which he had for that Lady, on whose disdain *Gallipus* would revenge himself: Once a Day they met together, to acquaint one another with the Fortunes which on that Day they incountred; which the Gentleman did in Reality, and the other in Dissimulation.

The Gentleman confess'd to him, That he had loved this Lady Three Years, without receiving any Thing but good Words from her, and an Assurance to be beloved. *Gallipus* did counsel and instruct him in all the Ways that possibly he could, by which he might arrive to the Fruition of his Desires; which the Gentleman found so effectual, that in a few Days she consented to all he desir'd, and there remain'd nothing but to find out the Opportunity, which by the means of *Gallipus* was brought about. One Day, a little before Supper, the Gentleman said to him, *I am more obliged to you, than to all the Gentlemen in the World; for by your good Directions, I hope to enjoy that this Night which so many Years I have desired. Pray, Sir,* (said *Gallipus*) *acquaint me with the Manner of your Enterprize, to see if there be any Deceit or Danger in it, that I may assist and serve you, according to the Obligations of our Friendship.*

Whereupon the Gentleman did particularly relate to him, That the Lady had got the Opportunity to have the great Gate of her House left open, in pretence of an Infirmity which one of her Brothers had; by reason whereof, every Hour in the Night they must send into the City, to help him to some Remedy in his Necessity: She informed

form'd him, That he might safely come into the Court, but advised him to have a Care how he went up the Stairs, and that he might more safely pass another way, and on less Stairs, which were on the Right-hand; and that being come into the first Gallery, where were the Chambers of her Father-in-Law, and her Brother-in-Law, he should come to the third Chamber, next the little Stairs, and (knocking at the Door gently) if he should find it to be locked, that then he should be gone; for he might assure himself her Husband was come home: But if he found the Door open, that he should softly come in, and lock the Door fast, being confident that there was none in the Chamber but herself; and above all Things, that he should not forget to come to her with Shoes made of Felt, for fear of making a Noise; and withal, that he should have a great Care that he came not till Two of the Clock after Midnight; because her Brothers-in-Law, who were much given to play, did seldom go to Bed till after One.

The Gods protect thee, and guard thee from all Inconveniences, (said *Gallipus*) *and if my Company may do you any Service, it shall not be wanting.* The Gentleman thank'd him very heartily, and told him, That in such an Affair he could not be too secure, and that he would go to prepare himself. But *Gallipus* would not hear of that Ear; and seeing it was the only time to revenge himself on that cruel Lady, he retir'd to his own Lodging betimes, and had his Beard cut, after the same Size of the Gentleman's, and his Hair cut after the same Fashion, that by her feeling she might not find any Difference. He remembred likewise the Shoes of Felt, and did put on such Cloaths as the Gentleman was accustomed to wear, when he appear'd most Gallant; and because he was very well beloved by the Father-in-Law of the Lady, he fear'd not to go thither before the appointed Hour; conceiving with himself, that if he was perceiv'd, he would go directly to his Chamber, with whom he had some Business.

About Twelve of the Clock he entred the House, where he found many Servants, and some others coming and going, amongst whom he passed without being known, and

and came into the Gallery. And thrusting against the two first Doors, he found them shut, but the third not; having softly knock'd at it, he went in, and having lock'd the Door, he found all the Chamber hung in White, and a Bed of Needle-work excellently well wrought, all in White, that it was impossible to have it better, and the Lady alone within it, having on very rich Linnen, Point of *Venice*, and Jewels, which he perceiv'd through a Corner of the Curtain, being not as yet seen by her; for there was burning in the Chamber a great Candle of white Wax, which made the Chamber as bright as Day: And for fear he should be known by her, he first of all put out the Light which was burning in the Chamber, afterwards he put off his Cloths, and came into the Bed to her, who thinking it was he whom so long she lov'd, did receive him with all the love that possible she could.

But he, who knew well enough that it was in the Name of another, did not speak one Word, and thought on nothing but throughly to put his Revenge in Execution, which was to deprive her of her Honour and Chastity against her Consent; but the Lady was so well taken with that Revenge, that she thought she had recompensed him for his long Sufferings. The Clock had now struck One, which was the time to bid her farewel; and speaking to her as softly as he could, he asked her, If she were as well pleased with him as he was with her? She, thinking that it was her Friend, made answer, That she was not only pleased, but also marvelled at the Greatness of his Love, which had held him a whole Hour without speaking to her. At that he began to laugh out-right; and said to her, *Now, Madam, will you refuse me another time, as you have been accustomed to do, until this present?* She knowing him too late, both by his Laughter and his Voice, was struck into an Amazement with the Shame she had brought upon her self; and call'd him a Thousand times wicked Traytor and Impostor, and would have thrown her self out of the Bed, to have sought for a Knife to have kill'd her self, because she was so unfortunate to have lost her Honour, with one whom she lov'd not; and who, to be

reven-

revenged of her, might divulge her Shame throughout the World.

But he held her in his Arms, and by ſweet Words did aſſure her, That he lov'd her with a far greater Paſſion than the Gentleman whom ſhe lov'd; and that he would conceal that which touch'd her Honour, that ſhe ſhould never receive the leaſt Diſcredit: Which the poor Lady believ'd; and underſtanding the Invention which he contriv'd to obtain her, and the Difficulties he went through to accompliſh it, ſhe did proteſt to him, That ſhe did love him better than the other, who knew not how to conceal a Secret. But ſhe did heartily intreat him, that for a time he would forbear to appear at any Feaſt, or Meeting where ſhe was, unleſs it were a Mask only: For ſhe knew well enough, that ſhe ſhould have ſo many Bluſhes in her Cheeks, that her Countenance would declare it to all the World: This he promiſed her to perform, and alſo intreated her, That when his Friend ſhould come about Two Hours hence, that ſhe would make him welcome, and by degrees withdraw herſelf from him; of which ſhe made a great Difficulty, but becauſe it was his Deſire, ſhe at laſt conſented to it; and taking his Farewel of her, he did leave her ſo ſatisfied, that ſhe could have been well contented to have had him to have ſtay'd longer.

After that he had roſe, and dreſs'd himſelf, he made haſte out of the Chamber, and left the Door half ſhut, and half open, as he found it; and becauſe it was almoſt Two of the Clock after Midnight, he entertain'd a Fear that he ſhould find the Gentleman in the way: He retir'd himſelf a little into a private Corner, on the top of the Stairs, where not long afterwards he obſerv'd the Gentleman to paſs by, and to enter into the Lady's Chamber: Whereupon he himſelf repair'd directly to his own Lodging, to take ſome repoſe after his Night's Travels, which he accordingly did, and roſe not till Nine of the Clock, at what time the Gentleman came to him; who never fail'd to give him an Account of his Proceedings, which was not now ſo good as he hop'd it would have proved: For he told him, that when he came into the Lady's Chamber, contrary to his Expecta-

tion,

tion, he found her out of Bed, and in her Night-Gown, having a great Fever upon her; her Pulse beating very violently, her Face all on Fire, and a great Sweat running down her Cheeks; wherefore she did immediately intreat him to return from whence he came, for fear she should be inforced to call unto her Maids to come to her Assistance, so violent was her Distemper; insomuch that she said, that she had more need to think of Death than Love, and to discourse rather of Heaven than of Cupid.

However, she was very sorry for the Hazard into which he had put himself for the Love of her; because she had no Power to make him in this World any Requital for his true Love, being ready to be gone into another: At this, he was so sad and so astonished, that his Fire and his Joy were converted into Ice and Sorrow, and so immediately he departed. In the Morning, on the Break of Day, he sent to be more surely inform'd of her Health, and found for certain, that she was in an extreme Indisposition; and multiplying his Complaints for her, he wept so abundantly, that it seem'd as if his Soul was coming out with his Tears. *Gallipus*, who had as great a desire to laugh, as the other had to weep, did comfort him the best that possibly he could; and told him, That Things of a long Continuance did always meet with an untoward beginning, and that Love did a little draw back, but to come on with the greater force, and to make the Delight more grateful; and upon these Words they departed. The Lady for a certain time kept her Bed, and upon the Recovery of her Health, bid adieu to her first Servant, and grounded it on the fear she had of Death, and the remorse of her Conscience, and continu'd her Familiarities with *Gallipus*; the Continuation of whose Love, (according to the old Custom) was as the Beauty of Flowers in the Fields.

Gregorius having ended his Story, Supper not being yet ready, he inform'd the Company that he had one more, if it would not tire their Patience, which was transacted when he was upon his Travels into *France*; the Company desiring much to hear it, intreated him very earnestly to relate it; whereupon he began as followes:

In

In the Port of *Cauloon*, hard by *Niort*, there was a Ferry-man's Wife indifferently handſome, who Night and Day did nothing but Ferry over Paſſengers: It fell out that Two Students of *Niort* paſſ'd the River with her alone; and becauſe it is one of the longeſt Paſſages in all *France*, (to keep themſelves in Action) they courted the Woman in the way of Love: She return'd them a very good Anſwer, though not ſuitable to their Queſtion; but they who were not tired with the Journey they had taken to the River-ſide, nor could by any Diſcourſe of the Water, nor aſham'd at the Denial of the Woman, both reſolv'd to take her by force, and if ſhe offer'd to cry out, they threatn'd to throw her into the River. The Woman being as Wiſe and Cunning, as they were Fooliſh and Malicious, ſaid to 'em, *Gentlemen, I would not have you to think me ſo hard-hearted as I have expreſſed my ſelf; all I deſire of you is, only to grant me Two Things, and you ſhall then underſtand that I have a greater deſire to obey you than you have to entreat me.* The Students ſwore ſolemnly to her, that ſhe ſhould not ask that Thing of em, which they would not grant, provided ſhe would perform what they ſo much deſir'd.

Whereupon, ſhe told 'em in the firſt Place, That ſhe requir'd both of 'em to promiſe and ſwear, not to declare to any Perſon in the World, the Kindneſs they ſhould receive from her; to which they both very willingly conſented. Secondly, (ſaid ſhe) I require that but one at a Time ſhall careſs with me: For I am not a Woman of that Impudence to have any Witneſs that may behold my Frolicks; therefore make your reſult which of you will ingage firſt: They found this Requeſt very juſt and reaſonable; and the Youngeſt of 'em gave conſent to the Senior the Privilege of exerciſing firſt; ſo drawing near to a ſmall Iſland, ſhe ſaid to the Youngeſt, *Stay here, and have a little Patience, until I have carried your Friend into yonder Iſland; if at his return he recommends me to you, we will leave him here, and then you and I will go together.*

Whereupon the Youngeſt of the Students leap'd into the Iſland, where he attended the return of his Compa-

nion,

noon, whom the Ferry-woman was rowing to another Island. When she came to it, she made a Pretence to fasten her Boat, lest the Stream should drive it away: Then she apply'd herself to him, and said, *Sir, pray find out the privatest Place you possible can*; whereupon the Senior Student entred upon the Island, to find out some convenient Corner fit for their Purpose: As soon as she saw him Landed, with one of her Feet against a Tree, she thrust back the Boat, which presently return'd into the River, and left both the Students in the Two Desarts; and then cry'd out, as loud as she could to them, *Sirs, pray wait there till I come to you, which I don't intend shall be this Day, nor the next Week.* The Two poor distressed Students, finding the Deceit, fell both on their Knees upon the Banks of the River, begging and intreating her, not to put them to that open Disgrace; and assured her, That if she would take 'em again into her Boat, and waft them to the Place where they intended to Land, they would use no farther Importunity with her.

But she minded her Rowing, and cry'd out, *Who'll be the Fool then! I am glad I have escaped a Scowrrig, and got so well rid of you*: So, returning to the Village, she call'd her Husband, and many others, to behold this Comical Scene, who attended her with a numerous Train, that neither little nor great would stay behind, but would all be Participators of this Sight. The poor Students beholding so great a Company coming, went and hid themselves; but they were soon found out, after some diligent Search, and were forc'd to receive the Scoffs of the Multitude. Every one had their Saying, especially the Water-man; who jeeringly said to 'em, *What! did you want a fresh bit, Neighbour? Indeed I don't like you should have such an extraordinary Kindness for my Bed-fellow; but I'll pass it by this time, provided you won't do so no more.* The poor Students could not tell what to do or say, they were so out of Countenance at their Scoffs and Scorns; but they at last happen'd upon another Ferry-boat, and so made their Escape from the Multitude: At last these Transactions reach'd their Governour's Ears, who

who ſeverely reprov'd 'em for it; but ever afterwards they were free from thoſe Abſurdities.

Having ended his Story, Supper immediately came in, and the Muſicians were come, who were before-hand provided for this purpoſe. *Octavio* beheld himſelf in the Mirror of his Son's Countenance; the Kindred, on both Sides, wept for Joy; nor was there any Corner in all the whole Houſe which was not viſited with Rejoicing. And although time flew away with its nimble Wings, yet it ſeem'd to *Octavio* not to fly, but to walk with Crutches; ſo earneſt was his Deſire to be imbrac'd in the Arms of his dear *Almeria*. At laſt came that ſo much expected Hour; they all of them went to Bed to take their reſt, and the whole Houſe remain'd buried in Silence.

THE Virgin Captive.

A Novel.

AT what time the Queen of the Northern Island won, and ransack'd the City of *Cadiz*, *Prospero*, Admiral of one of her Squadrons of Ships, upon his return home, carried along with him to *Mundolin*, the chief City of the Northern Isle, a young Virgin about Seven Years of Age, contrary to the Knowledge of the General; who contenting himself with the Spoil of their Goods, left the Inhabitants free in their Persons: And therefore upon the Complaint of her Parents, he commanded diligent Search to be made for the Child, to the end she might be restor'd to her Father and Mother. It seems she was one of the most lovely Children in all *Cadiz*, and therefore notwithstanding all the General's Proclamation's and Threats; *Prospero* had her kept close, and would by no means obey the General's Command.

In short, her Parents were forced to sit down by the Loss, afflicted and disconsolate; and *Prospero* went away not a little satisfied with his Prize: Being arriv'd at *Mundolin*

Mandolin, he presented the Fair young Virgin, as a rich Jewel to his Wife; but as her kind Stars did direct her, all they of *Prospero*'s Houshold were Christians, though indeed outwardly they seem'd to profess the Religion of the Country.

This *Prospero* at the same time had a Son call'd *Philocles*, about twelve Years of Age, well Educated by his Parents; and *Sabina*, the Wife of *Prospero*, a Noble, and Prudent Lady, had such a great Love, and Affection for *Aurelia*, that had she been her own Daughter, she could not have been more careful of her Breeding; and the Child was so well Endow'd with Natural Abilities, that she easily apprehended, and learn'd, whatever they taught her. So that what with time, and the kind usage she receiv'd, she at length forgot the Caresses of her true Parents.

She handled her Needle to Perfection, that few excell'd her and play'd to a Miracle upon all those Instruments of Musick, which became the Decency of her Sex. All these acquir'd Graces, besides those that were natural to her, by degrees kindled the flames of Love in *Philocles*'s Heart; to whom, as being her Master's Son, she carried her self with all fair respect, and Modesty.

At first, Love prompted him on, with only a kind of liking, and Complacency, in beholding the matchless Beauty of *Aurelia*, and Contemplating upon her infinite Vertues, wherewith she was adorn'd; and then, within the Bounds of Modesty, he only lov'd her as a Sister: But when *Aurelia* began to grow towards Woman's Estate, his former Affection, and Pleasantness, chang'd themselves into most Ardent Desires, yet Vertuous, and Honourable. All Expectations else were in vain from the Vertuous *Aurelia*, nor would the nobleness of his own Quality, nor the high esteem he had for so much Vertue, give place to any other Cogitations.

Many times he determin'd with himself to discover to his Parents, the Affection he had for her, and then as oft did he retract his Determination; being assured they had design'd him for a higher Fortune; and therefore being much perplex'd, and pensive, is Ignorant what course to steer: To attain the end of his happy Wishes, he led such a

Melancholy kind of Life, as had almoſt brought him to the point of loſing it.

All the whole Family was very much troubled for *Philocles's* Sickneſs, but his Father and Mother more eſpecially; conſidering he was their only Child, and had acquired to himſelf thoſe great Perfections that all Perſons did admire him. All this time the Phyſicians upon their reſult could give no report of his Diſeaſe, and he being timerous would not diſcover his Malady: But in the end being fully reſolv'd to break through theſe Difficulties, one Day among the reſt, that *Aurelia* gave her attendance to him, ſeeing her alone, with a low Voice, but fainting utterance, he expreſs'd himſelf:

Fair Aurelia, *thy great Vertue, and excelling Beauty, not to be parallel'd by any, has reduc'd me to to this Extremity, wherein I languiſh: And therefore, ſince my Life is in thy Power, oblige me ſo far as to preſerve it by complying with my Vertuous Deſires, and to receive me into thy Chaſte Embraces: My Deſigns are truly Noble, and of no other ends, but what portend to Conjugality; but conceal this from my Parents, leaſt they deny me that Happineſs which ſo much concerns me. Speak, dear* Aurelia, *am I that happy Object that may ſeem worthy of thy Love, and be entertain'd thy affectionate Admirer? And tho' I ſhould never arrive to that Felicity of enjoyment, yet at the leaſt approve of this my Paſſion, ſince my Life depends upon it; for aſſure your ſelf, dear* Aurelia, *never Breaſt did entertain a purer Flame than mine, or Lover prove more conſtant.*

To this, with a modeſt and ſober look, *Sir* (ſaid *Aurelia*) *ſince the rigour or clemency of Heaven, has depriv'd me of my Parents, and wholly diſpos'd of me unto yours, I have put on that reſolution, that I will ever obey their Will and Pleaſure; ſo that the ineſtimable Favour, which you are ſo much willing to conferr upon me, without their approbation, will rather prove my Miſery than happy Fortune. If in reality you have given me ſo large an Empire over you, and if they, being made acquainted with it, ſhall deem me worthy to deſerve you, I ſhall wholly reſign that Will and Conſent which they ſhall impower me: In the mean time your depen-*

dance-

dance may ſo far rely upon this, I ſhall remain yours, in wiſhing you all the happineſs which Heaven can give you.

Thus theſe two modeſt Lovers took their leaves, he with Tears and ſhe with Admiration; ſhe being aſtoniſh'd, to ſee that *Philocles* ſhould ſurrender up his Affections to hers. Being now raiſed from his Bed, (to his Parents ſeeming by a Miracle) he was reſolv'd now no longer to conceal his Thoughts, and therefore one day he diſcover'd them to his Mother, acquainting her in the end of his Diſcourſe, that to deny him *Aurelia*, and to give him his Death's wound, would prove alike in the Experiment: His Mother was not Ignorant of *Aurelia*'s Vertues, and well perceiving the reality of her Son's Affection, put him firſt in hopes, and then repeating to her Husband, all the particulars of her Son's Deſires and Intentions, eaſily mov'd him to give way to what *Philocles* ſo earneſtly requir'd, to put off the other Match, which was in a manner already concluded.

At that time was *Aurelia* Fourteen years of Age, and *Philocles* Twenty. They were indeed the Miracle of their Age, being endued with ſo much Prudence and Diſcretion; and now there were but four Days wanting to come before the Nuptials were to be Celebrated; his Parents eſteeming more the Dowry of *Aurelia*'s Vertues, than the vaſt Wealth which was offer'd with the other Match.

The Wedding-Cloths were already prepar'd, their Kindred and Friends invited; ſo that there was nothing wanting, but the Queen's Conſent, which among thoſe of Noble Blood, is requiſite to make the Nuptials effectual.

But when all things were brought to this Fortunate Period, one Evening gave diſturbance to all this their Joy. A Servant of the Queens brought a Meſſage to *Proſpero*, with an expreſs Command from her Majeſty, that the next Morning he ſhould bring to Court his Virgin Captive. *Proſpero* being ſurpriz'd at the news, made no delay, but diſpatch'd the Meſſenger with an Anſwer, that her Majeſties Will and Pleaſure ſhould moſt willingly be obey-

After the Meſſenger's departure, the whole Houſe was in great diſorder of Paſſion, at this unexpected news;

which was the over-casting of their Joy, they hop'd was so near. The Lady *Sabina* express'd her fear, least it should come to the Queen's knowledge, that they were Christians, and had bred her up to the same Profession: But arguing backwards and forwards, they did at last conjecture, that they did believe, that if the Queen had known, that they were Christians, she would not have sent them so mild a Message; from whence they might infer, that she was only desirous to see *Aurelia*, whose unequal Beauty and Vertues had come to her Ears, and those of the Court. But *Prospero* was fearful he had offended the Queen, by reason he had not presented his Prisoner to her Majesty, before she sent for her; yet that Offence they intended to excuse by declaring, that from the very moment he took possession of her, she was design'd for his Son *Philocles*. But in this too, they likewise found themselves amiss, for contracting such a Match without her Majesty's leave and approbation: However well understanding the utmost punishment of such an Error, *Prospero* and *Sabina* agreed amongst themselves, that *Aurelia* should go to Court in that Equipage equivalent to their Son's Quality.

Being thus resolv'd, the next day they invested *Aurelia* very rich after the *Spanish* Mode, in a Garment of Green Sattin cut upon Cloth of Gold, embroider'd with Essex of Pearls; round her Neck a Neck-lace of Orient Pearls; her Head adorn'd with a Lustre of Diamonds and other precious Stones; being compleatly dress'd to attract her Beholders: This being done, in a fair Caroach he conducted her to Court, and so into the Presence-chamber where the Queen was. *Aurelia* being entred the Room; but; oh Gods! with so much Majesty and Humility together, that it was admir'd how two such distant Graces could meet in one Subject: Her Eyes had antipathy to the Liberties of our Sex, destroying all those that beheld them; her shape and motion had peculiar Charms, and she had a certain Air, and Vivacity in her Countenance, that might assure all her Beholders, That her Wit was not inferiour to her Beauty, and might with great ease be perceiv'd, that time which is the ruin of all other Faces, would but improve hers; she

ſhe being not then above Fourteen years old. She advanc'd towards the Chair of State, and with a graceful Humility falling on her Knees before the Queen, beſought her Majeſty, that ſhe might obtain the Honour of kiſſing her Royal Hand.

The Queen continu'd looking upon her a good while, not expecting ſo great a Proſpect to entertain her Sight, (as afterwards ſhe told one of her moſt Familiar Ladies) that ſhe beheld ſome new Miracle of Beauty, that ſhe had never ſeen in all her Court before, neither can be paralel'd: Some of the Ladies envy'd her Beauty, ſome admir'd her, but all confeſs'd her the Compleateſt Piece of Nature's Workmanſhip, that ever they beheld.

After ſome time, the Queen commanded *Aurelia* to riſe, and turning towards *Proſpero*, ſaid to him, Proſpero, *you have done us wrong, to keep ſo Rich a Treaſure ſo long conceal'd from us; but that I cannot blame your Covetouſneſs in this particular: However you are bound to reſtore it us, for by right it is ours, and properly belongs to us.*

Madam, (reply'd *Proſpero*, with a great ſubmiſſion) *what your Majeſty has now Commanded, I am bound in Duty to obey; I confeſs my Offence, if it be one to have concealed this Treaſure, that I might preſerve it in that Perfection, as was fitting to appear in your Majeſty's Preſence; I muſt humbly confeſs, I thought to have much improv'd it, by craving your Majeſty's leave in granting a Contract between* Philocles *and* Aurelia, *and ſo to have preſented to your Majeſty, at once, in theſe two, all that I am able to bequeath you in this World.*

Her very Name gives us good content, (reply'd the Queen) *there could nothing have taken off from that Perfection which is in her, but the want of that very name. But why! without our leave* Proſpero, *have you propos'd the Marriage of your Son? May it pleaſe your Majeſty*, (anſwer'd *Proſpero*) *I cannot deny but that I have made a Contract, but it was upon the Confidence that the many and noble Services which my ſelf and my Anceſtors have done this Crown, might obtain of your Majeſty other more difficult Favours; and the rather for*

that my Son is not yet Married to her: Neither shall he (said the Queen) *marry* Aurelia, *till he in his own proper Person shall deserve her; our meaning is, that neither your own, or your Ancestors Services shall any way excuse him in this particular; but that he in his own Person shall merit for himself, and acquire by his own Valour, this sweet Pledge, whom we esteem, as if she were our own Daughter.*

Aurelia had scarce heard this last Word delivered, when humbling herself on her Knees before the Queen; *Madam,* (said she) *since your Majesty has been pleas'd to Honour me with the name of Daughter; upon so great a Favour, what ill Fate can attend me? Or what good Fortune may I not hope to find, since your Majesty has received me under your gracious protection?*

Now whatever *Aurelia* utter'd, came from her so graceefully, and so winningly, that the Queen was extremely affected with her; and commanded that she should remain at Court in her Service; recommending her to the care of one of the chiefest Ladies of her Bedchamber. The Enamour'd *Philocles* fearing to be bereft of what he lov'd more passionately than his Life, was almost overcome with grief; but recollecting himself, and falling upon his Knees before the Queen, *Madam,* (said he) *to incite me to serve your Majesty, there needs no other reward than that which always attends on Loyalty: And therefore since it is your Majesty's Royal Will and Pleasure, that I should serve you more particularly, I most humbly beg that I may know in what capacity I may tender my Obedience to your Commands.*

The Queen answer'd, That she was then putting out to Sea Four Ships of her Navy Royal, of which she intended to make the Baron of *Lansac* Admiral, and him Vice-Admiral; assuring her self, that the Noble Blood which ran in his Veins, would supply the defects of his years. She bid him consider the Favour which she did him in giving him an opportunity to serve her, for which he should receive the greatest reward his Heart could wish or desire; and then told him, that she herself would be *Aurelia's* Guard, till his return.

Philocles

Philocles kiſſ'd the Queen's Hand; and having returned her his moſt humble thanks, for the Favour ſhe had done him, preſently went from her to *Aurelia*, to whom he would fain have ſpoke, but could not; for Love and Grief had ſo tyed up his Tongue, that had his Life depended on it, he could not utter one Word. However the Tears ſtood in his Eyes, and were ſo brim full, that they began to run over, which he endeavour'd to conceal as much as in him lay; but could not hide them from the Queen's obſervance, who thereupon took an occaſion, and ſaid to him;

Think it no contemptible ſight, Philocles, *to weep, nor value your ſelf the leſs, for having given at this your farewell ſuch tender demonſtrations of your Affections; for there is difference, betwixt encountring with the Enemy, and taking your leave as a paſſionate Lover: Then proceeding*, Aurelia, (ſaid ſhe) *embrace your* Philocles, *and give him your beſt wiſhes, for his generous Kindneſs well deſerves them.*

Aurelia, who ſtood amaz'd and aſtoniſh'd, to ſee *Philocles's* tender Affection, and with what reality he griev'd for her ſake, whom ſhe lov'd as dearly as her ſelf; minded not what the Queen had commanded her, but melted into Tears, and ſtood as motionleſs as if ſhe had been a meer Statue. Which wonderful mutual Affection of theſe two, did not a little move the Compaſſion of the Beholders; and ſo *Philocles* without ſpeaking a Word to *Aurelia*, or ſhe to him, they turn'd away one from the other, and ſo *Proſpero* and his Friends, having made their obeyſance to the Queen, departed her Preſence, variouſly diſtracted in their Thoughts and Imaginations.

Thus *Aurelia* now remain'd at Court, and within two Days after, *Philocles* put forth to Sea, reſolv'd to do ſome extraordinary piece of Service, to win him the Title of *Aurelia's* Deſerver. Six days this Navy Sail'd with a proſperous Gale of Wind, ſhaping their courſe for the *Tercera* Iſland; a place where never are wanting, either Ships of *Portugal*, from the *Eaſt-Indies*, or others that come thither from the *Weſt-Indies*. At ſix days end there aroſe ſuch a croſs wind full in their Teeth, which continued ſo long and ſo violent, that not being able

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to reach the Islands, they were inforced to make for *Spain*; near unto whose Coast, at the Mouth of the Streight of *Gibralter*, they descry'd three Ships; one a very tall and goodly Vessel, the other two much less. *Philocles* made up to the Admiral for Orders what to do; and at last coming so near, he understood that the Admiral died suddenly the Night before of an Apoplexy.

Philocles by Virtue of the Queen's Commission, being now Commander in chief, went aboard the Admiral's Ship; and now being at his own Liberty, he resolv'd to speak with those Vessels, which they had so lately discovered; and which after a short chace they found to be *Turkish* Galleys. 'Twas *Philocles's* Policy at that time to carry *Spanish* Colours, so that the Pirates believing they had been *Spanish* Vessels, spent and worn with a long tedious Voyage, came up briskly; which *Philocles* observing, suffer'd them to come nearer and nearer, till he had them close within the Command of his Guns; then letting fly a whole Broad-side, discharg'd with so much Fury, Shot one of the Galleys thorough and thorough; upon which the other Galley endeavour'd to fly, but *Philocles* soon fetch'd her up, then Boarded her, and put all the *Turks* to the Sword, and by that means set at liberty a great number of *Christians*.

Having thus mastered both the Galleys, he made up to the great Vessel, which prov'd to be a *Portuguese* Prize, which the *Turks* had taken two Days before, very richly laden, from the *East-Indies*: Immediately, *Philocles* sent fifty Sea-men on Board to take Possession of her, and for more security, put into her six great Guns out of his own Vessels. As for the *Christian* Captives, who were most of them *Spaniards*, he gave them one of the Galleys, with Provision and Money to carry them on Shore: But before they were discharged *Philocles* resolv'd to go on Board the *Portuguese* Prize himself, to see what Condition she was in, and to take Care for the safety of the Goods, and partly out of Curiosity to view the *Christian* Slaves, and to have the Honour of disposing of his own Liberality. Of all which, when he had

had taken sufficient notice, the *Christians* were all put aboard the Galley, with Provisions necessary for their Sustenance, and Money in their Pockets; saving only one, a Person somewhat Aged, and of a comely Aspect, who Addressʼd himself to *Philocles* in this manner:

Valiant Sir, (said he) *I should Esteem it a Happiness for me, amidst my many Misfortunes, that you would rather carry me along with you to* Mundolin, *than send me into* Spain: *For though it is my Native Country, and not above six Days since I left it, yet can I find nothing there, but what is Instrumental to the reviving my former Sorrows and Afflictions. For know* (*most Noble Sir*) *that in the loss of* Cadiz, *which is now some Fifteen years since, I lost a Daughter, whom some of the Conquerors carried away into their own Country; and with her, I lost the comfort of my Old Age, and the Light of my Eyes: And since that no Object yet, could be ever pleasing to them, she being gone, together with my Wealth, which was all at the same time taken from me; my self, and my Wife* (*that sorrowful Woman who sits there*) *resolvʼd to go for the* Indies, *the common Refuge for decayʼd Persons. To which purpose, having embarkʼd our selves, but six Days since in a Ship of Advice, we had no sooner put out of* Cadiz; *but those* Pirates *took our Vessel, and we became their Slaves, whereupon our Misery was renewed and our Misfortune confirmʼd.*

Here *Philocles* interrupting him, askʼd what his Daughterʼs Name was? he answerʼd, *Aurelia*; this confirmʼd *Philocles* in what before he suspected, That he who told him the Story, was his belovʼd *Aureliaʼs* Father; and so without giving him any Tidings of her, he told him, that very willingly he would carry him and his Wife to *Mundolin*, where happily they might hear some News of what they so much desirʼd; and having so said, he presently conveyʼd them aboard his own Ship, and with a fair Gale of Wind, in nine Days they came within sight of *Mundolin*: Having entred the River, and being Landed, great Multitudes of People attended him: He went directly to the Court, where the Queen, being in a Gallery stood expecting the News of her Ships. There was, besides many other Ladies with the Queen, the Fair

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Aurelia, who seeing *Philocles*, began to change Colour, and look pale and wan; fear and hope of bad and good Success, distracting her Mind with various Thoughts.

Being come into the Queen's Presence, he fell upon his Knees, and having kiss'd her Majesty's Hand; he gave her an Account of the General's Death; of his Engagement with the *Turks*; of his releasing so many *Christian* Slaves, to whom he had given one of the Gallies in her Majesty's Name to carry them home; only that he had brought one Man and a Woman along with him, who chose rather to be conveyed into her Territories, that they might see the Grandeur of her Majesty's Court. And lastly, he gave her an Estimate of the Prize which he had taken, valued at a Million of Gold. Which done, he put her Majesty in mind of her Promise, in reference to *Aurelia*.

Rise, Philocles, (reply'd the Queen) *I will give her you, not only because of my Promise, but by Reason, she is worthy of you, and you of her; and as you have preserved this Rich Prize, you have taken for me; so I have likewise kept this Jewel for you*: Aurelia, *is yours, and when you please your self may take Possession of her; and I dare say, you may have her Consent: For she is Prudent, and knows well how to value the Friendship which you have shewn her. To Morrow wait upon us, and I will more particularly hear you relate unto us what you did in this Voyage, and how Valourously you behav'd your self; and bring these two Persons with you, who as you inform us, were so willing to come and behold our Court, that we may return them our Thanks for their Visiting us.*

Philocles in most humble manner return'd her Majesty his hearty thanks for all the Favours she had bestowed upon him. The Queen retir'd; and then after he had stayed a while, to satisfie the Curiosity of some of the Court-Ladies, he went home to his Father's House; whither he had sent *Aurelia*'s Father and Mother before, with a Desire to *Prospero*, not to discover any thing to *Aurelia*, till he should disclose it himself.

The next day after, *Philocles* went to Court, carrying with him the Father and Mother of *Aurelia*, both of them newly Apparell'd after the Fashion of *Mundolin*:

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They appear'd all, where the Queen was ſitting in the midſt of her Ladies, expecting *Philocles*, whom ſhe was willing to Grace and Favour, by placing *Aurelia* next to her, having on the ſame Attire, and Ornaments, which ſhe wore, when ſhe came firſt to the Court; appearing no leſs Beautiful now, than ſhe did then.

The Parents of *Aurelia*, were ſtruck with Wonder and Admiration, to behold ſo much Greatneſs and Splendour met together; but their Eyes were chiefly fix'd upon *Aurelia*, though they knew her not: However, their Hearts, (as Preſagers of ſome good Fortune, being near at hand) began to leap in their Boſoms; not out of any ſuddain Paſſion, but of ſome Inſpiration of Pleaſure and Contentment, which they could not rightly be Apprehenſive of.

And now it was, that the Queen to divert the Company, commanded *Philocles* to relate the Particulars of his Adventure, and the manner of his Engagement with the *Turkiſh* Pirates; which he did with that Prudence, that he gave to all thoſe who had ſignaliz'd themſelves in that Service, their particular due; to the end the Queen might take eſpecial notice of their Duty and Services. But when he began to ſpeak of the Liberty, which in her Majeſty's Name he had given the *Chriſtians*; *Madam*, (ſaid he) *thoſe two Perſons, a Gentleman and his Wife, that ſtand there*, (pointing to *Aurelia*'s Parents) *whom Yeſterday I mention'd to your Majeſty, and who out of the great Deſire they had, to ſee the Greatneſs and Magnificence of your Court; did ſo earneſtly intreat me, to bring them along with me: They are of Cadiz, and by their own Information, and my Obſervation of them, I know they are Perſons of no ordinary Extraction, but of Worth and Quality.*

The Queen then commanded them to approach nearer to her; at what time, *Aurelia* lifted up her Eyes to take a view of thoſe Perſons; who were reported to be *Spaniards*, and more particularly of *Cadiz*; out of a Deſire ſhe had to learn if happily they knew her Parents; which *Aurelia* had no ſooner done, but her Mother look'd ſtedfaſtly upon her, and diligently obſerv'd her Countenance: On the other ſide, *Aurelia* began to conſider that

that certainly she had formerly known that Gentlewoman who stood before her. Her Father was also in the like Confusion, yet durst not give Credit to the Truth, which his Eyes represented to him.

Philocles was very attentive to observe the Motions of all three, whom he saw strangely perplex'd, yet not able to disintrigue their Understandings. Nor was the Queen insensible of their Behaviour, Natural to Persons in such an Astonishment.

Aurelia thus confus'd, desir'd nothing more than to hear the Gentlewoman speak, whom she imagin'd to be her Mother; hoping that her Ears would put her out of doubt, of what her Eyes suspected: Which fell out according to her wish, the Queen commanding *Aurelia* to speak to the ancient Lady in her own Language, and to ask them the Occation, that mov'd them to refuse the Liberty, which *Philocles* had offer'd them? All which, no sooner *Aurelia* had demanded, but her Mother on a suddain, and ready to stumble for haste, without any regard to Place or Person, with her Hand lifted up *Aurelia*'s right Ear, and having there discover'd a black Mole, the mark that confirm'd her Suspicion; and plainly perceiving that it was her Daughter *Aurelia*, she could no longer contain her self, but embracing her, cry'd out abruptly, *Daughter! Daughter!* and not being able to utter a Word more, her Speech failing, fell into a Swoon in *Aurelia*'s Arms.

Her Father no less Prudent than tender, gave manifest Signs how sensible he was of the Discovery; but with no other Demonstrations, than a silent shedding some few Tears, which were observed to trickle down his Cheeks; while *Aurelia*, who being busie in attending on her Mother, supporting her from falling, turning her Eyes towards him, gave him such an affectionate Look, that thereby he might easily understand the Pleasure and Contentment her Soul took in seeing her Parents so near her. The Queen wondring at so rare and strange an Accident; *This was some Contrivance of your laying*, (said she turning to *Philocles*) *but I must tell you, I don't know whether it was so well done as you may imagine: For we find by Experience that a suddain transport of Joy, as soon*

kills,

kills, as an overwhelming Grief. Soon after *Aurelia*'s Mother coming to her self, beſought her Majeſty's Pardon, for committing ſo much Rudeneſs in her Preſence; but had not a ſuddain Paſſion of Exceſſive Joy arreſted her Vitals, ſhe had not appear'd Guilty of ſo great an Offence. To whom the Queen made Anſwer, That ſuch Accidents as theſe none could withſtand, neither would extraordinary Tranſports of that Nature admit of any Ceremonies; but withal, ſhe was very glad to ſee her recovered out of that Eeſtaſy.

And thus it was that *Aurelia* came to the Knowledge of her Parents, and her Parents of her; whom the Queen commanded to reſide in the Court, for the better Satisfaction of each other; wherewith *Philocles* was wonderful well pleaſed: And now *Philocles* laden with the Queen's Favours, wanted nothing but the Enjoyment of his *Aurelia*, to which purpoſe, he humbly put the Queen once more in mind of her Promiſe; who being ſatisfied, that there needed no new Proofs of his Valour, Told him, that after the Expiration of four Days, ſhe would deliver *Aurelia* to him, and conferr upon them all the Honour, and Rewards ſhe poſſibly could. Upon which, *Philocles* took his leave, being the moſt joyful Perſon in the World: For now he thought he had his *Aurelia* in his Power, without any fear of loſing her, which is the laſt and utmoſt Deſire of Lovers.

But when Love and Fortune are at Variance, the Craftineſs of Fortune is too hard for Love's Innocency; as now it happen'd to *Philocles*'s Sorrow: For it ſo fell out at that time, that a great Court-Lady, and Favourite to the Queen, (to whoſe Charge *Aurelia* was committed) had a Son of the Age of two and twenty years call'd *Endymion*, being of an Arrogant, Haughty, and Extravagant Diſpoſition: This *Endymion* then was enamour'd of *Aurelia*, and ſo vehemently, that his very Soul parch'd within him: And though in *Philocles*'s Abſence, he had by ſome Signs diſcover'd his Deſires; yet he receiv'd the laſt Incouragement from *Aurelia*, which diſdain of hers the more encreas'd *Endymion*'s Flame: In this Agony of Love, he diſcover'd his violent Affection to his Mother, acquainting her withal, that unleſs he enjoy'd *Aurelia*,

ſhe

ſhe muſt not expect long to enjoy her Son. The Mother admir'd and wondred to hear ſuch Expreſſions fall from her Son: On the other ſide, well knowing the Obſtinate Nature, and Eagerneſs of his Paſſion, ſhe fear'd that Love once diſappointed might produce ſome unhappy Accident; yet notwithſtanding, as an Indulgent Mother, not willing to croſs his Intentions, promiſ'd him to ſpeak to the Queen about it; though not with any Hopes of obtaining ſuch an Impoſſibility.

In the mean time, the Morning appointed for ſolemnizing the Nuptials, being come, the Ladies were not a little buſie in attiring *Aurelia* at Court, and *Philocles* no leſs Diligently employ'd to adorn himſelf at home; when *Endymion*'s Mother coming haſtily into the Queen's Preſence, and falling upon her Knees, beſought her to ſuſpend the Ceremony for two Days longer; the Queen wonder'd at the reaſon of her Demand: Whereupon the Lady declar'd to her Majeſty, her Son's Affections for *Aurelia*; adding with the Fears ſhe had, That if he did not obtain her, he would either grow deſperate, or commit ſome unworthy Action to his own Deſtruction: The Queen made her this Anſwer, that ſhe would neither break her Promiſe made to *Aurelia*, nor defraud *Philocles* of his, for all the Intereſt in the World.

The Lady immediately went and acquainted her Son, with the Queen's Anſwer, and poſitive Reſolution. *Endymion* flew inſtantly from his Mother, and in a fury, (heighten'd by Love and Jealouſie) ran to *Philocles*'s Houſe, and (there dreſs'd up as he was in all his Wedding-Gallantry and Bravery) challeng'd him the Field, as one that neither did, nor could deſerve ſo fair a Lady, as he was going to Marry. *Philocles* preferring his Honour before his Love, accepted of the Challenge, very freely; and told him he had thought he would not have paſs'd ſo harſh a Sentence upon him, as either to call his Affection or Courage in Queſtion. Then he deſir'd him to name his Place, (the time he ſuppos'd was preſent) and he would readily attend him, with all the haſte imaginable; ſo ſoon as he could privately withdraw himſelf from the Company.

But the noiſe of this Challenge ſoon flew to Court; which

which ſo highly incens'd the Queen, that ſhe preſently commanded the Captain of her Guards to go inſtantly and apprehend *Endymion*, who being brought into her Preſence, ſhe order'd his Sword to be taken from him, and to be confin'd cloſe Priſoner to his Chamber during Pleaſure.

All theſe things tormented the Heart of *Aurelia*, and very much perplex'd her Parents, who ſo ſuddainly ſaw the Sea of their quietneſs troubled: However this hurly-burly occaſion'd the Nuptials to be deferr'd till the next day; which being but a ſhort time, *Endymion*'s Mother reſolv'd to improve it to the beſt Advantage; and thereupon advis'd the Queen, that to remove the Quarrel betwixt her Houſe, and that of *Philocles*'s, the only Remedy was to take away the Cauſe; which was *Aurelia*, by ſending her into *Spain*, and ſo the Effects would ceaſe; which now it was to be fear'd would not be eaſily ſuppreſt. To which the Queen anſwer'd, that for the ſending of her into *Spain*; ſhe would hear no more of it, as being a Perſon in whom ſhe took ſo much Delight; and that doubtleſs, if not that very Day, the next following, without all fail ſhe would Marry her to *Philocles* according to the Promiſe ſhe had made him.

With this Reſolution of the Queen, *Endymion*'s Mother was ſo diſheartened, that ſhe return'd not ſo much as one Word in Anſwer; and therefore concluding there was no other way or means left in the World to mollifie the rigorous Condition of her Son, nor to reduce *Philocles* to Terms of Peace, but by taking away *Aurelia*; ſhe determin'd to put in Practice one of the greateſt Cruelties, that could ever enter into the thoughts of any Noble Lady, and eſpecially ſo Principal a one as ſhe was; which was to make away *Aurelia* by Poiſon. And becauſe it is commonly the Condition, and Natural Inclination of Women to be ſpeedy, and reſolute in what they intend to go about, ſhe made ſo quick a diſpatch, that the ſame Evening ſhe gave the Innocent Lady her Doſe, in a certain Conſerve; forcing her in a manner to take it, telling her it was Excellent good againſt thoſe Paſſions of the Heart, wherewith ſhe ſeem'd to be troubled.

Within a little while after *Aurelia* had taken this Hell-

iſh Electuary; her Tongue, and her Throat began to ſwell, and her Lips to grow black, her Voice hoarſe, her Eyes troubled, and her Stomack and Bowels, tormented with Gripings, all manifeſt Symptoms that ſhe was Poiſon'd

Preſently the Ladies came to the Queen, and acquainted her Majeſty, with *Aurelia*'s Misfortune, and certifi'd her that *Endymion*'s Mother was the Actreſs in this Scene of Cruelty. There did not need much preſſing Arguments to induce the Queen to believe the verity of it, and therefore ſhe went immediately to ſee *Aurelia*, who was almoſt breathing her laſt. The Queen commanded her Phyſicians ſhould be ſent for in all haſte, and in the mean while, before they came, ſhe caus'd a quantity of *Unicorn's-Horn* to be given her, and ſome other Preſervatives againſt Poiſon which Great Princes have always ready at Hand, upon the like Caſes of Neceſſity. The Phyſicians came and apply'd their beſt Remedies, and Antidotes, but withal, beſought her Majeſty, that ſhe would be pleas'd to command the Lady to be examin'd, of what Nature the Poiſon was ſhe had given her: Whereupon, ſhe diſcover'd her Infernal Secret, and the Phyſicians accordingly apply'd thoſe Remedies pertinent to the Contagiouſneſs of her Condition, that in few Days there was hopes of Life left in her Recovery.

She alſo commanded this Lady, (*Endymion*'s Mother) to be apprehended, and confin'd to a Chamber in her Coutt, with an Intention to puniſh her, according to the Nature and Quality of her Crime.

This ſad News being brought to *Philocles* made him almoſt in ſuch a diſtracted Condition, that he was ready to offer Violence to himſelf. In Concluſion, *Aurelia* did not loſe her Life; yet ſuch was the force of the Poiſon, that ſhe loſt the Hair of her Head, and her Eyebrows: Her Face was ſtrangely puft up, the Grain of her Skin ſpoil'd, her Complexion ruin'd, her whole Body mightily ſwell'd, and her Eyes diſtilling, ran with Water: In a word, ſhe was grown ſo foul and ill favoured; that ſhe who till then ſeem'd a Miracle of Beauty, now ſeem'd to be a Monſter of Deformity. And they who knew her before held it the greater Misfortune of the two, that ſhe remain'd

remain'd in this unfortunate Condition, than if ſhe had dyed of the Poiſon. Notwithſtanding *Philocles* made a new Addreſs to the Queen, and beſonght her Majeſty, that he might obtain leave to convey *Aurelia* ſafe to his own Houſe; ſupporting himſelf with this, that though *Aurelia* had loſt her Beauty, yet could ſhe not loſe her infinite Vertues.

Thou Judgeſt right, (reply'd the Queen) *your Requeſt ſhall be granted,* Philocles; *and ſtill make that Favourable Conſtruction, that thou haſt in thy Poſſeſſion a Rich Diamond unpoliſh'd. I would freely have reſign'd her up as Beautiful to thee, as thou deliveredſt her to me; but ſince it is impoſſible, and cannot be retriev'd; what was wanting by me in Favour to you, in being overſeen by deferring it ſo long, I will make up in Juſtice; happily the Puniſhment I ſhall inflict upon the Criminals, may in part ſatisfy thy Deſire of Revenge.* *Philocles* did very often endeavour to intercede with her Majeſty to be graciouſly pleas'd to pardon *Endymion's* Mother, ſince the Reaſons ſhe alledg'd were ſufficient Motives to embrace her Clemency. In Concluſion, *Aurelia* and her Parents, the Queen recommended to his Care, and *Philocles* immediately conducted them home to his Father's Houſe: Many rich Preſents the Queen ſent along with *Aurelia* of Jewels and Diamonds, which manifeſted her great Affection, and Love ſhe had for her: She remain'd for the ſpace of two Months without being of ability to be reſtor'd to her former Beauty. But time flying away, her Skin began to fall and to peel off, and a ſmooth Grain appear'd and diſcover'd it ſelf.

In this interval, *Philocles's* Parents, preſuming it was not poſſible, that *Aurelia* ſhould become the ſame Woman which heretofore ſhe was; reſolv'd to ſend for that Northern Lady, with whom *Philocles*, by Agreement was to marry, before they knew of his Affection to *Aurelia*, and this Reſolve they put in Execution, without acquainting him with their Deſign; not doubting but that the preſent Beauty of this new Bride would withdraw his Affection from *Aurelia*, whom they purpos'd, with her Father and Mother to ſend into *Spain*, and to gratify with ſuch ſtore of Wealth, as ſhould fully re-

compence their former Losses which they had receiv'd and sustain'd.

There past'd not above six Weeks, when without *Philocles's* Knowledge, the new Birde arriv'd at his Father's House, with great Attendance, which accompanied her in her Journey: She was indeed a Fair and Beautiful Person, that next to *Aurelia*, when she was in her primitive Perfection; there was not her Equal in all *Mundelin*.

Philocles was infinitely amaz'd at the unexpected Sight of the Lady, and so much Fear immediately seiz'd upon his Spirits, least the suddeness of her coming, should surprize *Aurelia* or create in her some violent Passion, and put a Period to her Life. Therefore to remove this Obstacle of Fear by a timely prevention, he went to the Bed-side, where *Aurelia* lay, and finding only her Father and Mother in the Room; he sat down by her, and taking her by the Hand.

Aurelia, (said he) *my Visit to thee at this time is, to inform thee of a very pretty Passage which indeed has created in me a Wonder and an Admiration, and by Reason I would not have you surprix'd, I come at this time to acquaint you with the pleasantness of the Intrigue. My Parents out of their great Love and tender Affection towards me, remaining as yet without full Satisfaction of being inform'd, of that extraordinary Passion of Love, which I ever had, and ever continue for thee; have brought a Lady hither, with whom they design I shall Marry; not in the least asking my Consent, or enquiring into my Resolutions, nor having that Patience to expect thy Recovery. But I am apt to think, that their Conceptions are such, they believe, the great Beauty of this Lady, will induce me to relinquish you in this present Condition. But know, dear* Aurelia, *that your Perfections are so deeply imprinted in my Mind, that none but the Iron-teeth of Time, which putting a period to my Life, can ever raze them out: From the first time I beheld thee, I admir'd and lov'd thee, and with so pure a Flame and free from all ends of Sensuality, that I could have out-vied* Plato, *to enjoy thy Friendship. Though thy Beauteous Aspect did Captivate my Senses, yet thy infinite*

Vertues

Vertues took my Soul Priſoner: So that being Beautiful I lov'd thee, now thou art Deformed I adore thee; and for a farther Teſtimony of this my real Affection, by this, and this, and this, (imprinting ſeveral Kiſſes on her Lips) *I for ever vow my ſelf yours, from this very Hour, and nothing ſhall be wanting to compleat our Happineſs.*

Aurelia remained in ſome ſuſpence upon theſe Words of *Philocles*, and knew not well what to ſay or do, but often kiſs'd his Hand; till at laſt trembling, ſhe told him with many Tears, that ſhe freely accepted of his Affection, and wholly reſign'd her ſelf up to his Diſpoſal. Her Parents were amaz'd and aſtoniſh'd at the Paſſionate Expreſſions of theſe two Lovers, that they could not refrain from Weeping. *Philocles* deſir'd them not to give way to Grief, but told them withal, that he had never any Inclinations to the Northern *Lady*, neither would he withdraw his Affections from their Daughter; And if his Parents according to their Deſign ſhould deſire *Aurelias*'s and their Departure to *Spain*, that he would not have them decline it; but by all means accept of their Profer, and take the Voyage, and that they ſhould certainly expect him within two years afterwards either at *Cadiz* or *Seoil*; aſſuring them upon the Word of a Gentleman, that e're that time was expir'd, he would not fail to be with them, if Heaven permitted him ſo long Life: But if the time prefix'd ſhould be preterlapſed, they ſhould then reſt aſſur'd that ſome great Misfortune or Death which was the more certain, had croſs'd his intended Journey.

Aurelia told him, ſhe would not only wait two years for him, but as long as ſhe liv'd, till ſhe heard the ſorrowfull News of his Death; and whenever that harſh Note ſhould reach her Ears, it would prove Inſtrumental to finiſh her Days; with theſe kind Expreſſions freſh Tears ſprung from the Fountains of all their Eyes: *Philocles* went immediately to his Parents and inform'd them, that he could entertain no ſuch Thoughts as to accept of their Kindneſs, in Marrying the Northern Lady, till by a twelve Month's Travel, he had qualified himſelf fit for a Matrimonial Life, farther telling them, that conſidering the Solidity which belongs to that State,

he would willingly make these Preparations to it, that nothing hereafter might disturb his Happiness. He us'd such Arguments, and laid down so good Reasons for what he said, to the Parents of *Livia*, (for that was the Lady's Name) that they were all very well satisfied, and *Livia* was contented to remain in her Father in Law's House, till *Philocles* return'd after a year's Travel.

This being thus concluded and agreed upon, *Prospero* told *Philocles* of his Resolution of sending *Aurelia*, and her Parents to *Spain*, if the Queen would be pleas'd to grant them that Liberty to effect it; for (continu'd he) perhaps the Air of her own Country will hasten and facilitate her Health, which now she begins to recover.

Philocles that he might not give the least Suspicion of his Design, answer'd, (though but coldly) his Father, that he might use his own Discretion and Pleasure, only he besought him, not to take from *Aurelia* any of those Riches the Queen had bestow'd upon her. *Prospero* did Promise and engage to him, that he would not command any thing from her which was her own. The same Day he went and waited upon the Queen, to ask her Majesty's Consent, as well for the matching of his Son to *Livia*, as for the sending of *Aurelia*, with her Father and Mother into *Spain*.

The Queen was well pleas'd at both his Requests, and approv'd of *Prospero*'s Determination; and the same Day without calling *Endymion*'s Mother in Question, she dismiss'd her from her Place in her Bed-chamber, and Fin'd her Ten thousand Crowns to be paid to *Aurelia*. As for *Endymion* she banish'd him for six years. Four days were scarce past and gone, but that *Endymion*, began to take Order for his Banishment, having already given Direction for the returning of his Money.

The Queen then sent and commanded a Rich Merchant that dwelt at *Mundolin*, to come to her, who had a very good Correspondency in *France*, *Italy*, and *Spain*; to whom she delivered Ten thousand Crowns, and requir'd of him Bills of Exchange, for the returning of 'em to *Aurelia*'s Father in *Seval*, or any other part of *Spain*. The Merchant discounting his Interest and Profit, told the Queen that he would make certain and sure Payment

ment of them in *Sevil*, by Bills of Exchange upon another *French* Merchant, his Correſpondent, in this manner and form, *viz.* That he would write to *Paris*, to the end, that the Bills might be made there by another Correſpondent of his, becauſe they would accept and allow of thoſe that came from *France*, but not from this Iſland; by reaſon of the Prohibition, betwixt thoſe two Kingdoms, and that a Letter of Advice from him ſhould ſerve turn, by a private Mark that paſs'd between them two; and that without any more ado, the Merchant of *Sevil*, ſhould pay him the Money by the Letter of Advice he would receive from *Paris*.

In fine, the Queen took ſuch good Security of the Merchant, that ſhe made no doubt of the true Payment of it. And not contenting her ſelf with this, ſhe ſent for the Maſter of a *Flemiſh* Ship that lay in the River, and was to put forth the Day following for *France*, only to take Teſtimony thereof in ſome Port, that he might be the better able to paſs into *Spain*, under the Title of coming from *France*, and not from the Iſland; whom ſhe earneſtly entreated to carry with him in his Veſſel *Aurelia* and her Parents, and that he ſhould uſe them well and kindly, and Land them in *Spain*, at the very firſt Place he ſhould come at on that Coaſt. The Maſter, who deſir'd to give the Queen Content, told her Majeſty that he would do it, and that he would Land them either in *Lisbon*, *Cadiz*, or *Sevil*: Having taken ſufficient Security of the Merchant, and aſſurance from the Maſter, the Queen by way of Meſſage, ſent unto *Proſpero* to forbid him the taking any thing away from *Aurelia* either of Jewels or Cloths which ſhe had given her.

The next day *Aurelia* with her Father and Mother, went to Court to take their leaves of the Queen, who receiv'd them with a great deal of Love, and Favour: The Queen gave them the Merchant's Letter, and many other Gifts, as well in Money, as other Curious things for their Voyage. *Aurelia* with ſo much Elegancy expreſs'd her thankfulneſs to her Majeſty, for all Honours, and Favours receiv'd from her, that ſhe Created in the Queen, freſh Obligations from her, to continue her Favours ſtill towards her. She took her leave likewiſe of

the Ladies; who now that she was grown disfigur'd were very sorry she should leave them, seeing themselves free from that Envy they had against her Beauty, and would have been very well contented, to have enjoy'd her Gifts of Wit and Discretion. The Queen embrac'd all three of them, and recommended them to their good Fortune, and to the Master of the Ship; and laid her Commands upon *Aurelia* to Advertise her of her safe Arrival in *Spain*, and from time to time, of her Welfare, by the way of the *Freneh* Merchant. She took her leave of *Aurelia*, and her Parents, Who that very Evening imbarqued themselves. *Prospero* and his Wife, with the whole Family shed many Tears, extremely troubled at her Misfortune, and Departure.

At this their taking their leaves *Philocles* was not present, but procur'd some Friends to go abroad with him that Day a Hunting; the better to divert him from expressing his Grief, and giving demonstrations of his Sorrow. The Gifts which the Lady *Sabina* gave *Aurelia* at her Voyage were many, her Embraces infinite, and her Tears plenty: Her earnest Entreaties that she would often write to her were numerous; and the thanks rendr'd by *Aurelia* and her Parents were answerable thereunto; so that though weeping they left each other very well satisfied.

That Night the Ship hoisted Sail, and having with a Prosperous Gale of Wind touch'd upon the Coast of *France*; and there taking in such fresh Provisions as were necessary for their Voyage into *Spain*: Within thirty days after they enter'd the Bar of *Cadiz* where *Aurelia* and her Parents dis-imbarqued themselves; and being known by all those of the City, they receiv'd them with Expressions of much joy: Likewise they gave a thousand Praises, and Thanksgivings which were put up to Heaven for the finding out of their Daughter *Aurelia* and their Liberty which they had obtain'd, for being first Captivated by the *Moors*, and afterwards by the Northern Islanders; having been made acquainted with all the Transactions of their Affairs, by those Captives whom the Liberality of *Philocles* had set free.

And now *Aurelia* in the mean time began to give great

great hopes of returning to a ſpeedy Recovery of her former Beauty. However they remain'd but a little more than a Month in *Cadiz* to refreſh themſelves of their wearineſs after their long and tedious Voyage; but went from thence to *Sevil*, to ſee whether the Payment would prove good of the Ten thouſand Crowns, which were to be plac'd to the Accompt of the *French* Merchant, who had undertaken to ſee it diſburſed. Two Days after their Arrival at *Sevil*, they inquir'd after him, and found him out, and gave him the *French* Merchant's Letter; upon which he excepted of the Bill; but told them, that untill he had receiv'd Letters from *Paris*, and a Letter of Advice, he could not pay them the Money; but withal he expected every moment to receive Advertiſement of it.

Aurelia's Parents had hired a very fair Houſe, over againſt *Santa Paula*, for the Conveniency of being near a Kinſwoman of theirs, which was a *Nun* in that Monaſtery; and by reaſon *Aurelia* had inform'd *Philocles*, that if he made any enquiry after her, he ſhould find her in *Sevil*; and that her Kinſwoman a *Nun* of *Santa Paula* would direct him to her Houſe; and that for his better Information, and Knowledge; he needed give himſelf no farther trouble, than to enquire for that *Nun* who had the beſt Voice in the Monaſtery; this being a very good token, and not eaſily to be forgotten: For indeed ſhe had the rareſt and ſweeteſt Voice in all *Spain*.

It was forty Days, before Letters of Advice came from *Paris* and within two Days after they were come, the *French* Merchant pay'd the Ten thouſand Crowns to *Aurelia*, and ſhe deliver'd them to her Parents; and with them and ſome others which they had got together, with ſome of *Aurelia's* Jewels which they Sold; her Father began again to follow his Trade of Merchandiſe, not without the Admiration of thoſe who knew his great Loſſes. In ſhort, within a few Months *Aurelia's* Father repair'd his loſt Credit, and *Aurelia's* Beauty return'd to it's former Perfection: Inſomuch, that when any Diſcourſe aroſe concerning fair Women, all of them gave the Laurel to the Northern *Spaniard*, who was as well known by

by this Name, as she was for her Beauty throughout the whole City.

By the *French* Merchant of *Sevil's* Order, *Aurelia* and her Parents writ Letters to the Queen of the Northern Isle, of their safe Arrival in *Spain*; but penn'd with such humble acknowledgements and submissions, as the many Favours receiv'd from her Majesty, did require. They likewise writ to *Prospero* and his Lady *Sabina*, *Aurelia* Complimenting them with the Title of Father and Mother; and her Parents Styling them their dearest and best Friends: From the Queen they receiv'd no Answer, but from *Prospero* and his Lady *Sabina*, they had a return, wherein they Congratulated their safe Arrival, certifying them, That their Son *Philocles*, the next Day after their Departure went for *France*, with an Intention to visit some other parts of Christendom, being requisite and necessary for him to go, the better to ease his Mind, which he confess'd to them was so much disturb'd; adding to these other Discourses and Compliments of much Love, and Affection, besides many other fair and Friendly Protestations: To which Letters of theirs they return'd another in Answer, no less Courteous and Loving than Thankful.

Aurelia presently imagin'd that *Philocles* leaving his Country, was upon his Voyage into *Spain*, to find her out, and flattering her self with this fond Hope, she began to lead the most contented Life in the World, and studied to live in such a serious manner, that when *Philocles* should come to *Sevil*, he might sooner hear the good Report that went of her Vertues, than come to the knowledge of her House. Seldom or never did she go out of Doors, unless it were to the Monastery, but spent all her whole time in Retiredness, and good Desires waiting with Expectation the welcome News of the Arrival of *Philocles*.

This her great Retiredness did set on Fire and inflam'd the Hearts and Desires not only of the young Gallants of that Street where she dwelt, but of all those who but once had a Sight of her. In the Night she was disturb'd often with Musick, serenading at her Window, and in the Day careering with their Jennets; and from this her not

not ſuffering her ſelf to be ſeen, and from others much deſiring to ſee her encreas'd, their finding out of cunning Bawds who were Miſtreſſes in their Art, and promis'd no leſs to ſhew themſelves ſo, in ſolliciting *Aurelia*: And there were not ſome wanting, who endeavour'd to bring this their wicked Purpoſe to paſs, by Witchcraft, Charms, Sorceries, Philters, and the like lewd Courſes: But againſt all theſe *Aurelia* was like a Rock in the midſt of the Sea, againſt which the Winds, and the Waves beat, and daſh to no purpoſe.

A Year and a half was now fully paſt when the approaching Hope of thoſe two Years promiſed by *Philocles* began with more earneſtneſs than hitherto it had done, to vex and grieve the Heart of *Aurelia*; but whilſt ſhe was Contemplating with her ſelf, that *Philocles* was come, and that ſhe had her deſir'd Object before her Eyes, parleying with, and queſtioning him of the Occaſion of delaying his coming, and of his keeping ſo long from her; and then imagining to her ſelf the juſt Excuſes which *Philocles* pleaded for his long Abſence, and how willingly ſhe believ'd and receiv'd them, and how lovingly and affectionately ſhe embrac'd him in her Arms, and hugg'd him in her Boſom, as being part of her own Soul; then, even then when ſhe was in her height of all her Hopes, a Letter came to her Hands from the Lady *Sabina*, bearing date from *Mundolin*, ſome fifty days ſince. 'Twas written in the Tongue of the Iſland, but ſhe read it in *Spaniſh* as follows.

Sabina to *Aurelia.*

DAughter of my Soul, Bilonio, Philocles's *Page*, *accompanied his Maſter in his Journey, and by a former Letter I advertiz'd you, that* Philocles *made for* France, *the ſecond Day after your Departure, and from thence was to Travel farther. We have received no News from him this Sixteen Months, but yeſterday* Bilonio *the Page, came home, and brought with him theſe ſorrowful Tydings, that* Endymion *had by Treachery kill'd* Philocles *in* France. *Therefore* (*Daughter*) *Conſider in what a Deplorable Condition, his Father, my ſelf, and* Livia *his Bride are upon the Arrival of this heavy Intelligence.*

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the portent of it is such, that it has left no room for Hope, but to entertain Despair of ever overcoming this our Misfortune. My earnest Entreaties and best Wishes are that you would still think of Philocles, *who lov'd you with so real an Affection, and for the sake of him, to invocate the Divine Powers to assist us in this Extremity, and to grant us Patience, to our Lives end.*

Your disconsolate Mother,

SABINA.

By the Letter, Hand and Seal, there was not any the least doubt left to *Aurelia* for not giving Credit to the Fatal News of the Death of her dear *Philocles*. She knew very well his Page *Bellario* was a true and faithful Servant, and no way mendaciously given, and that he had no reason to forge this, as an Experiment to try her Affection, and as little his Mother *Sabina*; being it would import them nothing in sending her News so sorrowful. In Conclusion, she could no ways divert her Imaginations, or put out of her Thoughts in the least, the contradiction of this unfortunate News. After she had read the Letter, without shedding a Tear, and without shewing any symptoms of Sorrow, with a serene Countenance, and to appearance a quiet and contented Mind, she rose from the Couch where she sat, and kneeling down devoutly, made a solemn Vow to live a single Life all her Days; since the Gods had depriv'd her of her dear *Philocles*, and left her a Widow.

Her Parents dissimulated their dolorous Grief, and cover'd their Sorrows with their Discretion, which this sad News had occasion'd in 'em, that they might be the better enabled to comfort their Daughter *Aurelia*, in the anguish of her Affliction, who being now as it were fully satisfied of her Sorrow, moderating it with the Resolution which she had put on, she fell to comforting of her Parents, to whom she discover'd her Intent. But they advis'd her that she should not put it in Execution, but to stay till the two years were over-past which *Philocles* had limited for his coming; for thereupon much depended the Confirmation of the verity of *Philocles*'s Death, and she might then with more safety and security change this her Estate and Condition.

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Aurelia follow'd their Advice, and for the remaining Six Months ſhe ſpent them in the Exerciſes of a Religious Virgin; and for the better preparing and fitting of her ſelf, for her entering into the Monaſtery, having made choice of that of *Santa Paula*, where her Couſin reſided. But now the Term of the two Years were expired, and the Day approach'd wherein ſhe was to take upon her the Religious Habit: The News whereof was ſoon ſpread throughout the whole City, not only amongſt thoſe who knew her by Sight, but among thoſe alſo that knew her only by Report. Now in regard the Monaſtery ſtood not far off from *Aurelia's* Houſe, and her Father invited his Friends and Acquaintance; *Aurelia* had one of the Nobleſt and moſt Honourable Trains to accompany her thither, as upon ſuch Occaſions was ever ſeen in *Sevil*.

Thus has the Story brought this poor diſtreſſed Lady to the very brink of the Precipice: She that thought ſhe had a loving Husband alive, being now deceiv'd and fruſtrated of all her Hopes, is now going to renounce the World, and dedicate her ſelf to a retired Life remote from thoſe Pleaſures which ſhe thought to have enjoy'd. Now in the manner of the Ceremony, there accompany'd her the *Aſſiſtant*, the *Dean* of the Church, and the *Vicar-General* to the *Arch-Biſhop*, with all the Ladies and Gentlemen of Title, and Quality, or Eminent Note that were in the City; ſo great was the Deſire which all of 'em had to behold the reſplendent Raies of *Aurelia's* Beauty, which had ſo many Months ſuffer'd an Eclipſe: And by reaſon it is the Cuſtom, and Faſhion of thoſe Virgins, who take upon 'em the religious Habit, to deck and adorn themſelves, as bravely and as gallantly as they poſſibly can deviſe; who as one, that ever after, from that inſtant, ſets up her reſt, and takes her leave and farewell of all Bravery, and wholly diſcards it; *Aurelia* was willing (that ſhe might not break ſo Ancient a Cuſtom) to attire and ſet forth her ſelf in the beſt and moſt curious manner, that poſſibly ſhe could invent; and therefore ſhe array'd her ſelf in the ſame Gown and Girdle, and thoſe rich Dreſſings which ſhe had on when ſhe went to Court, with all thoſe other Ornaments of Pearls and

and Diamonds which the Northern Queen beſtow'd upon her.

Aurelia went out of her Houſe on Foot; for her being ſo near unto the Monaſtery excus'd Coaches, tho' they repented afterwards they did not take them. For the Concourſe of the People was ſo great, that they would ſcarce give them Way to get to the Monaſtery. Some ſhower'd Bleſſings on her Parents; others thanked Heaven for enriching her with ſo much Beauty; ſome ſtood on tip-toe for to view her; others having had a Proſpect of her, ran to get before, that they might ſatisfie the Curioſity of their Eyes to ſee her again. But he that ſhew'd himſelf moſt ſollicitous in this Multitude, (and in ſo extraordinary a manner, that many took great notice of him) was a Perſon clad in a Slave's Habit, which they commonly wear, when they are redeemed and return home from their Captivity. This Captive then at that very juncture of time that *Aurelia* had ſet one Foot within the Porch of the Convent, as the *Prioreſs* and the *Nuns* were come forth to receive her; with a loud Voice he cry'd out, *Stay*, Aurelia, *ſtay; for whilſt I am alive thou canſt not enter into any Religious Order.* At the hearing of theſe words, *Aurelia* and her Parents look'd back, and eſpy'd a Perſon forcing his way through the thickeſt of the Throng; who was the Captive making towards them. In the Croud the Furr-cap that he wore, was loſt off his Head, which made a Diſcovery of a confus'd and intangled Skein of Golden-wired Hairs, curling themſelves into Rings, and a Countenance intermix'd with Snow and a Vermilion-Colour, ſo pure Red and White was his Complexion, having withal a curious Aſpect; all which gave them ſuch aſſured ſignal Demonſtrations, that induc'd them to believe he was a Stranger.

In ſhort, by preſſing through the People with ſuch haſte, he receiv'd many Falls by the way; but having as nimbly recovered himſelf, he came at laſt where *Aurelia* was, and taking her by the Hand, *Doſt thou not know me* Aurelia? (ſaid he) *Behold! and view me well, I am thy dear* Philocles. *Yes I know thee*, (reply'd *Aurelia*) *if thou art not a walking Spirit, or ſome falſe aſſumed Apparition, that is come to diſturb my Repoſe.*

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With that *Philocles* with Tears in his Eyes, beſought her that the ſtrangeneſs of that Garb, wherein ſhe now beheld him; might not prove any bar or hinderance to her better Knowledge of him, and that this his mean and dejected Condition might not be any ſtop to the fulfilling of thoſe Vows and faithfull Promiſes, which they had ſo ſolemnly given to each other.

Her Parents drew by degrees nearer to him, and viewing him very narrowly, in concluſion came certainly to know him: *Aurelia* notwithſtanding the News of his Death, choſe rather to give more Credit to her Eyes, by the Object which ſhe had preſent before her, than to trouble her ſelf to make any further needleſs Inquiry, and therefore kindly Embracing the Captive; *You are doubtleſs* (ſaid ſhe) *the Perſon who can only hinder my determination, as being really my Husband, and can be no leſs than the better Part of my Soul; and though thou haſt been abſent from thy* Aurelia *ſo long, yet I have thee Imprinted in my Memory, and have fix'd thee ſo firm in my Heart, by ſo true an Affection, that no Object in this World can undermine it. Turn therefore dear* Philocles, *to my Father's Houſe, which is wholly at your Command, and there take poſſeſſion of your faithful* Aurelia.

At the hearing whereof the Standers by, were all of 'em ſtruck with Admiration, and ſtood amaz'd as people aſtoniſh'd; and nothing would ſerve them but a preſent ſatisfaction of their Curioſities, by hearing a Relation of the whole Tranſactions: Whereupon *Aurelia*'s Father told them, that the Hiſtory requir'd another Place, and more time, to unfold it in, than Opportunity at that preſent offered it ſelf; and therefore beſought them, ſince they were ſo willing and eager to underſtand it, that they would be pleas'd to return back with him to his Houſe, and there he would give them a true and perfect Account, to their full ſatisfaction. This was no ſooner ſaid to appeaſe the People, but a blunt Fellow among the Croud cry'd out; *Gentlemen this Man is a great Pirate, for I know him well enough, though he it may be thinks I don't; this is he whom ſome two Years ſince; and ſomewhat more, took from the Pirates of* Algiers, *a* Portugal *Ship which came from the* Indies; *Ye need not doubt, but that this*

is the ſame Man, for I confidently tell you that I know him; for he gave me my Liberty, and Money to bring me home to Spain; *therefore Neighbours I tell you, I know him: And at that time, he did not only free me, but three hundred Captives more beſides; furniſhing them with Victuals, and Money.* With theſe Words the Vulgar were in an Uproar, and the Deſire afreſh reviv'd, which all of them were poſſeſs'd of, to know, and ſee ſuch Intricate Riddles as theſe to be clearly Explained. In ſhort, the Perſons of more eſpecial Rank, and Quality, return'd back to accompany *Aurelia* to her Houſe; leaving the *Nuns* ſorrowful, and weeping, that they had loſt ſo fair a Sifter, and Companion, as *Aurelia*; who arriving at home, ſhe brought the Gentlemen into a ſpacious large Hall and entreated them to ſit down: And although *Philocles* was willing enough to take upon him to give the Relation, yet notwithſtanding, he choſe rather to truſt *Aurelia's* Tongue, and Diſcretion with it, than his own: All that were preſent were in a full Silence, and having their Ears and Hearts ready prepar'd to be *Aurelia's* Auditors, ſhe began to relate the Story, which I abbreviate to this: She deliver'd an Account of all that had happen'd from the very Day that *Proſpero*, by Stealth, carried her away from *Cadiz*, till her return thither again; not omitting the Battel which *Philocles* fought with the *Turks*, and the Liberality, and Bounty which he had uſed towards the *Chriſtians*; and the Solemn Vows which both of them had engag'd each to other, to be Husband and Wife; the Promiſe of two Years; the News which ſhe had receiv'd of his Death; and that ſo certain, as ſhe apparently thought, that as a Motive it induc'd her to that Eſtate which ſo lately they had ſeen her, of profeſſing her ſelf a *Nun*: She likewiſe acquainted them with the Northern Queen's Bounty towards her; alſo of *Philocles*, and his Parents Affection towards her: So ending her Relation, ſhe deſir'd *Philocles* that he would relate what had befallen him from the time that he left *Mundolin*, until this very preſent.

Which done, *Philocles* likewiſe made a ſhort Relation of what had happen'd to him ſince *Aurelia's* Voyage for *Spain*; telling them how he had been purſued by his Rival

Rival *Endymion*; who with four others, ſet upon him, and Shot him into the Body with four Piſtols, leaving him for dead; and that his Servant, awakened with the Noiſe, out of fear, leap'd down from a Window, and hyed him out of the Inn with ſuch fear and haſte, that he did not ſo much as look back, or make any Stay till he came to *Mundolin*, ſo that he might well bring the News of his Death; and that it was two Months, and better, before he was able to Travel; at the end of which he came to *Genoa*, where he found no other Paſſage, ſave two ſmall Boats, which he and two other principal *Spaniards* hired; that as they were coming for *Spain*, they were taken by the *Turks*, and ſtript of all that they had, even to their naked Skins; and that the *Turks* carried him to *Algiers*, where he found the Fathers, of the Order of the Bleſſed Trinity, treating about the redeeming of Chriſtian Captives, with whom he diſcours'd; and that they mov'd out of Charity, though he was a Stranger to them, redeem'd him for three hundred Ducats. *In concluſion*, (ſaid he) *I came to* Spain, *with fifty redeemed Captives: In* Valencia, *we made a general Proceſſion, and from thence, every one went his own way which he lik'd beſt, with theſe Enſigns, and Tokens of their Liberty, which are theſe poor kind of Habits. This Day I entred this City, with ſo great, and earneſt a Deſire to ſee my dear* Aurelia, *to whom I was engaged; that without any other things detaining me, I enquir'd for this Monaſtery, where I was to receive Intilligence of her.* for further Confirmation of what *Philocles* had already ſaid, Heaven had ſo ordain'd it, that a *Florentine* Merchant was preſent at all this, who was to Pay him ten thouſand Ducats, upon a Bill of Exchange, which eſcaped the *Turks* Hands, which he preſently ſhew'd, to the Admiration and Amazement, of them all.

Supper-time being not yet come, *Philocles* told *Aurelia*, that he had heard a Story, coming home from his Captivity, which made him Weep, and think of his poor *Aurelia*; calling often to remembrance her languiſhing at his Father's Houſe in that Deplorable Condition, the Poyſon had brought her to. *Aurelia* deſir'd him to relate it, but *Philocles* being ſomewhat weary, deſir'd

Briſac, his Companion who came with him, to relate the Story of the *Platonick* Lover, whereupon the Company being all ſilent, he began.

In *Florence*, there liv'd a Gentleman more rich in Vertue, Beauty, and in Courteſy, than in the Goods of Fortune, who moſt intirely lov'd a young Gentlewoman, whoſe Name I will not rehearſe in reſpect unto her Kindred, who are deſcended of good, and great Families; but you may aſſure your ſelves, that the Story is moſt true. And becauſe he was not deſcended of as great a Houſe as ſhe was, he durſt not diſcover his Affection to her: For the extreme Love he had for her, was ſo abſolute, and perfect, that he choſe rather to embrace Death, than the Entertainments of any thing that might prejudice her Honour; and ſeeing himſelf in ſo low a Condition, in compariſon of her, he could not entertain the leaſt Hopes to eſpouſe her. Wherefore his Love was grounded on no other end, but only with all his power, to love her as perfectly as poſſibly he could, of which at laſt ſhe receiv'd ſome Intelligence; and ſeeing the honeſt Affection, which he had for her, was ſo full of Vertue, and Civility; ſhe thought her ſelf happy to be eſteem'd, and beloved by ſo worthy a Perſon, and made ſo much of him, that he, who could not have wiſh'd for more, was greatly contented at it.

But Malice, the Enemy to all quiet, could not long ſuffer the continuance of a Life ſo happy; for ſome Informers whiſper'd in the Mother's Ear, that they much wondred, that this Gentleman was of ſuch power in her Houſe, and that they ſuſpected, the Beauty of her Daughter to be the only occaſion of it, with whom they oftentimes obſerv'd him to be very Converſant. The Mother, who no ways doubted the Honeſty of the Gentleman, but aſſum'd to her ſelf as much aſſurance of him, as ſhe did of any of her own Children, was very ſorry that there was ſpread abroad ſuch an uncharitable Opinion of him; but fearing that ſome Scandal might ariſe, by the malice of bad Tongues, ſhe entreated him at laſt, that for a certain time he would not come ſo frequently to her Houſe, as he was accuſtom'd to do. This was hard of digeſtion to him, knowing that the civil Diſcourſe which

he

he had always with her Daughter, did not deſerve that Reſtraint. Nevertheleſs, to ſtop the Report of all ill Tongues, he retir'd for a time, until that Report was ſilenc'd, and afterwards return'd, as he had been accuſtomed to do.

His Abſence had no ways diminiſh'd his Affection; being in the Houſe, he underſtood the young Lady was to be Married to a Gentleman, who in his Opinion was not of that great Eſtate, but that his own Service might be as well entertain'd, and be as acceptable as his: He therefore began to reaſſume Courage, and imploy his Friends to ſpeak on his behalf, ſuppoſing that if the Choice were offer'd to the young Lady, that ſhe would prefer him before the other. Nevertheleſs, her Mother, and her Kindred, did make choice of the other Perſon, becauſe he was far more rich; whereat the Gentleman was extremely melancholy, knowing that his Miſtreſs would loſe in that Enterprize as much Contentment as himſelf. Whereupon, by degrees, without any other Sickneſs he began to conſume away, and in a ſhort time, was ſo much changed, that it had clouded the Beauty of his Countenance, with the ſhaddow of Death, to which, day ſucceeding day, and hour following hour, he did joyfully repair.

In this Extremity he could not forbear, ſometimes ſpeaking to her whom he lov'd ſo entirely: But at laſt his Strength fail'd him, and he was reduc'd to keep his Bed, of which he would not adviſe her whom he lov'd ſo entirely; becauſe he was unwilling, that ſhe ſhould partake in his Affliction: And ſuffering himſelf to ſink into Deſpair, he at laſt could neither Eat, Drink, Sleep, or take any reſt; inſomuch that it was impoſſible to know him, by reaſon of his Leanneſs, and the ſtrange, and ſharp Countenance which he had. Some there were who advertis'd the Mother of his Miſtreſs, of it, who was a Woman full of Pity, and lov'd the Gentleman ſo well, that if all her Kindred, and Confidents had been of the ſame Opinion as her ſelf was, and her Daughter; they had preferr'd his Vertue, and fair Deportment, above all the other's Wealth, and Riches. But the Kindred, who were on the Father's ſide, would not adhere to it: Nevertheleſs, ſhe reſorted with her Daughter to viſit the

poor Gentleman, whom they found rather dead, than alive; and perceiving the end of his Life did approach, he endeavour'd to put himself in a posture to bid adieu to the World, thinking to have died without seeing any one.

But being ready to obey Death's Summons, and descend into his last Sleep, unexpectedly beholding her, who was both his Life and Resurection, he found himself so fortified, that he arise up in his Bed, and directed himself unto the old Lady; *Madam,* (said he) *some Occasion I presume has brought you hither, to give a Visit unto him who has already one Foot in his Grave, and of whose Death you are the Occasion.* The Lady made answer, *How can that possibly be, that he whom we love so well can receive his Death by our neglect? Pray inform me, Sir, upon what grounds of Reason you pronounce so hard a Sentence? Madam,* (said he) *although as much as it was possible for me, I have concealed that Love which I most faithfully have born unto* Mademoiselle *your Daughter, untill my Friends have motion'd the Marriage between her and my self and have been more Zealous upon it than I desir'd; perceiving thereby I have received the Misfortune of having all my Hopes frustrated: Neither does it so much afflict me for my own particular, but my Prophetick Spirit tells me with an Assurance, she can never be so well respected by any other, nor will be so well beloved as by me. The Observation which I make, that she shall lose the best, and most affectionate Friend and Servant that she has in the World, does more afflict me than the loss of my own Life, which only for her alone I would preserve; but because I find it cannot be serviceable any ways to her, it is an Advantage to me to lose it.*

The Mother and the Daughter hearing these Words, did do the best they could to comfort him; *Sir,* (said the Mother to him) *take Courage I beseech you, and I here solemnly Promise to you, that if the Divine Powers restore you to your former Health, my Daughter shall have no other Husband but your self. She is now here present before you, and I command her upon the Obligation of her Duty to make the same Promise to you.* Her Daughter melting into Tears, did the best that she could

to

to give him an Aſſurance of that which her Mother had promiſed; but he apprehending, that if he were recover'd he ſhould not enjoy his Miſtreſs, and that the good Words that were given him were only by Degrees to reſtore him unto his loſt Health, did ſay to them; That if theſe Words had been ſpoken to him but three Months ago, he had been the moſt Healthful, and the moſt Happy Man in the World, but this Relief came ſo late to him, that it could neither be believ'd, nor hoped. And when he obſerv'd, that they did endeavour to inforce a Belief into him of what they promis'd, he ſaid to them, *ſince ſo faithfully you have promiſed that great Happineſs which can never arrive unto me, (though now you both conſent to it) by reaſon of the great Weakneſs which is upon me, I ſhall crave a far leſs Favour, which as yet I have not had the boldneſs to demand.* Immediately they both ſolemnly made Proteſtations, that it ſhould be perform'd, and deſir'd him with Confidence to demand it. Whereupon he ſaid unto the young Lady's Mother, *I earneſtly beſeech you, that you would place her in my Arms, whom you promiſe ſhall be my Wife, and that you command her to embrace and kiſs me.*

The young Lady, who was not accuſtom'd to ſuch Familiarities, made ſome difficulty of it, but her Mother expreſly did command her, ſeeing that he had loſt both the Underſtanding and Force of a living Man. On that command the Daughter did advance her ſelf upon the Bed of the poor ſick Gentleman, and ſaid to him, *Sir, pray be Amorous*; the poor Gentleman, languiſhing in his extreme Weakneſs, ſtretch'd forth his Arms, which were only Skin and Bones, and withal the Foree of his Body embrac'd the Cauſe of his Death, and kiſſing her with his pale and cold Lips, held her cloſe to him as long as poſſibly he could, and ſaid to her, *The Love which I have ever had for you has been ſo great and vertuous, that Marriage excepted, I never deſir'd of you any other Happineſs than what I now enjoy, for the event whereof, and in this Poſſeſſion of it, I with Joy ſhall entertain Death as the moſt welcome, Friend; after receiving ſo great a Satisfaction of having now my Deſires in my Arms.* And having ſpoke thoſe Words he took her again into

his Arms, and with ſo much Vehemency that his weak Heart could not endure the ſtrength of his Love, which was immediately abandoned of all the Faculties of Life: For his Joy was ſo much dilated, that the Seat of the Soul fail'd, and although the poor Body continu'd a long time without Life, and therefore could no longer poſſeſs the rich Prize it ſo lately gain'd; yet the Love which the young Lady had till then conceal'd, did now ſo violently declare it ſelf, that the Mother of the Living, and the Servants of the Dead had much to do to ſeparate the Union, and were at laſt enforc'd, to pull the Living almoſt Dead, from him who was already Dead, whom they did honourably interr. But the greateſt Triumph of his Obſequies, were the Tears, the Sighs, and the Complaints of this poor young Lady, who declar'd her ſelf as much after his Death, as ſhe conceal'd her ſelf in his Life, and now as it were made ſatisfaction for the Injury ſhe had done him. And ſince (as I have heard it reported) the Husband ſhe was married to (to take off from himſelf thoughts of Melancholy) could never be entertain'd with any true Joy or Comfort of Heart.

Briſac having ended his Story, Supper came in, and ſeveral ſorts of Inſtruments play'd the while, ſeveral Healths went round, eſpecially the Northern Queen's, *Philocles's* and *Aurelia's*: They earneſtly beſought the *Aſſiſtant*, that he would honour their Wedding, which ſome eight Days hence they did purpoſe to Celebrate. The *Aſſiſtant* was very well pleaſed with the Motion, and within eight Days after, accompanied with all the Higheſt and Principal Perſons of the City, he waited on them to the Church. By theſe turnings and windings, and by theſe Circumſtances, *Aurelia's* Parents recover'd their Daughter, and were reſtor'd to their former Wealth; and ſhe aſſiſted by her many Vertues, in deſpight of ſo many Inconveniencies lighted on a Husband, of ſuch eſpecial Rank and Quality as *Philocles*, in whoſe Company ſhe liv'd many years in great Amity and Splendour; leaving behind them Heirs to uphold the Names of *Philocles* and *Aurelia*.

THE

THE Perfidious Miſtreſs.

A Novel.

Valentia, one of the moſt Eminent Cities of *Spain*, the Nurſe of ſo many Families, the Center of Ingenious Spirits, and the ſacred Receptacle of the Bodies of divers Saints, gave Birth unto *Don Principio*, a Perſon of Noble Extraction, Young, and Maſter of all thoſe Excellent Qualities, for which Men are either lov'd or admired.

Having left his Country about twelve years before, in the Company of an Uncle of his, who had the Command of a Troop of Horſe in *Flanders*; he behav'd himſelf with ſo much Gallantry in thoſe Parts, that he was in a ſhort time advanc'd to be Cornet, under his Uncle, who dying, he ſupply'd his Place, and ſo continu'd twelve years in the Service of his Catholick Majeſty, *Philip* the Third, againſt the revolted Provinces of the Low-Countries. He was at laſt in Compenſation of his Services, Honoured with the Order of St. *James*, with the ordinary Allowances belonging thereto.

During that part of the year, which makes a kind of Ceſſation of Arms in thoſe colder Countries, his aboad

was in the City of *Antwerp*, where, by certain Letters from *Valentia*, he receiv'd the News of his Father's Death, which made him, being the eldeſt Son, Heir of a very conſiderable Eſtate. He might indeed now have lived plentifully on his own, and purſued his Pleaſures, as many other young Cavaliers did, who place all the Felicity of this Life in the Infamous Enjoyments thereof: But he, a Dutiful Son of Honour, choſe rather to continue the Exerciſes of War, and ſerve his Country, than by a ſuddain Exchange of Enjoyments, to blaſt his Reputation, and incurr the Reproach of a Perſon impatient of Hardſhip, and guilty of Effeminacy. This Conſideration diſcovers him to be much more ſtay'd than thoſe young Gentlemen, who prefer whole Skins, the ſhameful Blandiſhments of Eaſe, and the warmth of their own Fires, before the Honour, which a Perſon truly deſerving that Name ſhould endeavour to purchaſe in the Service of his Prince.

But *Don Principio* conſidering withal, that he could not, upon this News of his Father's Death avoid taking a Journey to *Valentia*, to order the Diſpoſal of his Eſtate; he deſir'd leave to do it, of his moſt Serene Highneſs the Arch-Duke *Albert*, who finding the juſt Occaſion he had to go, eaſily condeſcended, proffering him, at his return, what Advancement he could reaſonably expect; which oblig'd him to make the more earneſt Promiſes to come back into *Flanders*, contrary to the Preſumptions of many, who imagin'd that he had made an Exit from the Military Stage, thence-forward to follow the more pleaſant Divertiſements of a Civil Life.

Being come to *Valentia*, where his Relations and Friends kindly entertain'd him, he began to order the Management of his Affairs, not trifling away his time in unprofitable Diverſions, whereto young Men, are but too much addicted. For though he were a Soldier, yet was he no Lover of Gaming, a Diſpoſition for which he was much to be commended, conſidering his Age and Quality: In as much as Gaming Occaſions a thouſand Misfortunes, and unhappy Accidents, whereof there had happen'd not a few at *Valentia*. Nor was *Don Principio* as yet any way inclin'd to Love, though he could

not

not want Occaſions to expreſs his Courtſhip, and how far he had ſtudied the Myſteries of Love and Eloquence; ſince what added much to the Luſtre of that City, was the great number of fair Ladies, ſhining in it like ſo many Stars; but his moſt ordinary Employment was the Exerciſing of his Horſes. Of theſe he had four Excellent ones extremely well manag'd; which he had bought in *Andaluzia*, and one which he rode a hunting the Bulls, according to the Cuſtom of the Country; ſhewing himſelf, at that Sport, more dextrous than all thoſe who were accounted the Bravo's of the City.

'Tis a Cuſtom in *Valentia*, that in the beginning of the Spring, for the ſpace of about Fifteen Days together, moſt of the Familjes of the City go about the Silk-Husbandry, which they have in the adjacent Villages. One Day, *Don Principio* rid abroad into the Country, through that delightful Plain, which is near a Garden not far from *Valentia*, known by the Name of the Monaſtery of our *Lady* of *Hope*; And having ſpent the whole Afternoon about thoſe pleaſant Gardens, refreſhing himſelf with the ſweet Scent of the Flowers of the Orange-Trees, whereof there is good Store thereabouts; (the Sun being ſo far declin'd, that it ſeem'd to be equally divided between us and our Antipodes) he paſſ'd by a Country-houſe, not far from the pleaſant River of *Turia*, where he heard, at a ſmall diſtance, one playing on a Lute, ſo well, that he thought he had not heard any Muſick comparable to it before. He ſtopp'd his Horſe, imagining the Perſon playing on that Inſtrument ſo excellently, might alſo Sing to it. He expected a while with much Impatience; but the Muſicianeſs putting the Inſtrument into ſeveral different Tunes, did not what he ſo much deſir'd, which was to hear her Voice. In the mean time Night came on, and *Don Principio* extremely delighted with the Place he was in, gave his Horſe to his Laquey, and commanding him a little diſtance off, he ſtaid alone, under the green Balcony, whence the Muſick came, to find out who made it. But he had not waited long, e're he could perceive, by the light of the Moon, that it was a Lady, who being got into that Balcony to take the Advantage of a gentle Wind then blowing,

blowing, began a-freſh her delightful Muſick on the Lute, whereto ſhe joyn'd that of an admirable Voice; ſinging an Air which made an abſolute Conqueſt of that Heart, wherein all the Hardſhips of War had not made the leaſt Breach. Whence we may deduce this Remark, that *Cupid* can do more in a Minute, than *Mars* in a *Troy*-Siege. To ſay the ſame thing again in other Words, the Excellency of the Voice, and the tranſcendent Nimbleneſs of the Hand; the Compliance and Competition between them, ſo raviſh'd our young Gallant; that he wiſh'd ſhe might never give over, at leaſt not till he were ſatiated with that Pleaſure. But the Lady laid by her Inſtrument, and leaning her Breaſt on the Balcony, though 'twere Night, made a ſhift to ſee the young Gallant, whom her Muſick had charm'd ſo long his Ears; who alſo perceiving her, would needs make his Advantage of ſo bleſt an Opportunity. So that getting as near as he could he broke forth into this Compliment.

How infinitely happy muſt that abſent Gentleman be, Madam, (for in the Verſes ſhe had ſung ſhe bemoan'd the Abſence of a certain Perſon) *who deſerves ſo Excellent a Voice to bemoan his Abſence. I ſhould be extremely glad of his Acquaintance, that I might give him that Account of this good News, that he is ſo obligingly bemoan'd by ſo deſerving a Lady as you ſeem to be.*

The Lady wondred to find her ſelf ſurpriz'd, but recovering out of her Aſtoniſhment, though ſhe knew not the Perſon who had ſpoken to her, yet ſhe gave him this Anſwer. *As to the Song you heard, Sir, you are not to imagine it Sung out of any tenderneſs I have for ſome Perſon now far from me, and therefore you may ſpare your ſelf that trouble of making any Enquiry who it is, and conſequently of informing him how highly he is in my Favour, as you imagine. What aſſurance can I have of that,* (ſays *Principio*) *knowing, by what I have heard from your own Mouth, the predominant Paſſion of your Soul? How, I pray Sir, may you be concern'd in that?* (ſaid ſhe to him) *Very much,* (reply'd he) *for the Enchantment of your Voice has been ſo powerful over him who has heard it, that it is not without Reaſon he requires Aſſurances of what he asks you,*

to

to prevent the Diſquiet, which he muſt otherwiſe expect.

She could not forbear laughing at this Diſcourſe of *Don Principio*, and telling him withal, that Women do prudently, when they are Flatter'd, not to believe any thing that Men ſay to them, in regard they never ſpeak Truth, repreſenting things, not as they really are, but as they appear to their beguil'd Imaginations.

Wherein, I beſeech you, (ſays *Principio*) *do you think, Madam, that I have told you any thing ſhort of Truth? Miſtake me not,* (reply'd ſhe) *I don't charge you with a coming ſhort, but going much beyond it: For you are ſo Prodigal of your Commendations of a Perſon you are very little acquainted with, nay, have not ſo much as well viewed; that you muſt either laugh at my Simplicity, or think me a great Admirer of my ſelf, if I ſhould credit what you ſay. To convince you of either your Erreur or palpable Flattery, of many, I need only give you this one Inſtance; that, when I my ſelf, and others whoſe Judgments I dare truſt, think I do not ſing tolerably well, you would make me believe, that my Voice has raiſed you into Extaſies, when another would not have a Minute's Patience to hear me. Nay, Madam,* (reply'd *Principio*) *take heed your Reproaches rebound not upon your ſelf, diſparage not your ſelf ſo far, and ſlight not Truth ſo much as to call her by any other Name than her own: You have an admirable Voice, and the Subject of the Words you ſung muſt needs be ſuch; ſince it is not to be imagin'd you ſung them in vain. To make them Perfect, there needs only the mixture of a little Jealouſy, were it not that the happy Man, upon whoſe account thoſe Words were made, knowing your Worth, cannot give you any.*

Upon this, the Lady remov'd from the Place where ſhe was, that ſhe might more commodiouſly proceed in her Diſcourſe with *Don Principio*, (though ſhe knew him not) For ſhe imagin'd he could not talk at that rate without ſome ground; which made her ſay to him, *If you make any Compariſon between that Enchantment you ſpeak of, and the ſuſpicion you ſeem to have, I can aſſure you, that you are very well read in the Art of Flattery;*

Flattery; and therefore, I beſeech you, attribute not a Melancholy-humour, I am ſubject to, to any Regret occaſion'd by the abſence of any Perſon; for I was never yet troubled with any ſuch thing, and I think, ſhall not as long as I live. I would give all I am worth in the World, (ſays he) *conditionally, what you ſay were true. Would your hazard be very great in that?* (reply'd ſhe) *Very little,* (ſaid he) *conſidering the account upon which I proffer it; but I ſhould ſay no leſs, were I poſſeſs'd of all the World, and think it well beſtow'd. I am extremely happy,* (anſwers the Lady) *to hear things ſo highly ſpoken to my Advantage; but I ſhould be tranſcendently vain, to imagine I ſhould raiſe Love in any Perſon, before I am ſeen by him: Nay I dare promiſe you, that if you had ſeen my Face, you would not, perhaps be ſo reſolute. My hearing cannot deceive me,* (reply'd he) *and I preſume, that the Perſon, who is ſo excellent to ſatisfy that auricular Part, may be the like in other Curioſities, which the envious Night permits me not a View of at preſent. And when you conſider, That in the Diſcourſe I have had with you, I have not talk'd of Beams, nor Splendour, nor us'd thoſe Expreſſions, which they ſeem to have ſtudied, who with affected Hyperboles, make it their buſineſs to flatter, and abuſe Ladies; you ſhould in ſome meaſure aſſure your ſelf, that I begin to conceive an unfeigned Paſſion for you.*

Well to humour you a little, (ſays ſhe) *I have ſome Inclination to believe you, which will be much confirm'd, if you tell me who you are. I have a deſire,* (ſaid he to her) *firſt to deſerve it by my Services, that in caſe there may be any thing wanting in me, as to Quality, thoſe I hope to render you, may ſupply the Defect.*

Nay, then I am ſatisfi'd, (ſaid ſhe) *that you are a Perſon of Quality, when you have ſuch a diſtruſt of your ſelf. Pardon me, that I am forc'd to leave you; for I hear my ſelf call'd to receive ſome Company newly come into the Houſe, and if I ſhould not immediately be gone, ſome would come and find me here: Do me the Favour then* (ſays *Principio*) *to give me leave to wait on you here to Morrow at this time. I know not whether it*

may

may be in my power, (ſaid ſhe to him) *however, do you not fail to come hither; and though ſomething may prevent my giving you the Meeting, yet ſhall I think my ſelf very much oblig'd to you. I ſhall infallibly expect you*, (replies the Enamour'd Gallant) *more fix'd in my Reſolution, than the Stars, you ſee, are in the Firmament. Your laſt Words*, (reply'd ſhe) *If I cannot ſleep to Night, will find my Thoughts a Diverſion to deceive the dull Seaſon; but when you come next, I beſeech you, be not ſo liberal of your Hyperboles; Methinks they grate the Ear, and I think all that uſe them great Flatterers, and conſequently, no great Honourers of Truth; eſpecially conſidering, how meanly I deſerve.*

Having ſaid thus, and given him a very obliging Salute, ſhe got out of the Balcony; leaving *Principio* in a little Diſturbance, to ſee that ſhe left him ſo ſoon; for he was extremely taken, as well with the Excellency of her Voice, as that of her Diſcourſe: He had a great deſire to know who ſhe was, and ſhe had the ſame Curioſity concerning him. For ſhe immediately commanded a Servant to follow him, and not to return till he had diſcover'd who he was, which he did, without much trouble; inaſmuch, as not far from thence, he ſaw him get up on Horſe-back, and knew him, and preſently return'd with News to his Miſtreſs, who was overjoy'd to hear it was *Don Principio*; of whom ſhe had heard ſuch Noble things, and ſeen behave himſelf ſo gallantly, at the Hunting of of the Bulls.

Don Principio being come home, enquir'd of a Neighbour of his, who that Lady might be, to whom he had ſpoken, and deſcribing to him the Place where ſhe liv'd, he underſtood, her Name was *Donna Julietta*, (the Sir-name for ſome reaſon I ſhall omit) a Lady of great repute in the City, and of extraordinary Endowments, whoſe Underſtanding was equal to her Beauty, Daughter to one *Don Speranza Lopez*, a Perſon of great Fame, for his long Service in the Wars; who having quitted the Military Life, and Married, well advanc'd in Years; had left that Fair Daughter, who was then Fatherleſs, and Motherleſs, with a very inconſiderable Fortune; in regard her Father's Eſtate conſiſted moſt

in

in Penſions beſtow'd on him by King *Philip* the Second, in requital of his Services. This Lady liv'd with an Aunt of hers, an Ancient Gentlewoman, who for the moſt part kept her Bed, and was then retir'd to that Country-houſe, to look after her Silk-husbandry.

Thus was *Principio* fully inform'd of all he deſir'd to know; though he had a particular Account of the Perfections, which made the City of *Valentia* full of Diſcourſes of her Beauty, and Wit, which was ſuch, that ſhe had the Reputation of Writing good Verſes, a Property very recommendable in a Perſon of her Sex and Quality.

Principio had never ſeen her, and underſtanding ſhe liv'd at that Country-houſe, his Deſire was the more inflam'd; which made him ride abroad the oftener, hoping to be favour'd with ſuch another Opportunity, as he had met with before; but he had not that Happineſs a good while; her Aunt being ſo ſick, that ſhe could not ſtir out of the Room where ſhe lay. About Fifteen Days afterwards, the Old Gentlewoman being a little recover'd, ſhe had the liberty to go and ſee the Proceſſion of a Nun, at the Royal Monaſtery of *Zaida*, which was not far from the Country-houſe; at which Ceremony, all the Gallantry of *Valentia*, of both Sexes, was preſent. *Donna Julietta* came thither alſo, but having her Face cover'd with her Mantle, and attended only by one of her Women, ſhe got into a little obſcure Chappel.

Principio on the other ſide, who fail'd not to be there, hoping to meet her, on whom he had faſten'd his Affections, wondring very much that he found her not among the other Ladies; and ſuſpecting ſhe might be one of thoſe who were retir'd into the Chappel, and had their Faces cover'd with their Mantles, he went in to them, with two other Friends, to whom he ſaid, (preſuming it was ſhe as ſoon as he ſaw her) *The new made Nun is not much oblig'd to theſe Ladies, who retire to a Place, where they cannot ſee thoſe Ceremonies which all the reſt are ſo deſirous to behold: But I attribute this indifference to the little inclination they have to become*

become Nuns. *Julietta* was not a little pleas'd to ſee *Principio*, whom ſhe had before obſerv'd in the Church, and wiſh'd not ſo well attended as he then was. However, changing her Voice, ſhe return'd him this Anſwer.

Being not invited to this Feſtival, we cannot expect the ſame Welcome as thoſe that are; and for the little Curioſity we diſcover to ſee the Ceremonies us'd, at the Reception of a Nun, having ſeen the like ſeveral times before, we do not much mind this in regard the ſeeing of it but once, is enough to ſatisfie a Perſon inclinable to be a Nun. Nay, then I ſee, (ſays one of *Principio's* Friends) *you are not one of their Number, who have a Deſire to enter into that Profeſſion. I have no anſwer to make to you as to that,* (reply'd ſhe) *only to give you my Sentiments; that a Perſon cannot enter into this State of Life, unleſs they are qualify'd for it; a Favour I do not yet find my ſelf to be worthy of. We may then* (reply'd *Principio*) *inferr from this Diſcourſe of yours, that you are not Marry'd, but deſirous to be ſo: What my Inclinations are, as to Marriage,* (ſaid ſhe) *I am not oblig'd to give you an Acccunt, who are very far from being related to me ſo nearly, as that I ſhould acquaint you with my Reſolution in a Buſineſs of that Concernment: However, you may ſatisfy us ſo far, Madam,* (ſays *Principio*) *as to let us know, which Condition of Life you would rather chooſe. Which, I pray, Sir, would you adviſe me to?* (ſays ſhe to him) *That of Matrimony.* (ſays *Principio*) *What, whether I have the Accommodations requiſite to enter into that State, or not?* (reply'd ſhe) *If all be wanting,* (ſays he to her) *you muſt endeavour to forget your ſelf; for ſhe who is not born to be a Nun, and cannot be Married, muſt remain Neuter, as being uncapable of both. I could very well follow that Advice,* (ſaid ſhe) *But if you pleaſe Madam,* (ſays *Principio*) *to diſcover what your Mantle permits us not to ſee, I will give you better Advice.*

Coming up nearer to her, as if he were confident of that Favour, ſhe met his Deſires, and purpoſely gave him a full View of one of her fair Eyes, which *Principio's* two Friends alſo took notice of. *If the Advice you intend*

intend to give me, (ſaid ſhe) *ſhould prove to my diſadvantage, 'twere better, I ſhould ſtill continue undiſcover'd, though to hear your Advice, I ſhould not think it much to anſwer your Expectation. That can do you no preſudice,* (ſays *Principio* to her) *in regard we have obſerv'd ſome things which aſſure us, that you ought to chuſe the State of Matrimony, in which you would make the Perſon you ſhould think worthy your Enjoyments, the Happieſt Man in the World: Nay e're I know any more of you than I do already, I wiſh my ſelf the Perſon, for whom that Felicity is reſerv'd.*

His two Friends affirm'd the ſame thing on their own behalf, being extremely ſatisfied with her Wit, and the little they had ſeen of her Face.

Can there be any Happineſs comparable to mine, (ſaid ſhe) *who have three ſuch handſom Perſons at my Devotion, of whom it is in my Power to make one the Happieſt Man in the World? Well Gentlemen, ſince you cannot expect I ſhould make a ſuddain Choice in a Buſineſs of this Concern, you will give me leave to examine your ſeveral Perfections, that I may pitch upon him, who in my Judgment, may pretend to moſt.*

Upon that every one began to Celebrate his own Worth, and undervalue his Competitors: They paſs'd away ſome time in that pleaſant Diſcourſe, without any Offence taken; though the Place they were in ſhould have minded them, that ſome other Converſation would have been more ſuitable: But the Lady having had the Patience to hear what every one had to ſay on his own behalf; ſhe Anſwer'd them all together thus: *I am fully inform'd of the Qualities, and Deſerts of Perſons every way ſo excellent: I am now to adviſe with my Pillow, which of the three I ſhould preferr; though, to tell you the truth, I have, in a manner reſolv'd upon my Choice already; finding in my ſelf a ſtronger Inclination for one of the three, than for either of the other two. The Perſon I mean, has many excellent Qualities, but the particular inducement I have to think him Worthy my Approbation, is, that I know him to be a very great Wit; all I have to object againſt him, is, that he fears I am already engag'd to ſome other, whence I infer*

infer he is Jealous, and conſequently of an ill Nature. Principio immediately apprehended ſhe ſpoke of him, reflecting on what had paſt in their Diſcourſe the firſt time he had ſeen her.

The time being come for people to go out of the Church; the three Lovers out-vy'd one the other, to find out paſſionate Compliments to take leave of the Lady: *Principio* purpoſely ſtaying to be the laſt, only to whiſper theſe Words to her, *'Tis too great a Tyranny, Madam, towards a Servant ſo paſſionately yours, in ſo long a time, not to vouchſafe him a full Sight of you. I beſeech you be more kind to him hereafter, leaſt your further Diſdain may have ſome fatal effects on him: The indiſpoſition of an Aunt,* (reply'd ſhe) *whom I muſt conſtantly attend, I hope, you will think an allowable excuſe; and what I tell you is much more true, than the Expreſſions you make to me of your Love; but I will endeavour your ſatisfaction, and put a Period to your Complaints, when poſſibly you leaſt expect it. Principio* had not the time to return her any Anſwer, and ſo he parted from her, leaving her deeply in Love, and extremely deſirous to diſcourſe with him more at Leiſure.

Some few Days after, Fortune favour'd her with an Opportunity to her own Wiſhes, at the ſame Balcony where he had ſpoken to her the firſt time. As ſoon as ſhe perceiv'd *Principio* ſhe came down, and they diſcours'd a long time together, without any Interruption. The Effect of this Interview and long Conference, upon *Principio*, was, that his Love, which before was little better than kindled, now broke forth into a Flame. *Julietta* came not much behind him, yet had that command of her Paſſion, as not to grant him the greateſt Kindneſs that can happen between Perſons of different Sexes; though it were out of this only Reflection, that to have done it, at the firſt Interview, would have argu'd ſuch a Compliance and eaſineſs of Nature, as no violence of Affection ſhould ever be able to excuſe.

Principio, being now fully ſatisfi'd that *Julietta* was both a great Wit, and a great Beauty, writ ſeveral

Love-letters to her; and the better to express his Passion, he also sent her some Verses of his own Composure. *Julietta* knew that *Principio* among so many other Qualities he had acquir'd, was also skilful in Poetry, and consequently was the more surpriz'd and satisfi'd therewith: Some of his Missives she very modestly answer'd in these Terms.

The Letter.

THose Commendations, which transcend the Merit of the Person on whom they are bestow'd, do rather Injure than Oblige; and disparage the Judgment of the Giver; inasmuch as the Receiver, thinking her self unworthy the Honour, justly takes the Elogy for a Satyr. I am not so much a Stranger to my self, but that I can distinguish between Flattery and Truth; nor am I so poorly conceited of my self, but that I think I deserve somewhat of the Praises you give me. I shall think it an Obligation, if you abate some part of what you tell me, and find out a mean between excessive Praise and Contempt; for the former my own Imperfections advise me to look on as an Abuse: I have no great Experience of your Disposition, and therefore think it not strange, if I give not the Credit you expect to your Poetry, because it is the Language of Fiction; nor yet to your Prose, because it proceeds from the same Author, who, 'tis very likely has read Romances. Whether they were the Dictates of a sincere Affection, or an Obliging Compliment, it is only in the Power of time to discover, and withal to assure me, whether I am to acknowledge your Civilities, or resent the Injuries you have done me.

The Fair *Julietta* found out an Expedient to convey this Letter into the Hands of *Don Principio*, her newly caught Gallant, who, desirous to set himself right in the Opinion of his Mistress, and to assure her of the Fluency of his Style in things of this kind, caus'd the Messenger to stay, and take along with him this Answer.

The

The Answer.

I See, then, Madam, so that you procure your own Satisfaction, you care not what Inconveniencies I may run into; since that to be more moderate in your Praises (as you seem to Desire) cannot be without so much the greater prejudice to my Reputation; in that I think my self far short of Transcendency in that particular, and I am forc'd to bring in the excess of my Love, to supply the defects of my Poetry: That I may therefore be no more guilty of such a Crime, I will henceforth express my self in Prose, and in some measure do what you Command me in your Letter. You will find it no great difficulty to believe me, if you were sensible what I feel; nay though out of Modesty you pretend to be Ignorant of it, I defy you to do it; unless withal you resolve never to Consult your Glass any more. Well, Madam, it may be the time of your Conversion is not yet come; when it shall, your Eyes will be opened, and you shall find, That of all the Hearts, subdu'd by the Charms of your Beauty, mine perhaps may be the least, but, withal the most passionate Captive. Time, which gives all things their Birth, Perfection, and Period; shall be the Touch-stone to try whether this be Truth or a Fiction; nay I leave it to the same old Gentleman to assure you of a thing, you yet pretend to be Ignorant of, which is, That, while I live, you shall be sole Soveraign Mistress and Directress of my Inclinations; and then perhaps good Nature, Gratitude, and Generosity, will rather advise you to acknowledgements of the Love I bear you, than a resentment of the Injuries you charge me withal.

This Letter gave *Julietta* that Satisfaction concerning her new Gallant, which she expected: The frequent Visits were continu'd on *Principio's* side, and the Epistolary Correspondence on both sides: So that the Inclinations they had one to another, were by these degrees heightn'd into a Noble flame of Mutual Love: His Mistress commanded him above all things to keep his Pretensions to her, very Secret, which he inviolably Promis'd to do; nay she was so scrupulous, as to that

Particular, that if in the Church, or some other publick Place, her Gallant did so much as cast his Eye on her, in the Company of some Friend, she immediately imagin'd, that he acquainted him with his Passion; and as if she had heard all their Discourse, she fail'd not to send him a Letter concerning it, if she could not see him time enough, that he might receive her Reproaches himself. *Principio* clear'd himself the best he could, still assuring her of the contrary; and inflam'd with Love and Indignation, all he could do was to dispel that Diffidence, which troubl'd him extremely; but the same Love, which is wont to reconcile the lesser Differences and Dissatisfactions, that happen between Lovers, help'd them also out of the greatest and most difficult. 'Twas *Principio*'s design to Marry this Lady, though her Fortunes were very low; but he delay'd the doing it, till he had effected a Business he was then engag'd to prosecute. His Uncle and himself had done the King very considerable Services in *Flanders*, for many years together, and he was then making his applications to his Majesty for some Command in compensation thereof; and the obstructions and delays he met with in that Affair contributed more to his after-happiness, than the Expedition could have done, as will appear anon.

Julietta had given Order, that he should not be seen in the Street where she liv'd, much less look up to her Window to be seen by her, and it was punctually observ'd by *Principio*, who was not known to have given her a Meeting any where; but she her self was the first that forgot what she had enjoyn'd; it happen'd thus: During the time of the Carnaval, which in *Valentia*, is Celebrated with Masquerades, Balls, Tilting, and Disguises, *Principio* had in some of these met with his Mistress; yet without discovery of more than ordinary Kindness between them though they had talk'd, and danc'd together. One Evening after the Ball, there was to be a Meeting of certain Ladies, at the House of a Friend of *Julietta*'s, to which she with some others had been invited: *Principio* and some other Friends of his were to be there, not in order to any Ball, but only

ly to diſcourſe: *Julietta* came there betimes before any of the reſt, and ſoon after her a Woman, very ſumptuouſly attir'd, attended by two Gentlemen-Ushers of her own Retinue, whom her Mother had order'd to wait on her, to that Neighbour's Houſe, who was very much her Friend. *Principio* coming into the Room, was very kindly receiv'd by the Ladies then preſent, whom he endeavour'd to entertain the moſt lovingly he could, till the reſt of the Company were come in.

The Lady who came in laſt, roſe from her Seat to go and look upon a Piece of Tapiſtry, that was in the Room, wherein there were repreſented lighted Torches: The Admiration ſhe expreſs'd at the Excellency of the Workmanſhip, oblig'd *Principio* to come alſo to ſee it; there was Pen, Ink, and Paper upon the Table. *Lucretia*, (ſo was the Lady call'd) took the Pen in her Hand, and drew ſeveral ſtrokes upon the Paper: *Principio* took occaſion to commend all ſhe did with ſuch high Compliments, that his Miſtreſs, who was already poſſeſs'd with a Jealouſy, to ſee him ſo near her, was almoſt ready to burſt with Indignation to hear them. He minding only his own Diverſion in all he did, took no notice of it; nay on the contrary, being acquainted with *Lucretia*, through her Brother's means, whom he often viſited, and a Perſon of much freedom in his Behavior, he continu'd his Gameſome Humour, and ſnatched out of her Hand a Pen ſhe was making to Write withal; after which having daſh'd a little Ink upon her Hand, he Jeſtingly told her, that the Blackneſs of the Ink never appear'd more than it did then. She pretending to be diſpleas'd at that Freedom, gave him a clap upon his Shoulder with her Hand, to get off the Ink; but perceiving he laugh'd at the Revenge ſhe had taken, ſhe gave him another harder than the former.

Julietta who minded their Jeſting more than what was ſaid to her by the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, (with whom ſhe was then diſcourſing) ſtarts like a Fury from her Seat, and not conſidering what ſhe was a doing; gave *Principio* ſuch a Blow over the Face, that his Noſe bled: The poor Gentleman was extremely ſtartled at it, and all he could do was to take a Handker-

chief out of his Pocket, to receive the Blood; telling his Miſtreſs, very coldly, *Well, Madam, you ſee I have kept the Secret committed to my truſt; you have firſt reveal'd it and tranſgreſs'd the Law you have made your ſelf:* Concluding this Reproach with a low Congy, he quitted the Room, and went home.

Julietta, had no ſooner given the Blow, but ſhe was infinitely troubled at it, not ſo much out of the Reſpect ſhe bore to the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, who was her intimate Friend; as for her, who had occaſion'd her Jealouſy. In this Interval, her Sifters, upon whoſe Account this Meeting had been appointed, coming into the Houſe, *Julietta* had the Opportunity to retire with her Friends into another Room.

Being got together, only they two, *My deareſt* Julietta, (ſays her Friend to her) *What do you think of? How are you grown another Perſon than what I have ever known you? I have hitherto admir'd your Modeſty and Reſervedneſs; how you ſhould now be guilty of ſuch a miſcarriage in Behaviour, is the Matter of my Aſtoniſhment. The Action you have done, aſſures me, without your ſpeaking, what in many Words, you ſhould hardly have perſwaded me to. I was Ignorant of this Affection of yours, becauſe you ever kept it ſecret; and ſince I know it by this Diſcovery, I am more obliged to your Jealouſy, than your Friendſhip.* Principio *is a Perſon of Worth, and Quality; I am very glad he is your Servant, you may henceforward publickly own him, for it is to no purpoſe to diſſemble.*

Julietta was at ſuch a loſs, that ſhe knew not what to anſwer; but having a little recover'd her ſelf, *I muſt acknowledge, dear Madam,* (reply'd ſhe) *ſince this eruption of my Jealouſy and Indignation has betray'd me, that* Principio *is my humble Servant; my inconſiderate Paſſion, has, to my Shame, diſcover'd what I kept not only from your Knowledge, but that of all others. I muſt acknowledge, I ſay, that* Principio *ſerves me with a violent Paſſion, which yet exceeds not the Affection I have for him. I never ſaw him ſo indifferent, as he diſcover'd himſelf in this laſt Action; his familiarity with* Lucretia *touch'd me to the quick.*

That

That short Fury, (which we commonly call Jealousy) forc'd me to that extravagant discovery of my Love. Since what is past cannot be recall'd, (said her Friend to her) *let us find out some Remedy to alleviate the Inconvenience; for it is not fit we should be depriv'd of* Principio's *good Company, nor be of the Pleasure of this Meeting. Besides, we should not give* Lucretia *the time to make any Reflection on this Accident, or conceive Apprehensions which would prove disadvantagious to you. What is to be done in this Conjecture?* (reply'd the Jealous Lady) *The only way I can think of,* (says her Friend) *is, immediately to write to him.* She follow'd her Advice, and sent him these Lines.

The Letter.

JEalousies, when they are really the Effects of Love, though expressed with some harshness, are rather to be accounted Favours than Affronts, by a Lover, whose Soul exhales a sincere Passion towards his Mistress. The Injury I have done my self in wounding my Reservedness, is greater than the Violence you will do your self in passing by what is now past. It much concerns my Reputation, that you immediately return to the Meeting. But if you persist in your Resentment, you will have farther Occasion, if the loss of my Favour may give you any.

A Messenger was immediately sent with this Letter to *Principio*, who express'd much gladness at the Receipt of it; and, without any Recollection, obey'd his Mistress; as being satisfied in Mind, that nothing discovers a real Passion, more than Jealousy. He comes very gayly into the Room where the Ladies were, which *Lucretia* perceiving was not a little troubled, for she doubted not of his being in Love with *Julietta*, though she thought so well of him as to wish he had rather address'd his Affections to her self.

Principio finding himself in the Presence of *Julietta*, thought it not requisite to speak to any other, e're he had first assur'd her of his compliance with her Desires. Approaching her with a Graceful Smile, he made her

this Compliment, *Madam, I have consider'd this Room with as much Respect as if it had been a Temple, and your Person no less; since it not only kept me from profaning the one, and offering any violence to the other, but also from revenging by that kind of Duel, which the Law permits between Gallants and their Mistresses.* (*Julietta* reply'd) *being so much, as I am, a Servant to Madam* Lucretia, *I have taken upon my Account the Affront you have done her, when she would have shewn you a Kindness; never thinking of any Law that permits a Man to revenge himself of a Lady by way of Duelling.*

Lucretia, knowing that that indiscreet Action of *Juliettas* proceeded meerly from her Jealousy, would not be engag'd in her Excuse; so that she very confidently made Answer thus: *There was never so great a Familiarity between us, Madam, as might oblige you to take my Part with so much Passion, in an Occasion wherein I should not have wanted Confidence to revenge my self. But not knowing any thing that should oblige me to Jealousy, and thinking not the Affront done to me so great as you would perswade me it were; my Precipitation was not accordingly so great as yours. I am very glad you make me the Riddle of your Interpretations; let them be thought such by whom you please, but for my part, I have already given them an easy Solution, such as none in the Company can be ignorant of.* *Julietta*, not a little mov'd at the freedom of that Discourse, would have reply'd; but the Gentlewoman of the House unwilling the Difference should go any further, interrupted them, and oblig'd them to sit down; for several other Ladies were coming into the Room. *Principio*, was that Night, not only very sumptuous in his Apparel, but also full of excellent Discourses; insomuch that there were few Ladies in the Company, who were not much taken with him, among whom *Lucretia* was the most concern'd of any. Her thoughts were full of what had happen'd between her and *Julietta*, and she was now resolv'd to use all the Artifices she could, to get away that Gallant from her; wherein at last she had her Desire, as the Story hereafter mentions.

mentions. All the Favours which *Principio* receiv'd of his Miſtreſs, were pay'd by her with extraordinary demonſtrations of Affection; for indeed the Lady had a greater kindneſs for him than any other; though at that very time ſhe lov'd another abſent Gentleman, whom ſhe had granted more particular Favours than ever ſhe had *Principio*. For the Gallant then abſent had received of her by way of Kindneſs, what in Matrimony is called due Benevolence, and conſequently had ſhe not been loſt to all Modeſty, ſhe would have kept the Promiſe ſhe had made him; ſince the breaking of that and her own Reputation were not diſtinct Actions.

This Gallant of hers, whoſe Name was *Don Frederick Dorella*, had made a Journey to *Madrid*, to proſecute a Suit at Law againſt the Count of *Boceyna*, his Uncle, for a conſiderable Eſtate in Lands, which at laſt was decided in a Sovereign Council of *Arragon*. He was return'd to *Valentia*, with a Decree to put him into Poſſeſſion of the ſaid Eſtate which amounted to Two thouſand Crowns *per Annum*. *Julietta* was extremely put to her Shifts, not knowing how ſhe ſhould keep in with both theſe Gallants, and ſatisfy them at the ſame time. She conſider'd that her Honour was engag'd with *Don Frederick*, and her Love with *Principio*. Her Affections being ſo much the more heightn'd towards the latter in requital of his aſſiduous Attendances, as it was remitted towards the former, by Reaſon of his Abſence. So that it is as much a Miracle to ſee ſome Women forget their Engagements, (when they to whom they are made, are once out of their Sight) and mind only the preſent Enjoyments, as to ſee Geeſe go barefoot.

But as drowning Perſons will catch at any thing, and the diſtreſs'd are commonly glad of any Advice; this Lady whom we repreſented before, one of the greateſt Wits of her Nation, reduc'd to this Extremity, muſt needs adviſe with a Maid, whoſe Fidelity and Secrecy, ſhe had great Aſſurance of; reſolving in her ſelf to find out ſome Expedient, whereby ſhe might make ſure of the one and not loſe the other.

She receiv'd *Don Frederick* into the Houſe, in the Night,

Night, thinking she could not civilly deny him the Reiteration of a Kindness she had once granted him: And she kept the other in hand with Love-letters, allowing him not to see her as often as he desir'd, as well to add fuel to his Love, as that the other, whom she was more oblig'd to favour, might have the freer Access. Her excuse to *Principio* was, that she wanted not Over-seers; that her Friends were very shy in Point of Honour; that one of them watch'd her Day and Night; and that the greatest Pleasure he could do her, was, to forbear passing through the Street where she liv'd, till she had assur'd him that the Coast was clear. *Principio*, who had really lov'd her, and suspected nothing of the Imposture, easily credited all she said and punctually obey'd her.

Don Frederick, was willing to requite the Kindness he had receiv'd from her, by marrying her; but having a Mother alive, who would not have been well pleas'd with that Marriage, he took Occasion to put it off; hoping it would not be long e're she were remov'd out of the way, as being very ancient. So that he pass'd away the time very jocundly with his Mistress, whilst she by her cunning Insinuation and Artifices, endeavour'd to bring *Principio* into a Fool's Paradise, and make him believe all proceeded from Affection.

There happen'd about this time a Difference between *Principio*, and another Gentleman, of the most eminent about the City, whose Name was *Don Renatus*, as they were Playing at Tennis. Some Friends interpos'd between them, and 'twas conceiv'd they were made Friends; but the Reconciliation prov'd such as neither was satisfied. *Principio* was a Person of a Generous open Nature, grounding his Gallantry on the Employments he had in *Flanders*; and imagining that no Man, having any thing to say to him, would do it otherwise than by the ways of Honour. But his Adversary conceiving he had more reason to be offended than the other, who had not expressed so much Resentment; smother'd his Malice, in hopes of an Opportunity, wherein he might revenge himself with Advantage.

Don

Don Frederick was gone to a certain Place in the Country, where he ſtay'd three or four Days. *Julietta* who had a great Kindneſs for *Principio*, ſent him word to come to her Houſe in the Night, but ſo ſecretly and with ſuch Caution that none might perceive it; inasmuch as the Freedom ſhe gave him, concern'd her Reputation in the higheſt Degree. The Amorous Cavalier obey'd her in this, as he had done in many other things ſhe had commanded him, coming thither at ſuch Hours as it was not likely any ſhould ſee him.

Thus by his Credulity he promoted the Deſigns of this deceitfull Woman, who would craftily make the moſt of both her Gallants; ſo that, preventing their being Jealous of one another, nay, knowing that they were Rivals, ſhe gull'd them both. Had ſhe been free to make her own Choice, no doubt ſhe would have pitch'd upon *Principio* for her Husband. But *Frederick* being afore-hand with her, ſhe could do no leſs, though it were only out of a fear to loſe him, and prevent the Reproaches he might make her; than keep him ſtill in play, and expect the performance of the Promiſe he had made to Marry her, as ſoon as his Mother were march'd off. But out of an apprehenſion that even then he might poſſibly break his Word with her, ſhe thought it Prudence to give *Principio* alſo a little more Line. Upon theſe Conſiderations ſhe ſuffer'd her ſelf to be Courted by both.

Principio being now more kindly entertain'd by his Miſtreſs than he had been, begun to conceive a Hope to obtain of her, within a ſhort time, the grand Favour that can be expected from a Woman. But he reckon'd without his Hoſteſs; for it was her Fear that if ſhe oblig'd him in what he ſo much deſir'd, he might become abſolute Maſter of thoſe Inclinations, which ſhe had ſo dexterouſly divided between them both. However, *Principio* paſs'd away the Time pleaſantly enough, during the abſence of *Frederick*; but as ſoon as he was return'd to *Valentia*, *Julietta* began to put on a greater Reſervedneſs, and would not be ſo much as ſeen by *Principio*. She made him ſuch plauſible Excuſes for it, that he, loving her as he did, believ'd

all

all ſhe ſaid, though not without ſome Suſpicion, that there might be ſomething elſe in the Wind: Upon which account he often diſguis'd himſelf, that he might, undiſcover'd, viſit the Street where ſhe liv'd, in the Night. But he never could meet with any Perſon, of whom, he might conceive any Jealouſy; yet that Diſguiſe did him a Courteſy: For by that means he eſcap'd being diſcover'd by the Cavalier who ſought to be reveng'd of him. That he met not with *Frederick* in that Street, proceeded hence, that *Julietta*, fore-ſeeing all Inconveniences, had order'd, that *Frederick* ſhould come to her Houſe, through that of a She-friend of hers, which was another Street, and had a Back-door, leading into a Garden, joyning unto *Julietta*'s, in whoſe Embraces ſhe ſpent the whole Night.

It happen'd, one Night, that *Principio* being in the Street where his Miſtreſs liv'd; his Adverſary, *Don Renatus*, attended by two of his Servants, comes into it by another way, being not well aſſur'd it was he, they follow'd him at a diſtance, being loth to do another that Miſchief which they only intended him. *Principio* at laſt obſerv'd them, and finding himſelf unfurniſhed with Piſtols, to deal with Perſons who never went without them, as having only his Sword to defend himſelf; he bethought him to make the Signal he was wont at *Julietta*'s Door, who as good luck would have it, was come down Stairs, after ſhe had put *Frederick* into Bed. She looks out at the Window, to ſee what her ſecond Gallant would have, who, as ſoon as he perceiv'd her, deſir'd her immediately to open the Door, otherwiſe he was a dead Man, in regard *Renatus* his Enemy follow'd him, and he was deſtitute of Weapons to defend himſelf. The Lady imagin'd that *Principio* would only put a trick upon her, and only ſaid ſo, that he might be the ſooner admitted in. But *Principio*, with many Oaths, affirm'd he ſaid nothing but the Truth, and that *Renatus*, with two others, were coming upon him

Julietta, was extremely troubled at his Diſcourſe, and for Anſwer, told him, That a certain Gentlewoman of her Aquaintance was come to ſee her, and to be her Bed-

Bed-fellow that Night, and that ſhe durſt not open the Door, leaſt ſhe ſhould ſee him. *Principio* preſs'd her the more to do it, aggravating the danger he was in, and charging her that ſhe had little Love for him, when ſhe deny'd him entrance into her Houſe in ſo great an Extremity, which the greateſt Stranger in the World would not have deny'd him. *Julietta* told him again, That ſhe could not do it without prejudice to her Reputation. That as to the Love ſhe bore him, he needed not doubt of it; ſince it could not be greater than it was, and call'd Heaven to Witneſs, that ſhe was extremely perplexed, that ſhe could not ſatisfy his Deſires. *Principio* told her, that ſince her Friend was in a Room above-Stairs, ſhe might without any ſcruple open the Door, and let him ſtay below, till ſuch time as he might retire with Safety.

Julietta ſeeing him ſo importunate, imagin'd it proceeded from ſome Suſpicion he had conceiv'd of her, and that he had ſeen *Frederick* coming into the Houſe. To be aſſured whether it were ſo or no, ſhe look'd into the Street, and ſaw the three Men who purſu'd him, and whiſpering one to another; as being in ſome uncertainty whether it were the Perſon they look'd for. Theſe Circumſtances fully ſatisfied her, that *Principio* was in very great Danger; and to find ſome Expedient to give him Entrance, ſhe bid him expect a little with Patience, and ſhe would ſee whether ſhe could open the Door. She went up Stairs to ſee *Frederick*, who, wondring at her ſtay, ask'd her what occaſion'd her going down. She told him, her Aunt was not fall'n a Sleep, and that ſhe could not come to Bed, till ſhe were. Deſiring him to have a little Patience. Having thus ſatisfi'd him, ſhe went into another Room, to conſider with her ſelf what might be done in ſuch an Extremity. On the one ſide, ſhe ſaw *Frederick* poſſeſſed of her Bed, a Perſon of a fantaſtick Humour, yet one whom ſhe was engaged to, and had made Maſter of the moſt precious thing ſhe had, and ſtill humour'd out of a Hope to be one Day his Wife; ſo that her Honour was on his part. On the other, the Love ſhe bore *Principio* would have prevailed with her, not

to

to suffer him to be assassinated by his Enemies, which he must run the hazard of, if she reliev'd him not; it being in her power to do it: So that she was strangely distracted, not knowing whether she should follow the Dictates of Honour, or those of Love. At last, after divers Considerations, that of Honour prevail'd with her, and oblig'd her not to receive *Principio* into the House. For if she did, she reflected, That her Reputation would be endanger'd two *viz.* ways one, that it could not be done without *Frederick's* hearing of it, who would thence take Occasion to break his Promise; another, that if *Principio* were pursued by his Enemy, and that he should see him come into her House, he would be apt to make an ill Construction of it, and that might come to the Ears of *Frederick*, even though he saw him not.

Having thus resolv'd to stick to the surer side, she went down Stairs, and finding *Principio* still at the Door, *My dearest Love,* (said she to him) *Heaven's my Witness, how willing I am to satisfy your Desires, by giving you Entrance, not only into my House, but even into my Heart, which is absolutely at your Disposal: I see you are pursu'd, as you told me, but it would be too great an Inconvenience to me, that you should be seen coming into my House at such an unseasonable Hour; being a Person yet so unblemish'd in my Reputation as I am. I beseech you consider with your self what Discourses it might occasion; besides my Friend, who is my Bed-fellow this Night, is awake, and as Women, are extremely inquisitive; she will be desirous to know the Occasion of my stay, and who has kept me so long from her; for there is a very great familiarity between us. Pardon me therefore, that I cannot grant your Desire; it is the greatest Affliction imaginable to me, that I must leave you in such a Danger; but reflecting on that of my Reputation, I know you would not have me to hazard it, since I doubt not but you are so generous, as to prefer my Honour before your own Life.*

This unworthy Treatment of his Mistress, in so pressing an Extremity, went to the Heart of *Principio*; nay

nay he was so startled to find himself thus deceiv'd, that it would not have troubled him much if *Renatus* had set upon him, that he might be reveng'd of the Affront done him by *Julietta*, by dying before her Eyes.

I should never have imagin'd, (said he parting from her) *that you could have been so Barbarous, as to put me off so poorly in so dangerous an Exigency, or so inexorable, upon the Entreaties of so faithful a Servant. If you ever had any real Kindness for me, that Reputation you stand so nicely upon, would have run no Hazard, either as to your Friend, or my Enemy, by your receiving me as a Husband, upon which account only I made my Addresses to you: Upon which if you, ungrateful Woman, had entertain'd me, and not insisted on frivolous Respects grounded on such Maxims as I cannot like; my Heart had at this time been absolutely at your Disposal. To make it deservedly such, has been the main end of all my Courtships and Services; but Heaven would not permit it, and since I could find no Compassion in your Heart, I will go and try what I may expect from my Enemy, with a Resolution never to forget a Proceedure I am so much astonish'd at.*

Julietta would have made him some Answer, and extremely mov'd at his Discourse, was resolv'd to hazard all, to assure him of her Affection. But when she went to call him, he was got a great way down the Street, pursued by *Renatus*, who being assured he was the Person he look'd for, was going to set upon him.

His Resentment of her Unkindness, considering the Imminency of the Danger, seem'd just to her, and being extremely troubled thereat, after she had blam'd her self, she quarrell'd at Heaven, which in the mean time secur'd her Lover from Danger, and reserv'd him for happier Adventures.

Renatus coming within Pistol-shot of *Principio*, perceiv'd that he had met with his Friend *Don Alonzo*, who with his Servant, was going home to his Lodging, which prevented him from executing his Design. For *Renatus* being, in appearance, and that before several Persons, reconciled with him, all would have blam'd him, had he assaulted him upon the old Account; e-

especially

ſpecially at Advantage, and with Fire-arms. So that ſeeing he had loſt ſuch a fair Opportunity to revenge himſelf, he ſlip'd aſide, to avoid being known, imagining he had not been diſcover'd. *Principio* related the whole Story to his Friend, and how he had been purſu'd thither; which he much wondred at, ſeeing *Renatus* ſo little minded the Engagement he had made before ſo many Perſons of Quality, and that ſo ſlight a Buſineſs ſhould ſtick ſo cloſe to his Heart.

It was by this time very late, and as well for that Reaſon, as to be ſatisfied of what he ſuſpected, *Principio* being near to *Don Alonzo*'s Lodging, reſolv'd to take part of it that Night, which his Friend was very glad of. They got in, and e're they lay down, they fell into Diſcourſe about what had paſs'd. *Principio* open'd himſelf to *Don Alonzo*, and acquainted him how Affairs ſtood between him and *Julietta*. *Don Alonzo* had heard ſomewhat of the mutual Love there was between her and *Frederick*, and was vexed to ſee his Friend had ſo far mis-plac'd his Affections, and particularly at the Reſolution he had made to marry her: Whereupon he could not forbear telling him what he heard of her and *Frederick*; which *Principio* underſtanding, he immediately preſum'd, that the reaſon why ſhe opened not the Door, muſt needs be, that her former Gallant was with her. A thouſand Paſſages came into his Mind, but he particularly reflected on the Prohibition, which the crafty Gentlewoman had made him, of ſpeaking to her in the Night, and that it was only ſince *Frederick*'s return from *Madrid*: Upon which communicating his Thoughts to his Friend, they jointly concluded, that *Frederick* muſt needs be in the Houſe with her. To be fully aſſured of it, they order'd a Servant of *Don Alonzo*'s to examine the Buſineſs, and to continue in the Street, till it were Day: And for further certainty, another Servant was appointed to ſtand Centry in the other Street, by which *Frederick* was wont to get in at a Back-door. With this Precaution they went to Bed together; but *Principio* was in ſuch a Diſturbance, that he could not ſleep a wink. About half an hour before Day, one of the Servants brought Intel-

Intelligence that he had ſeen *Don Frederick* going out of the Houſe belonging to *Julietta*'s Friend, and that about the ſame time, he had ſeen *Julietta* in one of the Windows that look'd into that Street, looking on him as he went out, and that he was ſure 'twas no other than ſhe her ſelf. This Account ſatisfied *Principio* ſo fully, that all the Love he formerly bore that impudent Woman, immediately vaniſh'd.

'Twas not imaginable, that *Frederick* frequented that Houſe upon the account of the Miſtreſs of it, who being turn'd of fifty, could not be courted by any Gallants. Beſides, ſhe had the Reputation of being a very Charitable Perſon in Love-affairs, and was wont to promote the Enjoyments of younger People, and to give excellent Directions how they might moſt cautiouſly Accompliſh their Deſires.

The Night following, *Principio* would himſelf, (from the Houſe of a certain Friend of his) ſee *Frederick* getting into the Sanctuary of that Charitable Sollicitreſs; and for his further Aſſurance, he lay perdue upon the Roof, whence he diſcovered, That, that favoured Gallant continu'd there, till Word was brought him, that he might make his Entrance into *Julietta*'s that very Night. The diſſembling Goſſip, would needs endeavour to ſatisfy her Lover, as to the diſſatisfaction he might juſtly have conceiv'd of her: To leave nothing unattempted, and to keep in as near as might be withall, ſhe ſent *Principio* a Letter by her Servant-maid in whom ſhe repos'd great Truſt, and who was not a Stranger to the Loves of both the Gallants, and promoted the Deſign of her Miſtreſs in abuſing them, for the Advantage ſhe reap'd thereby. Hearing ſhe ſtaid to ſpeak with him, he call'd her up, and receiv'd from her a Paper containing theſe Words.

Julietta to *Principio*.

I Should not think the Reſentment you juſtly have againſt me ſo great as I do, were I able to expreſs the Trouble I am in to have been the Occaſion of it. That I have not been ſo Compaſſionate, as the Exigency requir'd, be pleas'd to attribute to the Tenderneſs I had for my own Honour; the Conſideration whereof made me inexorable. I love you beyond my own Life; but one of my Birth and Sex may be pardon'd, if ſhe Sacrifice all things to the ſecurity of her Reputation, rather than expoſe her ſelf to the Cenſures of ill Tongues. You may well imagine, when I denied you

entrance into my Houſe, that my good Name muſt run a ſtrange hazard with that troubleſome Bed-fellow, whom, to my unhappineſs, I was then forc'd to entertain. Notwithſtanding the Reſentment wherewith you left me, you could not but obſerve the Diſtraction I was in: Whence you may infer, how thankfully I have ſince acknowledged the Indulgence of thoſe higher Powers, who reſcu'd you out of a Danger, which I thought unavoidable. You could not have loſt your Life in that Adventure, but mine muſt have run the ſame hazard, and I do not know any thing but Honour which I ſhould prefer before two things I account ſo precious. Let me therefore Conjure you, to ſmother your Reſentment of it, and to appeaſe your Indignation; which if I may obtain of you, I ſhall think all the Devoirs your Love may require little enough to requite it. Your Compliance with my Deſires herein will inform me, what Tenderneſs you have for her Satisfaction and Life, who prays Heaven to preſerve yours, as ſhe wiſhes it may hers, who loves you with all her Soul.

JULIETTA.

Principio was extremely incens'd at this Letter and tho' he did all he could to diſſemble it; yet the Maid looking on him very earneſtly during the peruſal, ſufficiently obſerv'd it in his Geſtures. He entreated her to walk into the Garden, and ſtay for an Anſwer; which was this.

To Julietta

YOur Satisfactions, hitherto, have ever heightned my Love, but this laſt has wrought me a quite contrary effect; for I know it to be as far from Truth, as I am from Diſſimulation: I never thought my ſelf a Perſon to be entertain'd only to paſs away the tedious Interval of another Man's Abſence, nor to act the ridiculous Part you have put me upon, only to come upon the Stage, between the ſeveral Acts of your ſecret Proſtitutions. If it be any Satisfaction to you, know, I have diſangaged all Reſentments of your Hypocriſy, and ſhall never complain of the frivolous Eluſions, wherein you ſuffer'd my Love to languiſh: No, I am more obliged to your Denials, than ever I ſhould have been to your Careſſes. My Life indeed would have been ſecured if you had received me into your Houſe; but my Honour would have been irrevocably loſt, if without my Diſcovery of it, you could have exerciſed

erciſed your Charity on two ſeveral Perſons, the ſame Night. 'Tis very probable you loved me beyond your own Life, when being ſo cloſely engag'd to another, you thought me the fitteſt Perſon in the World to make your Diverſion. I am really obliged to thoſe who intended to be my Murderers, ſince by their means I came to diſcover your Impoſture: Make ſure of that fortunate Gallant, whom your Charitable Neighbour was uſhering to your Bed, while I was knocking at your Door. Make ſure of him, perfidious Woman, and henceforth, keep all your Cares, and all your Careſſes only for him. Live as happily with him as the Conſcience of your Humanity towards me will permit, and never think more of Principio, *who for his part, diſclaims all future Thoughts of you.*

It was not long e're this Letter came to the Hands of *Julietta*, whom the Maid found in that Neighbour's Houſe of hers, through which *Frederick* had Acceſs to her. She receiv'd it with ſome diſturbance; and asking the Maid what Humour ſhe found him in, ſhe told her, that he had made her a very cold Reception, and that he expreſs'd nothing of the Kindneſs he was wont to do at other times. *Julietta* a little caſt down at that Diſcourſe, *It ſeems then*, (ſaid ſhe) *I am not to promiſe my ſelf any great Satisfaction from this Letter.* Having opened and read it, ſhe was like one put into a fright, not able to ſpeak. Her Friend ask'd her what it contain'd? She thinking it too great a Burden, to acquaint her by Word of Mouth, gave her the Letter to peruſe. The old Croney no leſs diſturbed than the young Miſtreſs, found, that *Frederick*'s Love was diſcovered to the great diſadvantage of her Reputation; inaſmuch as it clearly expreſs'd, that it was through her Houſe, *Frederick* made his Approaches to her Friend, whereat ſhe was extremely afflicted. *Julietta* was ſo troubled at the Contents of that Letter, that ſhe curſ'd the Day and Hour, ſhe had ſuffered *Principio* to Court her. The only Comfort ſhe could raiſe to her ſelf, was, that ſhe knew him to be of ſo generous a Diſpoſition, that, though he had a juſt Occaſion to be incenſed againſt her; yet would he conceal her weakneſs, and not publiſh the Correſpondence there had been between them.

But *Julietta*'s Unhappineſs was not come to its full height, and the Malice of her ill Fortune thought not this Affliction heavy enough. When the Wheel of that Vagabond

Goddeſs begins to turn, every Spoak of it brings a new Misfortune, one Diſgrace coming ſtill on the Neck of another. It happen'd then, that as the Maid was coming out of *Principio's* Lodging, to bring the Letter to her Miſtreſs, *Frederick* ſaw her with it in her Hand; ſhe having been careleſs to hide it, becauſe ſhe was diſ-ſatisfied with *Principio*, who had only that time omitted to make her ſome Preſent. *Frederick* immediately began to ſuſpect ſomewhat, and undiſcovered, followed her to the Houſe where *Julietta* was, and got into one of the Upper-Rooms, without any one's taking notice of it; the Maid by a ſecond over-ſight, having left the Door open: He eaſily ſaw what paſt, he heard the Letter read from one end to the other, and withal, their ſeveral Diſcourſes, and Comments upon it; the afflicted Lady burſting forth into Indignation at every Word, and not imagining ſhe was over-heard, ſhe ſufficiently expreſs'd her Reſentment of ſo preſſing a Misfortune.

The Gentleman in the next Room, who would have been glad of any Occaſion to break the Promiſe he had made to Marry her, (for a Lover once admitted to Enjoyment has other guiſe thoughts than he who is ſtill kept in Hope) hearing all theſe things, conceiv'd them a very fair Pretence to diſ-engage himſelf. He therefore goes very confidently into the Room, where they were, and addreſſing himſelf to *Julietta*, who was moſt ſtartled at his preſence; *I expected*, (ſaid he) *conſidering the mutual Obligations between us, that you would have correſponded thereto, with a Sincerity ſuitable to my Deſires, which aim'd only at this, to ſee us one Day united by Marriage, and to enjoy thoſe Pleaſures lawfully, and without any Sting or Remorſe, which we have, upon hopes of the Accompliſhment of that Sacred Tye, preſum'd to anticipate. But ſince, ungrateful Creature, I find you loſt to all Modeſty, and have entertain'd new Gallants, I am free, to diſpoſe of my ſelf as I ſhall think moſt convenient; ſince it were neither juſt, nor rational I ſhould be inſeparably bound to a Perſon, deſtitute of all Conduct and Honour, and ſo live the reſt of my Days in perpetual Jealouſies and Diſtruſt.*

Having ſo ſaid, he left the Room, a little troubled at the Diſtraction of the Woman; but well ſatisfied in his own Thoughts, that he had drawn his Neck out of the Collar, that is, ſhifted himſelf out of an Affair, which bred him a great deal of trouble; ſince his Proſecution of it to that Point,

Point had been with the diſ-approbation of his Mother. 'Tis not to be imagin'd, that the Conſtancy of any Woman, ſhould be able to endure ſo great a ſhock of Misfortune. *Julietta* fell into a Swoon between the Arms of her Friend, and continu'd in it a long time; but at laſt being come to her ſelf again, ſhe ſpoke ſuch things as rais'd a great Compaſſion in her who heard them. She ſought for Remedies to her Miſery, and not finding any ſtrong enough to re-engage *Principio*, who was acquainted with her former Engagement, nor yet to bring back *Frederick*, whom ſhe knew ſhe had offended; ſhe was not able to ſmother the Grief ſhe conceiv'd to find her ſelf ſo juſtly ſlighted by both. She imputed all her Misfortune to her own Misgovernment of her ſelf. Whereupon ſhe fell a tearing of her Hair, and ſpoke whatever rage could inſpire into a Woman exaſperated in the higheſt Degree.

She paſs'd away the reſt of the Afternoon in continual Diſquiet, not finding any Comfort in either her Friends Diſcourſes, or her own. In the Evening, ſhe went to her own Houſe, but her Diſtractions went along with her; ſo that it is not to be imagin'd but the Night prov'd as reſtleſs as the Day had been Unfortunate. Let us a while leave her in her Bed, formerly the Receptacle, but now the ſecret Remembrancer of her former Miſcarriages, in the midſt of her Troubles and Tranſportations, and give an Account what became of *Principio*.

As ſoon as he had diſpatch'd away the Maid with his Letter to *Julietta*, he ſat down a while to conſider with himſelf what Courſe he ſhould take; for he ſaw there was nothing to be expected there, and that it was not for his Reputation, to continue his Viſits any longer. He had always a great Inclination for the Fair *Lucretia*, ever ſince ſhe had occaſion'd *Julietta* to break forth into that extravagant Diſcovery of her Jealouſy: He conſider'd ſhe was a Gentlewoman Nobly deſcended, and of a great Fortune; and thereupon he reſolv'd to make his Addreſſes publickly to her, by demanding her in Marriage of her Father and Brother; which they, upon the firſt Motion, very willingly granted, even with great demonſtrations of Gladneſs; inaſmuch as *Principio* was a Perſon generally belov'd in his Country, as being endu'd with thoſe Qualities, which deſerv'd the Reſpects and Eſteem of all. The Contract of Marriage was ſoon drawn up, and the Buſineſs immediately ſpread over the whole City of *Valentia*. But when this News came to the Ears of

Julietta, imagine whether ſhe were not extremely troubled thereat; nay ſo much the more, in that he pitch'd on the Perſon, whom of all the World ſhe had moſt reaſon to hate, ever ſince that fatal Meeting, wherein ſhe had expreſs'd ſo much Indiſcretion. She ſaid a thouſand things againſt her, and made many Imprecations againſt him and her ſelf, charging Heaven with Injuſtice, ſometimes bemoaning her ſelf, and ſometimes Curſing her Misfortune. But it was not only one ſhe had to Curſe; for the very ſame Day it was ſeconded by another, yet greater; inaſmuch as *Frederick* having had a plauſible Occaſion to break the Promiſe he had made to her, treated about a Marriage, with another Fair and Rich young Lady, whom his Mother had long before recommended to him: The Contract was in a few Days drawn up, and though done as ſecretly as could be; yet was it ſoon known all over the City, and it was not long e're the News came to the Ears of *Julietta*. She ſtill retain'd a ſlender ſhadow of Confidence in the Love of *Frederick*, which made her imagine he would not break the Promiſe he had made to her; conceiving ſhe had ſufficiently oblig'd him thereto by the higheſt demonſtrations of Love and Tenderneſs.

Thus ſhe flatter'd her ſelf, till the very Day that ſhe was clearly convinc'd of the contrary, by ſeeing his Marriage concluded, and her ſelf abſolutely forſaken; but reflecting on the other ſide, what an unworthy breach of Truſt ſhe was guilty of, towards him, to whom ſhe had devoted her Honour; how could ſhe imagine he ſhould not leave her in the lurch? How could ſhe expect, if they Intermarried, he ſhould be able to live with her in perpetual Diſturbances and Alarms? The very Day that certain News was brought her of this Gentleman's being Married, ſhe fell into ſuch Extravagance; that ſhe would be reveng'd of her beautiful Face: She gave her ſelf ſeveral Blows, tore her Hair, and did all the Actions which could only proceed from Madneſs and Deſpair: Her fair Eyes became two Fountains, perpetually running; and when her Sighs and Grief gave her a little freedom of Speech, *Wretched Woman that I am*, (would ſhe ſay) *of whom all good Fortune has taken its laſt leave; How deſervedly is thy Ingratitude requited with Ingratitude? How juſtly art thou puniſhed, for having kept thy Faith to a baſe, treacherous, and perfidious Perſon, after thou hadſt entruſted him with the diſpoſal of the deareſt thing thou hadſt in the World? Thou ſeeſt, he denies the Debt; thou ſeeſt he pays it with Inconſtancy and Oblivion: Let all eaſy-natur'd,*

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and inconſiderate Women take Example by me; let thoſe, who deluded by Flatteries, and fair Careſſes, are drawn in to loſe what they ſhall never recover again, caſt their Eyes on my Miſery, and then Conſider whether there be any other in the World, whoſe Affliction may be compar'd to mine. I wiſh for what all others abhor, Death; but it is deaf and inexorable, nay ſlights me, and will not come and put a Period to my Trouble.

Having thus bemoan'd her ſelf into ſome remiſſion of her Grief, ſhe went to ſee her Friend, through whoſe Houſe *Frederick* came into hers; who though ſhe endeavour'd all that lay in her power to comfort her, yet was her Trouble ſo great, the Cauſe of it ſo preſſing, and ſo little hope of any Remedy; that all her Remonſtrances prevail'd nothing. The only Expedient that ſeem'd then to offer it ſelf, was to forbid the Banes, ſince there was ſome ground to do it; but what Proof could be made of ſo ſecret a Love, without any Promiſe of Marriage in Writing, or any Teſtimony, but that of a Servant-maid, who belonging to her, would not have been ſo eaſily credited? The laſt and ſureſt Expedient this unfortunate Woman could pitch upon, was to become a Nun; upon which Account ſhe was receiv'd into the Royal Monaſtery of *Zaida*, three Days after the Marriage of *Frederick* had been fully concluded.

This ſuddain change occaſion'd a great deal of Noiſe and Diſcourſe in *Valentia*: All wondred at it, eſpecially thoſe who knew her to be one of the handſomeſt, and the moſt deſirous to be Courted of any Lady in *Valentia*.

It was indeed a kind of Miracle, to ſee a young Lady, who ſpent her time ſo paſſionately at Balls, Plays, and other publick Meetings; exchange all thoſe nobler Enjoyments of Life, for the imaginary Felicity of Mortification and Retiredneſs. This ſudden reſolution was attributed, at firſt, not to the true Cauſe thereof (for things were carried ſo cloſely that very few knew it) but to the ſecret Inſpirations of that Wind, which blows where it liſteth, and is pleas'd to amuſe Mankind with the ſtrange Ways it takes, to tranſplant the Affections of ſuch as are ordain'd to Eternal Bliſs, from the tranſient Vanities of this World, to the conſtant purſuance of the perpetual Joys of a better.

Thus this Lady met with a kinder Spouſe than ſhe could have expected elſewhere, and ſpent the reſt of her Time with great Content; Bleſſing her former Afflictions and the Croſſes of her Love, which had brought her to the Tran-

quillity ſhe now enjoy'd: She frequently us'd this Expreſſion, That in that Houſe wherein there are many Manſions, ſhe hop'd there was one for ſuch Penitent *Magdalens* as ſhe, who by timely Repentance, expiate the Follies of their greener Years. Nor was this Acknowledgment of hers, unrewarded even in this Life; for ſhe became the Oracle and Spiritual Directreſs of all thoſe, whoſe Love-misfortunes reduc'd them to any Extremity; eſpeclally thoſe of her own Sex, of whom ſhe ſo effectually convinc'd many, that diſguſting the World, they embrac'd a Religious Life. At *Valentia*, the Sanctity of her Life, and her Charitable Directions to ſuch as had Occaſion to Addreſs themſelves to her, were the Admiration of all; inſomuch that ſhe was reputed a Saint, even while ſhe liv'd.

Frederick, had a Wife, but Heaven was pleas'd to puniſh his Perfidiouſneſs, with her Barrenneſs; for ſhe bore him no Children, and inſtead of the great Fortunes he expected with her, he had many Baggs, full of Law-ſuits, Troubles and Differences with other People, and not a few Diſcontents with his Wife. He wiſh'd, but too late, that he had choſe rather to have entred into a Monaſtery, than into Matrimony, the Inconveniences whereof ſufficiently convinc'd him, that *Julietta* had made the better Choice. He viſited her often, and was oblig'd to her for her Prudent and Pious Admonitions.

On the contrary, *Principio* was the happieſt Man in the World in his diſpoſal of himſelf: His *Lucretia* brought him many fine Children, and by the Death of ſome Friends, a far greater Fortune than he could have expected. They alſo viſited their old Acquaintance *Julietta*, who receiv'd them kindly, and gave them Occaſion to admire the ſtrange Attractions of Divine Love in her Perſon; and the Eſteem they had before for the Excellency of her Endowments, was now Converted into a Reverence of her Sanctity and an Admiration of her Conduct.

THE

THE *Metamorphos'd Lover:*

A Novel.

DON *Philip*, a Gentleman of very high Quality, was Born at *Villa-franca*, an Ancient City upon the Confines of *Galicia*: He was deſcended from a very Noble Family, and was brought up in his own Country, with his Elder-Brother *Don Lodwick*, and a Siſter nam'd *Donna Cornelia*: But his Father and Mother leaving this World e're he was full fifteen Years of Age, he was forc'd into that Courſe of Life, which is commonly taken by the younger Brothers of Noble Houſes, who have not much left them, and with the little Money he could get together, he went to Trail a Pike in *Flanders*. He behav'd himſelf ſo Gallantly there upon ſeveral Occaſions, that he got the Colours of a Company of Foot, and after other ſucceſsful Encounters againſt the *Dutch*; he was advanc'd to the Command of the ſame Company. Having afterwards, in that Charge, made yet greater demonſtrations of his Conduct, and Valour, he Atchiev'd at length, the Order of the Knights of *Alcantara*, with an aſſurance of the firſt Commandry, that ſhould be void, belonging to that Order.

Having obtain'd that, he ſtill continu'd his Military Employments, till ſuch time as there was a Ceſſation of Arms made between the King and his Enemies of the Low-countries, to laſt a Year and a Day. This Opportunity, together with the News he receiv'd out of *Spain*, of his Elder Brother's Death, oblig'd him to deſire leave to make a Journey into his Country, where two Children his Brother had left, and his own Siſter, ſtood in need of his Preſence; the former to be protected by him, the latter to be diſpos'd of in Marriage.

Don Philip arriv'd at *Villa-franca*, fifteen Days after his Siſter's departure to *Villadolid*, where the Court was then, with an Aunt of his, a Widow, his Father's Siſter, who

who would needs have her along with her. This old Lady, who had a great Kindneſs for her, having reſolv'd to leave her all ſhe had at her Death, in hopes ſhe might, with thoſe Advantages, meet with a better Match.

As ſoon as *Don Philip* was come into his Country, he took Order about his Brother's Eſtate and the Tuition of his Nephews, whom he left in the Cuſtody of an Ancient Kinſman of his, whom having entruſted with the Care of their Education and Maintenance; he reſolv'd to go and Viſit his Siſter at *Villadolid*. As he was ſetting things in Order for his Journey, paſſing through the broad Place of *Villa-franca*, he ſaw abundance of people going towards an Inn, which was at the end of it, accompanying two Litters, in one whereof, there was an Old Gentleman; and in that which follow'd, a young Lady, whoſe tranſcendent Beauty heightned by the ſumptuouſneſs of her Attire, raviſh'd the Eyes, and Hearts of all that beheld her, but above all thoſe of *Don Philip*: He was ſo inflam'd by that Tranſient Sight of her, that, covering with his Cloak the Order he was of, he follow'd the Litter, ſo tranſported out of himſelf, that he reflected not on what thoſe who obſerv'd him might ſay of his Demeanour. He ſaw her lighting at the Inn-gate; and if he was before rais'd into a kind of Aſtoniſhment at the Beauty of her Face, he was now no leſs, at the handſomeneſs of her Body, the Magnificence of her Apparel, and the ſweetneſs of her Complexion. In a word, he was reduc'd to ſuch an Extremity, by the Paſſion he immediately felt in himſelf for her, that he made enquiry, and ſet himſelf to find out, who that Miracle of Perfections might be, who had ſo of a ſudden ſurpriz'd his Heart, and attain'd ſo abſolute a diſpoſal of his Liberty.

He was ſoon ſatisfi'd, as to that particular; for meeting with one of her Servants, going from the Inn towards the Market-place, he with much Civility ask'd him, who that Old Gentleman was, and whither he was then going? The other, who underſtood Civility well enough, return'd him this Anſwer: *The Gentleman whoſe Name you are ſo deſirous to know, and who is my Maſter, is called the Marqueſs* Grimani, *a Perſon of the higheſt Rank next to Sovereign Princes, who comes into* Spain, *an ordinary Ambaſſadour, from the Emperour of* Germany, *to his moſt Catholick Majeſty: He brings along with him his Beautiful Daughter, the Lady* Eleanora, *to be Married to* Henricus, *his Excellency's Nephew, who is at the preſent at* Villadolid,

lid, *a Gentleman of extraordinary Worth, who in the Flower of his Youth left* Germany, *to go and see Foreign Countries. He has travell'd all over* Europe, *and is now resolv'd to make his abode in* Spain, *having already continued some time at Court, with a very great Train, and is very highly in Favour with his Catholick Majesty, and well respected by all the Nobility about the Court; nay his Generosity and excellent Conversation has acquired him the Esteem of all the greatest Persons in this Country. This Marriage of* Signior Henrick, *had been treated of in* Germany *with this Lady* Eleanora, *the only Daughter of my Master, who leaving his Country upon the being Honoured by the Emperour with the present Embassy, has sollicited the Business with great earnestness; so that his Imperial Majesty seems desirous that this Match should go forward. We came by Sea, but had such distress of Weather, that we were like to be cast away several times. While we were in that Danger, my Master, a Gentleman much inclin'd to Devotion, made a Vow that if he escap'd, through the Intercession of the Glorious Patron of* Spain, *he would visit the Place where his Sacred Body lies buried, so well known all over the World, for the great Miracles daily done there. Being come to* Villadolid, *my Master continu'd there fifteen Days, during which time, all things were agreed upon, in order to the Marriage. That great Affair being concluded, he would needs perform his Vow, and go to St.* James's. *His Nephew* Henrick *is not come along with him, but stays at* Villadolid, *to send to* Rome *for the Dispensation; for the Lady* Eleanora, *and Signior* Henrick *are Cousin-Germans. Thus Sir, I think I have satisfi'd your Desire, as to the Question you put to me.*

Don Philip gave the Servant many thanks for the Account he had given him of his Matter, and assur'd him he would requite his Kindness, if it lay in his Power, and so took leave. This Discourse happen'd after Night, as they walk'd over the Market-place; it being so dark as that the Marquess's Servant could not take any particular notice of *Don Philip*, who did all he could to avoid being discover'd. The Account he had receiv'd, that the Beauty, which had stollen away his Heart at the first Sight, was already engag'd, and within a short time to be Married; caus'd him to return home a much sadder Man than he had left it. This Affliction, with the Love which he already had for her, bereav'd him of all Rest. That very Night, he would needs

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go and see the Marquess and his Daughter at Supper, yet so as he might not be perceived by them. The Master of the House plac'd him so as that he might see all at his ease, yet not be seen himself; and this was to leap out of the Frying pan into the Fire. The next Day, the Marquess went thence, so as that *Don Philip* saw not the Lady *Eleanora* any more that time: Nor was he much troubled at it, for having in the Night advis'd with his Pillow, to find out some Remedy for his Disquiet; he found it necessary, that he should not be seen, either by the Marquess, or his Daughter, or any one belonging to them, that he might the better compass a Design, which only Love could inspire him withal.

The Kingdom of *Galicia*, is very full of Mountains, and consequently the way to St. *James's* must be troublesome to Travel; so that the Marquess could make but short Journeys, whence *Don Philip* inferr'd, that he could not be back in less than twenty Days; presuming he would make some abode at *Compostella*, to do his Devotions, and refresh himself, e're he set out for his Return. Accordingly, he dispos'd of his Affairs in order to the Design he had bethought himself of, and taking leave of all his Acquaintance; he went to *Pont-ferrada*, a Town which lay four Leagues further from the Court, than *Villa-franca*. He took up his Quarters at an Inn, whence he stirr'd not in the Day-time, but only took the Air a little in the Night; yet with such a Caution not to be known to any: He discover'd himself to none of the Inhabitants, but only his Landlord, whom he acquainted with his Quality, and the Design which brought him thither. He was attended only by one Servant whose Fidelity and Courage he had many years Experienc'd; for he had serv'd him as a Soldier, and waited on him, from the time of his first Departure from *Villa-franca*. *Marco* (so was this faithful Servant nam'd) perceiving his Master more Melancholy than he had been wont to be, and that somewhat kept him from resting in the Night; for he heard him disquietly turning in his Bed, and sighing ever and anon; he imagin'd that the Cause of his Disturbance was not at *Pont-ferrada*, inasmuch as if it had been, he would not have failed, Night or Day, to discover by his Visits, what could not be known by his Disquiets and Sighs. Thus this discreet Lover not discovering any thing of his secret Passion, *Marco*, could not guess at the Occasions which bred such a distraction in his Mind: Nay, though he did all that lay

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in his Power to pry into it, yet could he never meet with any Satisfaction. One Day, finding his Master all alone, and not able to endure that Reservedness in him any longer, he thus spoke to him.

I should never have imagin'd, Sir, that you could be guilty of so great a Closeness towards a Servant, whom you have ever found Faithful, and to love you even beyond his own Life. You have heretofore thought me worthy the knowledge of your most important Secrets. Pardon me, if I presume to tell you, that your Silence now gives me just Cause to conceive, That you have not the same thoughts of me, and that I must be guilty of some Crime, whereof I have not my self the least apprehensions. Wherein, I pray Sir, have I offended you? You must needs harbour some ill thoughts of me, since you conceal from me the Disquiets which deprive you of all Appetite or Rest. Sure they proceed from Love, or I am mightily mistaken. You close not your Eyes all Night, and spend the Day in Retirement, avoiding all Society, and giving your self up to perpetual Solitude, and Melancholy; which I am extremely troubled to see. You have left your Country, telling your Friends, that you were going to Court; whereas you continue in an obscure Place, where you are afraid to be known. 'Tis impossible for me to forbear grieving at it, as long as I am Ignorant of the Cause: Pardon my Curiosity Sir, which however impertinent, is an Argument of my Fidelity, and Readiness to serve you. I know it is the Duty of a good and faithful Servant, punctually and implicitly to Obey the Commands of his Master, without insinuating himself further into his Secrets, than he is willing he should be acquainted therewith. I have hitherto kept my self within those Bounds, and have so liv'd with you as that I fear not any Reproach you can make me. But now at last, my ancient Fidelity gives me the boldness to ask you, what Business may have brought you to this Place? What occasions your Disquiet, and what you intend to do in this obscure Inn, where you admit not of any Enjoyments? Have you a greater Confidence of the happy Master of this House, whom you have known but within this four Days, than of an old Servant, of whose Zeal and Fidelity you have had so many Experiences? You have hitherto thought my Advice worth the asking, nay have follow'd it, in things for ought I know, of as great importance as this. Marco having thus ended his Complaint, his Master conceiv'd himself oblig'd to make him some Answer,

swer, which was this: *Marco, I must confess, I have look-ed on thee, and that justly as my Friend; a Title I may well allow one who has shar'd with me, in War the Dangers, in Peace the Enjoyments I have been engag'd in. It is a very hard thing, not to say impossible, that any Man should in the disposal of himself, take a Course contrary to that intended him by Heaven; though it be said, that a Wise man shall have dominion over the Stars: That is, (as Astrologers expound it) Humane Prudence, shall elude the Decrees of Fate. I am Born to love a Beauty, which surprizing my Heart, has withal possess'd it self of all the Faculties of my Soul. I find my self no longer Master of my own Liberty; that I am not able to make the least disposal of my Will, and so it were a Madness for me, to oppose the Inclination, whereto the Soveraign Powers have made me subject. I suffer my self to be foolishly carried away by my Passion, though I know well enough that I attempt a thing absolutely impossible and beyond my Strength: This is the Cause of my Disquiet, Musing, and Melancholy, spending the Nights without Rest and the Daies in Solitude, suffering a thousand Afflictions which I cannot express; and loving where I am not to hope the least return of Love, by reason of an Invincible Obstacle that lies in my way. This is that which destroys my Enjoyments, and poisons all my Joy.*

I have seen that Divine Beauty, that Mortal Angel, that Prodigy of Miracles, who pass'd through our Town with her Father the Marqueß Grimani: *The excellent Endowments she is Mistreß of, and which thou may'st have admir'd as well as my self, are all the Excuses I can alledge for the blindness of my Passion; but they feed it not with any Hope. There is an Obstacle lies between me, and the possession of her, which I shall find it impossible to remove. This transcendent Beauty is already made sure to a Gentleman of great Worth, who is her Cousin-german, named* Henrick; *and methinks, I see her ready to joyn Hands with him. I hear such high Commendations of his Excellent Parts, that I find the little Hope I had, ready to leave me. I love her, or to say better, I Adore her; and if I may judge by the present Agitations of my Heart, I may say, it will never be disingag'd from the Passion I have for her. I know it is Madness in me to think of her, and that I cannot without Extravagance, ever hope she may be mine, to the disappointments of a young Lord, who with the Ad-*

vantages

vantages of Blood, has all those of Nature: Nay, I think it almost impossible, to find out some means to acquaint her with my Love, and to get a Letter convey'd to her. I know that the Houses, whence I derive my Extraction, are not inferiour to those of Grimani *and* Henrick; *and consequently, that I am as Nobly descended as she is; that would not be the greatest Obstacle, if I could but make my self known at Court. I hear that she intends thither, when she returns from her Pilgrimage. I have but three Months to carry on this Business, which is the Time requisite to get the Dispensation from* Rome.

I have a long time consider'd with my self of the means, how I might get Access to her; and that I conceive the most likely to take, is to counterfeit, what indeed is but too real, a certain distraction of Mind: By acting the Mad Man's Part, I might so disguise my Extravagances, as that the Father, pleas'd with my Humour, may perhaps carry me along with him to the Court. This certainly, is a Design fantastick enough, and not only contrary to my Quality, but absolutely opposite to the Opinion I should endeavour to raise my self in the World. I have a great Confidence, that at Court I shall be known to very few, because I have been a long time out of Spain. *Besides these Considerations, the Habit I will put on, being altogether extravagant; I shall be so disguis'd, that my nearest Friends and Relations will hardly know me. If by this means, I can get into the Marquess's House, I shall hope the Plot will take: For I have heard this Lady is not fully satisfied with the Marriage, having understood that her Cousin is a Person of a debauch'd Life, and inclin'd to Women; and that she admits of his Addresses only out of Obedience to her Father. I have communicated my Design to the Master of the House, as being a discreet Person, who may serve me, and puts me in hopes to get me into the Marquess's Service, when he comes to give him an Account of my pleasant Extravagances, as we have already agreed together. Thus my dear* Marco, *have I given thee a faithful Character of my self; thou know'st now as much as I do, as well of my Affliction, as my Love; mistrust not the Confidence I have of thee, and assist me with all thy Wit and Industry, or expect e're long to be a Witness of my Departure out of this World.*

Marco out of Compliance with his Master, approv'd of the Project, though he doubted much the Success of it. He saw

saw his Master was too far transported to receive any prudent Advice; so that he promis'd to assist him according to the Design he had laid to get Access to his Mistress, and troubled not his Thoughts with any thing but how to compass it. It was his Business therefore to get Cloths made for *Don Philip*, suitable to his Extravagance. He put him into a Cassock after the old Fashion, with Puffs at the Sleeves of Green-Sattin, and large Skirts, a Cloak somewhat like a Rocket, very short, and a *Milan*-Cap, of green Plush. Being thus disguised, he chang'd his Quarters, and went to the Host's Brother's House, who also must of necessity be acquainted with the Secret. All this could not be done without some yellow Pieces, whereof he had brought good Store out of *Flanders*, with some Jewels of Value he had gotten by Gaming, at which he was very Fortunate.

About this time the Marquess, with the Beautiful Lady his Daughter, were upon their Return from their Pilgrimage. Before they got to *Pont-ferrada*, the Beams of his Litter broke, so that he was forc'd to come to the Town on Horseback, and to stay there two Days, while the Litter was mended. The Marquess took up the same Inn where *Don Philip* had lodged, as being the best in the Town. The Host being taught what he had to say to the Marquess, for the furtherance of *Don Philip*'s Design, soon met with an Opportunity to do it. For as most Persons of Quality, when they Travel, are very inquisitive to know what is Rare or Remarkable at the Places through which they pass; the Marquess desirous to hear what there might be at *Pont-ferrada*, call'd for the Host. Having travell'd several times before into *Spain*, he spoke the Language very well, was a very sociable Person, and glad of Company.

The Host being come into the Room, he began to ask him concerning the Antiquities of the Town, the Illustrious Families that had liv'd in it, the Disposition of the Inhabitants, the Beauty of the Ladies, and such Particulars: Wherein the Host satisfi'd him, giving him a very exact Account of all he knew. Among the Antiquities, and Remarkable things of the Town, he came to speak of *Don Philip*, telling such Stories of him as might raise a Desire in the Marquess to see him.

There is come, (said he to him) *within these fifteen Days, a very rare Person to this Town, fantastically clad in green Stuff; but there is a greater Extravagance in his Behaviour than there is in his Cloths, and yet in the heighth*

of

of his Diſtraction, there may be obſerv'd certain ſhadows of Underſtanding and Stayedneſs, which render him excellent good Company. Being ask'd by ſome of our Inhabitants, who he was, I am (ſaid he) Son to the River Sill, *which paſſes by the Walls of this Town, and deſcended from one of the moſt Illuſtrious Families of* Galicia. *He expects to be Treated with your Honour, and your Lordſhip in Diſcourſe, though he is known by the Title of* Knight of the Noble Order of Prim-roſes.

The Fooleries he tells to make good the Title he aſſumes, are ſo ridiculous, that they force Laughter from the moſt Melancholy. He ſeldom comes out of his Lodging, Feeds high, and we cannot imagine whence he ſhould have means to live at that Rate. He has a Servant to wait on him, who knows the length of his Foot, and complies with him in his Madneſs, either for his Advantage, or elſe he has a ſoft place in his Head, as well as his Maſter; and I think 'em both very well worth your Obſervation. I wonder the Knight has not been yet to wait on your Excellency, for he is mighty deſirous to Converſe with Strangers, and finds them out as ſoon as he hears of their Arrival.

The Marqueſs, was much pleas'd with this Relation of the Hoſt, and deſir'd him to bring him acquainted with that Noble Knight. The fair Lady *Eleanora* expreſs'd alſo a Deſire to ſee him, for ſhe had been preſent at the Hoſt's Diſcourſe. He gladly ſatisfi'd them, being over-joy'd the Prologue of the Deſign had taken ſo well. He went to his Brother's to fetch him, having before told the Ambaſſadour, that he muſt Treat him Honourably, if he expected to make any Sport with him; inaſmuch, as being extremely Self-conceited in his Madneſs, he would be put out of all Humour, if he were entertained with any Diſ-reſpect, or Indifferency.

The Marqueſs, who was a Perſon naturally inclin'd to Mirth and Civility, promis'd him he would obſerve his Directions. Whereupon, the Hoſt marches away for *Don Philip*, who came into the Room very humorouſly in his Fool's Coat, making wry Mouths, and ſome fantaſtick Geſtures, the Introduction to his future Extravagance. The Ambaſſadour, how ſerious ſoever he would appear, as being oblig'd by his Quality to diſſemble, could not forbear Laughing, to ſee him in that Equipage, attended by *Marco*, who on the other ſide, Acted very well the Part that had been given him. He went to receive him at the Cham-

ber-door, with this Compliment: *Welcome to the Nobleſt piece of Gallantry that ever* Spain *ſaw: Welcome the Mirrour of all the brave Knights that ever were Celebrated for their Heroick Actions. The News your Excellency tells me,* (reply's *Don Philip*) *deſerves not the Reward that may be expected for it: You are extremely miſtaken, if you think your ſelf the firſt of thoſe who have admir'd Nature's Prodigality towards me in Excellent Parts and Endowments. Give me the Favour at leaſt,* (anſwers the Marqueſs) *to be one of the moſt faithfull Witneſſes thereof, which no doubt I ſhall, if you pleaſe but to honour me a while with your ſweet Company. For as a rich Diamond, pleaſes all the World, ſo the Attractions of your Countenance, and the tranſcendent Inſinuation of your Behaviour forces the Admiration of all that ſee you.*

Don Philip was by this time got near the fair Lady *Eleanora*. Whereupon looking with a certain Aſtoniſhment on her Miraculous Beauty, *My Lord Marqueſs,* (ſaid he to him) *I beſeech you forbear at preſent the Praiſes you are pleas'd to give me, for it were to prophane thoſe which are due to this Excellent Creature. I pray let me know whether ſhe be your Daughter, for if ſhe be, you will be much concern'd in the Elogies I ſhall give, this —— this —— this ——* (*well*) *Miracle. Her coming into the World, was to Embelliſh our Hemiſphere, to ſupply* Cupid *with freſh Darts, to become the Load-ſtone of Hearts, the Delight of the Eyes, the Aſtoniſhment of the Univerſe, the Maſter-piece of Heaven, and the Miracle of Nature: By the Noble Order of Knighthood I am of, I ſwear, That the very Minute I firſt caſt my Eye on this Accompliſh'd Beauty, I found my Heart was grown rebellious, and no longer mine; my Will bereav'd of all Freedom; and my Soul become abſolutely her Slave. In a Word, Sir, I think my ſelf ſomewhat different from what I was before, and the more I feel my ſelf, the more I am aſtoniſh'd at the ſtrange* Metamorphoſis.

The Commendations you give me, renowned Knight, (replies the Lady) *ſmell too much of Flattery, I am Confident you do not your ſelf believe one half of what you have ſaid, and therefore it will be hard for you to perſwade me to it. You conſider not that you act againſt your own Sentiment, when you ſpeak againſt your Conſcience. I ſhould never adviſe a Gallant, who would raiſe himſelf an Eſteem with the Ladies, to hazard his own Diſappointment by ſo ill a Prologue;*

logue; for to give undeserved Praises breeds a suspicion of Imperfections; and to be forc'd to the belief of Falsehood brings Truth into question. The Truth I tell you, (replies the Amorous Extravagant) *is such, so pure, so clear, and so far from all suspicion of being otherwise, that you shall ever find it as plainly in my Mouth as in your own Looking-glass. Be not so hasty, Honourable Knight,* (says the Lady to him) *be pleas'd to take a Chair, for we desire to Discourse with you at leisure: Were it Heaven's pleasure, Madam,* (says *Don Philip*, as soon as he was sate) *that I might ever continue near you: But I see the Honour you are pleas'd to do me will be but short, and my Joy soon be over; for I understand, that within two Days you leave this Place, and if you go without me, I shall Die out of pure Grief: In the mean time, give me leave to look on this Mansion as the Empyreal Heaven; since so great a Deity has Honour'd it with her Presence. We forget all Civility,* (says the Marquess) *when we fall into other Discourse, before you have first entertain'd us with your own Noble Adventures, that we may thereby know what Respects we ought to pay your Worth. There is not any due to me Sir,* (replies the disguis'd Cavalier) *but that the Service I have vow'd you, may be the better receiv'd, I will give you an Account of my Extraction, and relate to you the perfect History of my Life hitherto; be pleased to afford your Attention to what I shall say.*

The Kingdom of *Galicia*, was heretofore Govern'd by Counts, and afterwards by Kings. *Gondamor* Reign'd in that time, and continu'd a Widower after the Burial of his first Wife, by whom he had no other Children but the *Infanta Theodomira*, who coming to Reign after him was call'd the Wenching-Queen: She fell in Love with the Gallant *Cialto*, one of the Richest and most Prosperous Persons in the Kingdom: He ever kept about the Court, and was a Kinsman, (tho' somewhat afar off) to the King, but his principal Favourite, by which means he had access into the Queen's Chamber, and got of her that Favour whereby Mankind is propagated. I prov'd to be the Issue of that Amorous Union; and the good Hour of my Birth happen'd at a time that the King chanc'd to be at his Daughter's Lodging. The Pains of Child-birth surpriz'd her, and being a Novice in such Adventures, she could not dissemble her Labour, even in the Presence of her Father, who imagin'd it was some other Accident had happen'd to her: Her Wo-

men help'd her to Bed, not knowing the Diſeaſe that troubled her; but not long after I came into the World it ſeems, to run through all the Misfortunes that have happen'd to me ſince.

Being receiv'd into the World by a faithful Servant, who knew of my Mother's Amours, ſhe took me in her Lap, to be deliver'd to a Brother of hers, who was alſo acquainted with the Buſineſs. As ſhe went out of the *Infanta*'s Lodging, ſhe meets with the King, going to viſit his Daughter. She was afraid his Curioſity would have prompted him to examine what ſhe had in her Lap; which made her turn back of a ſudden, and by a ſecret Pair of Stairs, go down into the Garden, where having diſpos'd of me into a little Wicker-basket, ſhe put me into the River *Sil*, which ran by the Wall thereof, and told the *Infanta* that ſhe had deliver'd me to her Brother, as they had reſolv'd. I was carried a while on the Cryſtal-waves of that clear River; but at laſt, the Water growing ſomewhat rough, I ſunk, and was receiv'd into the Arms of the God of that River, who encompaſs'd by his Fair Nymphs, conducted me into his own Cryſtal-Palace.

You may perhaps imagine this Diſcourſe a feign'd Story taken out of the Inventions of the Poets; but give me leave to aſſure you, that the Buſineſs happen'd no otherwiſe than as I tell you. I was brought up by the Nymphs in that Secret Manſion, and inſtructed by the God of the River, who wiſh'd I might prove worthy ſo Noble an Education. He caus'd me to be inſtructed in all manner of Sciences, and ſpar'd no Pains to make me an Accompliſh'd Perſon. I learnt three or four Languages, but particularly the *Latine* above any of the others. Being arriv'd to the twentieth Year of my Age, Love, to ſhew his Omnipotency, and that all Places are under his Jurisdiction, caus'd his Flames to faſten on me even through the Water. In that Virginal Company of Nymphs, there was one, for whom the God of that Watery Habitation had a particular Eſteem; and ſhe deſerv'd it, for ſhe very much excell'd all her Companions. Her Name was *Anacarſia*: Her Endowments were extraordinary, and her Beauty beyond all Compariſon. In Complexion and Stature ſhe came ſomewhat near this fair Lady your Daughter, and had the ſame Advantage over the reſt of the Nymphs, as the *Delphick-Torch* has over the other Planets. She Played excellently well on all kinds of Inſtruments; to ſum up all in a Word, ſhe was a

Prodigy

Prodigy of all Perfections. I fell ſo paſſionately in Love with this Beauty, that I had not a Minute's reſt, from the time that little Deity had Wounded my Heart, with the Mortal Darts of her ſparkling Eyes.

I found it a hard Buſineſs to diſcover my Love to her, in regard I could never meet her alone: She was perpetually haunted by ſome of thoſe who liv'd in that Cryſtal Palace: They follow'd her every where, and would never be out of her Sight. But one Day, when all the other Nymphs were gone to a Muſick-meeting, at which were alſo to be read certain Lectures of Poeſie, being the ordinary Divertiſements of the God of that River; the Divine *Anacarſia*, purpoſely pretended ſome Indiſpoſition, to give me an Opportunity to ſpeak with her. She ſent me notice of it, by one who came to tell me from her, that ſhe kept her Bed only for my ſake, than which I could not have expected a kinder Compliment from one of her Sex. I went to her Chamber, and found her careleſly laid on a Bed of Moſs, exceeding in whiteneſs the fine Sheets ſhe lay on, and diſputing as to Splendour and Light, with the Sun, who then beheld her. I was ſtartled at the Sight of ſo many Charms, and was upon the Point of loſing all Sentiments; an Effect Natural enough in thoſe who are truly touched with Love. But recovering my ſelf a while, though ſtill much troubled, and my Tongue but as it were newly looſened, I took the Confidence to make this Diſcourſe to her.

"Adorable Nymph, the Glory of theſe deep Habitations, "but the unavoidable rack of thoſe Hearts, which are cap- "tivated by your Beauty, my Soul, ſince the firſt time I "ſaw you, is abſolutely diſpoſed to ſerve you; I have no "power over her, ſhe is wholly yours, and glories in her "Slavery. Treat her as a thing belongs to you, and as I "have vowed her to you with an inviolable Fidelity. You "have done me an extraordinary Favour in allowing me "to declare the Amorous Paſſion I have for you: May I "further hope, that you will allay it; and if I ſhould be "admitted to that Degree of Felicity ſhould I not be the "Happieſt and moſt Glorious of all Men?

The fair *Anacarſia*, infinitely pleaſed with ſo obliging a Diſcourſe, and the Worth ſhe obſerv'd in me, highly honour'd me with her Affection, and comply'd with my Amorous Deſires, in ſuch ſweet and melting Expreſſions, as put me in hopes of the happy Accompliſhment of my Love.

But it was not long e're our Diſcourſe was interrupted by the God of the River, who finding neither of us at the Meeting, came ſtreight to her Chamber, and ſlunk in ſo ſoftly, that he over-heard ſome part of our Amorous Conference; which ſo incens'd him againſt me, that he immediately reſolv'd to give a check to my Preſumption. He laid Siege, with his clear Waters, to the Chamber of *Anacarſia*, and e're he had quite Damm'd up the Door, he caſt me out with ſuch violence, that I was got to the Bank of the River. I preſently heard a Voice ſaying unto me, "*Guadomarus*, thou art deſcended from Kings, though "it be a long time ſince they have had Scepters in their "Hands; Princes of another Family have diſplac'd them. "Thou art born a *Pagan*, chuſe what Law thou thinkeſt "beſt; if thou wilt follow my Advice, take that which is "obſerv'd in this Kingdom, under which liv'd thy Illuſtrious "Anceſtors. I have juſtly baniſh'd thee out of my Dominions, becauſe it was not fit I ſhould ſuffer prophane Love "to be made to a Nymph, who had vowed her Chaſtity "to me as I had mine to her. I have promiſed her my "Protection and Aſſiſtance in all things. Keep henceforward "within thy Kingdom, and aſſure thy ſelf I wiſh thy Good "and Advancement; ſo far am I from doing thee any pre-"judice. Whitherſoever Fortune ſhall diſpoſe of thee, be "Confident, thou wilt not be out of the reach of my Care.

With thoſe Words the waters of the River, ſeem'd to ſtir themſelves into a gentle Curl, which being preſently laid, it became as ſmooth as it had been before. I immediately found my ſelf (by what Adventure I know not) in a pleaſant Garden, in the midſt of a Bed of fine Prim-roſes, which I look'd on as a good Omen, and thought my ſelf oblig'd to derive my Name thence. Afterwards at my Baptiſm, I took the Name of *Peter Blaſco* of *Galicia*, taking the Surname from the Kingdom which had been heretofore in the Poſſeſſion of my Predeceſſors, who have been dead this Four hundred Years, as I have found in Hiſtory. Beſides that Name, I have taken, an Additional Title, that of *Knight of the Noble Order of Prim-roſes*. I have aſſum'd it my ſelf; for an Illuſtrious *Hero*, as I am, may be his own Herald, and by what Appellations he pleaſes raiſe himſelf above the Sphere of the common ſort of People.

"Thus have I given your Excellency an Account who "I am and diſcovered to you my true Original. If the "Qualities and Endowments I own, deſerve the Honour

"to

"to be receiv'd into your Alliance, give me leave, O most "Illustrious Marquess, to make my Addresses to this Super-"Cœlestial Beauty, this Miracle of our Age, whom Nature "has humorously pleas'd to frame for the Delight of the "Eyes, and torment of Hearts. I only expect your good "Will, give it me, I beseech you, and thereby satisfie my "extraordinary Passion. I think you so generous, that you "will not deny it me, if you consider, that granting it "not, you bereave me of my Life, which you know is the "most Illustrious of any in *Europe*; and are consequently "satisfied, That the World, losing in me, the most Renowned "Knight it ever had, must withal lose the worthiest Kins-"man of his Catholick Majesty.

He deliver'd these last Words, with such pleasant Gestures, the better to express the Violence of his Passion, that both the Marquess and his Daughter had much ado to forbear Laughing. *Marco* was astonish'd to see the Force of that Passion, which of an Accomplish'd Gentleman made a Ridiculous Laughing-Stock; and could turn a Person of Eminent Parts and Judgment, into a Counterfeit Extravagant: For if he had not pretended the loss of his Wits, he had lost all the hopes of his Love; and he could not have gotten near so Fair a Lady, upon any Account but that of Madness.

The Marquess composing his Countenance to more Seriousness, return'd him this Answer. "*Seignior Don Pedro Blasco*, "the most Illustrious, and only Knight of the most Noble "Order of *Primroses*, I am extremely pleased with the "Knowledge you have given me of your Person, and the "Account you have entertain'd me with of your Miraculous "Birth, and Noble Education: Had a Person, less Illustrious "than your self, acquainted me therewith, I should have "mistrusted his Discourse, and imagin'd he told me Fables: "But a Person of your Worth and Quality, ought to be "credited in all things. What further Confirms me in "the Truth thereof, is, that he is no less than a Prince who "speaks to me. Believe me, I have a great Respect for "your rare Qualities, and such an Honour for your Person, "that I would assure you my own is wholly at your "Service. I have that Esteem for your Friendship, that I "shall endeavour the continuance of it while I live. I "wish my self a natural Inhabitant of this Kingdom, that I "might have the greater Opportunities to further your "Satisfaction. I shall stay here but till such time as his

"Imperial Majeſty ſhall ſend Order for my Return; but "during the Abode I ſhall make here, command me in "any thing that lies in my Power: As for the permiſſion "you Deſire, to make your Addreſſes to my Daughter, I "from this time give it you, and I allow her to accept "of it, and to entertain you kindly; but ſhe is already "made ſure to a Couſin of hers, and I have ſent to *Rome* "for a Diſpenſation, which once come, the Marriage will "be concluded: This Obſtacle lies in your way, and you "will find it a hard matter to remove it. I am ſorry I "had not the happineſs of your Acquaintance before; for "how gladly would I have embrac'd the honour of having "a Son-in-Law of your Worth and Quality, and to ſee my "Family allied to the Blood Royal of *Galicia*? The end of "moſt Courtſhips is Marriage; of yours you ſee it cannot "be: To addreſs your ſelf to my Daughter upon any "other Account, I know you would not: The Husband "ſhe expects is a Perſon of ſo much Gallantry, as not to "receive any ſuch Affront.

The diſguis'd Extravagant broke forth into great Reſentments upon his obliging Diſcourſe, which made excellent Sport for all that were preſent. But having laugh'd their fill, the Marqueſs and his Daughter could not forbear making Charitable Reflections on that ſtrange kind of Diſtraction. It pity'd them to ſee a Gentleman every way ſo Accompliſhed, fallen into ſuch unheard of Extravagances, as to alledge himſelf deſcended from a River, and brought up in it Five hundred Years before: While ſome that were preſent, purpoſely to urge him to ſpeak, oppos'd the Stories he had told them, and he endeavour'd to give them Satisfaction. The Marqueſs acquainted his Daughter with a Deſign that came into his Mind, which was to carry *Don Pedro* along with him to the Court; it being likely he would find them excellent Sport by the way: They reſolv'd to treat him as a Perſon of Eminent Quality, having underſtood by his Servant, that he was really ſuch, and that upon his Recovery out of a great Sickneſs, that Madneſs had ſeiz'd him. The Lady *Eleanora* was very well content, leaving it to ſome other time to acquaint him therewith.

Don Pedro Blaſco coming to take his leave of the Marqueſs, ſaid to him, that ſince he was ſo unhappy as not to deſerve his Fair Daughter's Hand in the Quality of a Husband, he would allow him to Love her with a Vertu-

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ous Love, such as even her Husband should not disapprove: The Marquess gave way, desiring him to honour him with his Company at Supper that Night, by reason he had somewhat to Communicate unto him. *Don Philip* gladly accepted the Proffer, and thereupon they parted.

The Marquess and his Company talked very much of *Don Pedro*, wondring at the strange kind of Madness he was fallen into. He acquainted them with the Design he had to take him along with him to the Court. The Master of the House where he was Lodg'd happening to be then present, told him, that he doubted, *Don Pedro Blasco* would hardly be perswaded thereto, if the Marquess treated him as an Inferiour: For he was mighty Self-conceited, and stood much upon his Honour; but if he were willing, there would arise another Difficulty in the manner of his Travelling: In regard, (said he to him) your Excellency going by Litter, I think he would be loath to go by Horse: "We'll find an Expedient for that, (says the "Marquess) which is that my Daughter, as his Mistress, "shall command him to entertain her at the side of her "Litter; for if his Love continues, he will be glad of "the Opportunity, and he shall have an excellent Horse "richly Harnass'd, which I have led after me, to ride on "when I am weary of the Litter.

Don Philip, who had been acquainted with all these Discourses, fail'd not to come to Supper, to which he had been Invited. The Marquess receiv'd him very civilly, and caus'd a Chair to be set for him, near his Daughter, which he thought a very signal Favour. They talk'd of divers things, the Marquess finding he had an excellent Wit in his Intervals, which he ever clos'd with some pleasant Extravagance. They were very Merry at Supper, and were oblig'd for their Diversion, to the Merry Discourses of *Don Philip*. At, last, the Cloth being taken away, the Marquess broke his Mind to him in these Words.

"'Tis a thousand Pities, most Renowned Knight, that a "Person so Accomplish'd as you are, and one furnish'd "with all the Excellent Endowments that recommend Men "to the Favour and Esteem of Princes, should as it were "defie their Courts, and spend your Time and Talents in "such an obscure Place as this is. I have heard that the "reason of this your Retirement is, that you have not means "to live suitably to your Condition, and the Rank you "should maintain. If it be so, give me leave to propose

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"an Expedient to you, out of the particular Eſteem I "have for your *Seignory*. I ſhall take it for a very great "Favour if you will be pleas'd to go along with me to "*Villadolid*, where you ſhall be treated, in my Quarters, "with all the Submiſſions and Reſpects due to a Perſon of "your Quality, yet ſo as that it ſhall not coſt you any "thing. By this means coming to be known, and your "Worth ſpreading it ſelf, you may meet with a rich Wife, "of ſome Illuſtrious Family; wherein my Daughter may "do you a Kindneſs, in regard ſhe having occaſion to ſee "many of them, will advance you into her Favour, for "whom you have moſt Inclination: Let me obtain of your "Knight hood, the Favour I Deſire of you: Live freely "with us: Since you would have me believe, that the Love "you bear my Daughter is pure and ſincere; I will un-"dertake it ſhall be kindly taken by the Husband ſhe hopes "to have: I expect your Anſwer to this Particular, and "I Deſire it may be Conſonant to the Eſteem I have for "your Worth.

Don Philip was extremely ſatisfied, that the Impoſture had taken ſo well, and immediately apprehended, That living in the Houſe with the Marqueſs, he ſhould be near her whom he Ador'd; which was the main end of his Deſires. Whereupon he return'd him this Anſwer. "No Temptation "in the World ſhould have forc'd my Removal from this "Place, but the extraordinary Civilities I have receiv'd from "your Excellency. I had reſolved to ſpend the reſt of my "Days in this Retirement, as conceiving it the beſt Courſe "for a Perſon of my Quality, whoſe Revenues are much "below his Honour; to confine himſelf to ſome Place, "where he is not much known, and ſo avoid the charge "of Servants and Cloths. But the Reſpects you are pleas'd "to have for me, together with this Tranſcendent Beauty, "who by the forcible Attractions of her Divine Countenance, "draws Hearts after her, as the *Thracian Orpheus* did liv-"ing Creatures, Stones and Plants, by the Harmonious "Sound of his Harp, have made me wholly at your Service. "I ſhall not trouble either you or my ſelf to tell you how "Perſons of my Quality ought to be treated; as thinking "it enough, that I have already acquainted you with my "Titles, and particularly that I am of the Blood Royal. "The greateſt Favour you can ever do me, is, that you "command me to wait on your Daughter, which if you "do, I ſhall the more willingly accept of the Proffer you

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"are pleas'd to make me. The Marqueſs finding him willing to go along with them, all that remain'd to be done, was to perſwade him to do it on Horſe-back, which he was content to do, that he might the better entertain his Miſtreſs at the ſide of the Litter. *Don Philip* help'd the Lady into her Litter, being Proud in his Mind at that Introduction of his Service to her, and that he had the Happineſs to take her by the fair Hand; continuing his Attendance on her from their Departure from *Pont-ferrada*, till they came to *Villadolid*. All the way along, he entertain'd her with pleaſant Diſcourſes, intermixt with Amorous Expreſſions, and at every Inn they came to, ſhe fail'd not to give her Father an Account of the divertive Diſcourſes ſhe had with *Don Philip*.

The laſt Day of their Journey, *Don Philip* would needs feel the Pulſe of his Miſtreſs as to her intended Marriage, and endeavour'd to diſcover how ſhe was inclin'd thereto. He brought the Buſineſs upon the Stage ſo dextrouſly, as that ſhe might not ſuſpect him guilty of any impertinent Curioſity. It is commonly obſerv'd that Perſons any way afflicted are apt to break their Minds to any People, but eſpecially to thoſe with whom they are Familiarly acquainted. Accordingly, to eaſe her own Thoughts, and ſatisfy *Don Philip*, ſhe made him this Anſwer.

"Worthy Knight of the moſt Honourable Order of *Prim-*
"*roſes*, I muſt needs acknowledge, that my Couſin *Henrick*
"is a Perſon endow'd with all the Qualities, capable to
"raiſe a Woman's Love to the higheſt Pitch; but I have
"withal diſcovered him to be ſo fickle, and one ſo naturally
"inclined to addreſs himſelf to all ſorts of Women, not
"regarding whether they be nobly or meanly deſcended,
"that it very much cools my Affection towards him, and
"makes me fear his Alliance; though I find my ſelf ſuf-
"ficiently inclin'd thereto, could I perceive any likelihood
"of his reforming himſelf of that inſufferable Humour: But
"far from that, ſince my coming into *Spain*, when he
"ſhould have endeavour'd to give me greater aſſurance of
"his Affection, I find him as indifferent as to my Satisfacti-
"on as ever; And Heaven knows with what apprehenſions
"I am indue'd to condeſcend to this Match; for if I am
"now frightn'd at the thoughts of his Miſcarriages, what
"muſt I not fear, when he obtains the Superiority? The
"Obedience I owe my Father, and the neceſſity I find
"that this Marriage ſhould be concluded, for the Com-

"poſure

"posure of some Differences in our Family, make me wholly "passive in the Business, and so content it should go forward. "I admit of his Addresses not without some violence to my "Inclination, and all I can do, is to pray Heaven, that it "would inspire him with better Resolutions.

Don Philip could have wish'd that she had not been so resolute, as she seem'd to be: He therefore, though then personating a Fool answer'd her as a Wise man, and advis'd her to bear a while with the Failings of her Cousin. "Despair not Madam, (said he to her) but *Don Henrick* "may become another Man, and that if he be such as you "describe him now, that volatile Humour will be fix'd in "him, when he comes to be possess'd of so fair and accom- "plish'd a Lady. But he resolv'd upon the first Opportu- nity should present it self, to express his Mind to her in other Terms; and to make a full Discovery of himself to his Mistress.

They came that Day to *Villadolid*, and *Henrick* met them half a Day's Journey short of it: He was very kindly receiv'd, both of the Marquess and his Daughter, whereat the disguised *Don Philip* was not a little troubled; for finding *Don Henrick* a very graceful Person, he began to entertain some doubts of the Success of his Enterprize. The Marquess thought to make him acquainted with *Don Philip*, that by the Character he gave him, he might accordingly treat him. "Nephew, (said he to him) I pray take "notice of this Noble Cavalier, who has Honour'd us with "his Company from *Galicia*; for his Person, and the rare "Qualities he is Master of, are such as deserve the highest "Esteem. I desire you to respect him accordingly, and "assure your self all you do will be below his Merit, not "only upon the Account of the Royal Blood from which "he is descended, but also the Romantick Title he assumes "to himself, of *Knight of the Honourable Order of Prim-* "*roses*: He pretends a Jurisdiction over all those Places "where-ever any of that Flower grows, and never sees it, "but he thinks of the Complexion of a Mistress he once "had, who spent most of her time in Gardens, in one "whereof it was Love's Pleasure to make him a Captive "to her Beauty, as she was gathering some Prim-roses.

This Description made *Don Henrick* take a particular notice of *Don Philip*, and he doubted not as well by his Accoutrements, as by the Fantastick Title he had taken to himself, to conclude him a most Transcendent Extravagant,

gant, and that as such, they had entertain'd him into their Company. Accordingly, to comply with his Uncle, he made this Compliment to *Don Philip*, "Most Honourable Knight "of the Order of *Prim-roses*, I shall receive your Acquaint- "ance with as great Satisfaction as I should do that of the "greatest Monarch in the World, and think my self infi- "nitely oblig'd to you, that being a Person of such ex- "traordinary Parts, you were pleas'd to honour the Mar- "quess my Uncle, and my Cousin, with your Company "so far out of your own Territories. In Acknowledgement "of that Noble Favour, be pleas'd to accept the Proffer "I make to you of ever being your most affectionate and "most humble Servant, than which I cannot expect a higher "Relation to you, when I consider the Character my Uncle "has been pleas'd to give you.

Don Philip return'd him most humble thanks and said to him, "I have so high an Esteem for whatsoever this fair "Lady is concern'd in, that I shall make it my Business to "Sacrifice all you think most Excellent in me to her Sa- "tisfaction and yours, as long as it shall please his Excel- "lency to give me leave to be of his Retinue. "How (re- "plies *Henrick*) may we expect that farther Happiness as "to enjoy your Company for some time? "I see no reason "you have to be so glad of it, (replies the Marquess) for "you must know, that *Don Pedro Blasco* is fallen deeply "in Love with your Cousin, and that it is his Affection "has occasion'd this Acquaintance; though he has assur'd "me, that since he understood she was design'd for you, "that Love is turn'd into a pure fraternal Friendship, and "under that Innocent Passion he endeavours to oblige her "what lies in his Power. Be pleas'd to take my further "Assurance of it, (says *Don Philip*) that no Thought of "that may break your Rest; for that Consideration laid a- "side, I should think my self capable to raise a Jealousy "even in *Narcissus* himself, were he now alive: For I dare "without any Vanity, affirm it, That there is not a Person "in the World may be compar'd to me, either as to Grace- "fulness of Body or Accomplishments of Mind. "I am "sufficiently convinced of the Truth of what you say, (says "*Henrick*) though I have not known you long: And there- "fore wholly relying on the Promise you make me, I shall "fear nothing as to your Pretensions, which were they any o- "ther Person's I should not be guilty of so great an Indifferency. With these Discourses, they got to the Court, and the Ambass-

Ambaſſador being alighted at his Houſe, he there found many Ladies, impatiently expecting the Arrival of the fair Lady *Eleanora*, who was receiv'd out of her Litter into the Arms of her deſign'd Husband, whereat *Don Philip* could do no leſs than conceive a little Jealouſy. *Henrick*, to begin the Demonſtrations of his Love, had prepared a Magnificent Supper, to which were invited all thoſe, of both Sexes, who were come thither to receive the Ambaſſador and his Daughter. *Don Philip* went to Bed preſently after Supper, extremely troubled in mind, that he had engag'd himſelf in an Enterprize, wherein he found ſo great Difficulties. He could not imagine any means to bring it about, ſo as that he might come off with Credit: He met with too many Obſtacles, and what afflicted him moſt of all, was the Reſolution the Lady had taken to ſatisfie her Father's Deſire, who was deſirous the Marriage ſhould be concluded with *Henrick*, though he had been acquainted, as well as ſhe, with his Miscarriages. *Marco* could not forbear grumbling at the Reſolution of his Maſter, which muſt have ended amidſt thoſe Difficulties. He expos'd himſelf as an Extravagant Perſon in a Court where he might have rais'd himſelf into Eſteem, and out of a hope not likely to be brought to any Effect, he ran himſelf daily into new Inconveniencies. The Maſter and Servant ſpent ſome part of the Night in diſcourſing about the Buſineſs, till at laſt *Don Philip* fell a ſleep, with a Reſolution to diſcover himſelf to his Miſtreſs, and if his Addreſſes were not well entertain'd by her, to return immediately into *Galicia*.

The Viſits of the Cavaliers and Ladies, continu'd ſix Days, during which time the Marqueſs and his Daughter were often ſeen, both of them taking much Pleaſure in the pleaſant Demeanour of *Don Philip*, who acted the Part he had undertaken ſo admirably well, that his Extravagances became the Diſcourſe of the whole Court; all ſpeaking of him as one of the moſt Humorous Fools that had come upon the Stage of a long time: Inſomuch that ſome advised the Ambaſſadour to bring him to the Palace, aſſuring him the King would be much pleas'd with his Behaviour. *Don Philip* coming to hear of it, ſeem'd to be very angry and excuſed himſelf, out of a fear his Majeſty might not entertain him, ſuitably to his Quality and Extraction; that he would not run the hazard of receiving an Affront, and that the leaſt Diſ-reſpect ſhewn him would force him to violent Reſentments thereof. The Ambaſſadour preſs'd him no further, leſt

leſt he might put him out of Humour, perceiving he lik'd not the Propoſal, and put it off to ſome other time, when perhaps he might find him more inclin'd to Compliance.

Henrick, who was lodg'd in the Ambaſſadour's Houſe, had only two Servants to wait on him, whom he truſted with the Knowledge of all his Love-Adventures. It happened that both theſe fell Sick at the ſame time, a time when he ſhould have ſhewn more Reſervedneſs in his Amours, to raiſe himſelf into a better Eſteem with his Miſtreſs: But he on the contrary, minded his own Enjoyments above all things, and never conſidering the preſent poſture of his Affairs, he continu'd his Night-Viſits, as he was wont to do before her Arrival. Being thus diſappointed of their Attendance, who were beſt acquainted with his Humours, he conceiv'd he could not pitch upon a fitter Perſon to accompany him than *Marco*, who with the leave of his Maſter *Don Philip*, went along with him: Finding him a ſubtil Fellow and experienc'd in ſuch Affairs, he thought him a Perſon fit for his Purpoſe, and accordingly that he might truſt him with any thing. He took him along with him three or four Nights together to a certain Houſe, out of which he came at a very unſeaſonable Hour. Though *Marco* went in with him, yet durſt he not be ſo impertinently inquiſitive, as to ask who was the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, till the third or fourth Night that he had accompanied him thither; and then being alone with the Servant-maid (who taking Example by her Miſtreſs began to expreſs ſome Kindneſs towards *Marco*) he ask'd her whoſe Houſe that was, and to whom *Henrick* made his Viſits.

Love and Secrecy are ſeldom found in the ſame Lodging. She was a Servant, and in Love with *Marco*; there needs no more to be ſaid, to make it appear, that ſhe ſatisfied him in whatever he deſir'd to know. *Marco* underſtood from her; that, that Houſe belong'd to his Maſter *Don Philip*'s Aunt, and that his own Siſter was the Perſon whom *Henrick* had at Rack and Manger, upon a Promiſe of Marriage, ſhe had gotten from him a little before, under his Hand; ſhe by reaſon of her Retiredneſs, being Innocently Ignorant of the Treaty of Marriage between him and his Couſin the Lady *Eleanora*.

Marco having pump'd out of all theſe Particulars, fail'd not to give his Maſter an Account thereof the next Day. *Don Philip* was extremely ſurpriz'd thereat; not without Indignation againſt his Siſter, though that Procedure of *Henrick*

rick rais'd him into ſome hopes of effecting his Deſign; preſuming the more upon it, in that being equal, as to Birth, to *Henrick*, he was reſolv'd he ſhould never Marry any other, than her whom he had ſo highly diſhonour'd. He thereupon commanded *Marco* to acquaint the Maid who had made thoſe Diſcoveries to him, that the Marriage of *Henrick* and his Couſin was agreed upon, and that a Meſſenger was ſent to *Rome* for the Diſpenſation, not forgetting the rare Accompliſhments of the Lady *Eleanora*; to the end ſhe might acquaint his Siſter therewith, to ſee what Courſe ſhe would take, and how ſhe would Remedy the Affront intended her.

He punctually executed the Orders he had receiv'd from *Don Philip*, ſo that the Night following *Donna Cornelia* (ſo was *Don Philip*'s Siſter call'd) was acquainted with the whole Buſineſs. She thereupon had a great Conteſtation with *Don Henrick*, who impudently deny'd that he had any thing to do, as to Marriage, with his Couſin. In fine, having done all he could to vindicate himſelf, and appeaſe *Donna Cornelia*, ſhe pretended to be ſatisfied with him, provided he more fully juſtifi'd his Innocence the next Morning. So ſhe diſmiſs'd *Henrick*, who went away well ſatisfied, imagining her to be ſo too: But reſolving with himſelf not to give her any Viſit a while, he pretended ſome Indiſpoſition. *Don Philip* underſtood that Night from *Marco* all that had paſsed between *Don Henrick* and his Siſter, and was extremely incens'd againſt her, that ſhe had given Credit to the deceitful Words of a Perfidious Man. However, he thought fit to let paſs two Days, to ſee what Courſe his Siſter would take in that time, commanding *Marco* to proſecute his Diſcoveries.

The next Day, *Don Henrick* not coming to clear himſelf, as he had promis'd, *Donna Cornelia* was ſo enrag'd, that ſhe would ſtay no longer, but reſolv'd to be ſatisfied from the Mouth of the Ambaſſadour, of the Affront intended to be done her. She took a Coach, and veiling her Face, came to his Houſe, but at ſuch an unfortunate time, that ſhe met *Don Henrick* at the Door, who diſcovering who ſhe was, preſently imagin'd what might Occaſion that Viſit, and that her coming thither was to acquaint the Ambaſſadour how he was engag'd to her, and to ſhew him that Promiſe of Marriage. *Don Henrick* receiv'd her with extraordinary Kindneſs, which ſhe taking otherwiſe than he expected, added the more to his Suſpicion. He told her, he had ſomething particular to acquaint her with, and entreated

treated her to go along with him to a Room at ſome diſtance from his Uncle's Lodgings. *Donna Cornelia* would not be perſwaded a good while to give him that Satisfaction, telling him, that ſhe muſt firſt ſpeak with the Ambaſſadour, and that afterwards he ſhould talk with her as long as he pleas'd. That *Don Henrick* endeavour'd to prevent, aſſuring her, that he was at that time, very buſie, looking over a pacquet of Letters he had receiv'd from the Emperour. He was ſo importunate with her, that ſhe would hear him before ſhe ſpoke with the Ambaſſadour, that at laſt he prevail'd. Whereupon conducting her to *Don Philip*'s Chamber, he entreated him to bear her Company, till he came back to ſpeak with her.

Cornelia having her Face veil'd all this time, *Don Philip* knew her not, but by the Diſcoveries he had receiv'd, he ſuſpected her to be his Siſter: On the other ſide, he was ſo transform'd by the Extravagance of his Cloths, and what added much to his Diſguiſe, his perpetual wearing of *Spectacles*, that ſhe could not have the leaſt imagination of his being her Brother. *Don Philip* kept her Company a while, without enquiring into the Occaſion of her coming thither; and at laſt, leaving her lock'd up in the Room, he went to look for *Don Henrick*, to know how he would have him diſpoſe of her. He was then buſie with his Uncle, but ſent one to deſire *Don Philip*, to entertain that Lady a while, with this Excuſe, that as ſoon as he could, he would come and diſpatch her. *Don Philip* returning to his Chamber, immediately lock'd the Door.

In the mean time the Lady *Eleanora* had underſtood, that her Couſin had ſpoken to a Woman with her Face Veil'd in one of the Walks leading to the Ambaſſadour's Houſe, and deſir'd *Don Philip* to Conduct her to his Chamber. The Jealouſy ſhe conceiv'd thereat rais'd in her a Deſire to know who ſhe might be, which ſhe might eaſily diſcover, by reaſon there was a Paſſage from her Lodgings to *Don Philip*'s Chamber, and at the end of it a Door, whereof ſhe had the Key: She open'd it very ſoftly, leſt ſhe might be perceiv'd, and that juſt as *Don Philip*, coming into the Room, found his Siſter with her Face Unveil'd, expecting to be ſeen only by *Don Henrick*, whom only ſhe ſtaid for: As ſoon as he had taken a ſlight View of her, he apply'd this Diſcourſe to her. *Ungracious and Unhappy Woman, unworthy of the Houſe out of which thou art deſcended, and that I ſhould call thee my Siſter! Is it poſſible*

thou shouldest be Guilty of so strange an Oblivion of thy self, as relying on the vain Promises of a treacherous Person to come into this House to seek him who has abus'd thee, and to whom thou hast impudently prostituted thy self? Comest thou to importune a Man that has forgotten thee, and to Court him who has so palpably deceiv'd thee? If, besotted with a fond Love, it be thy Design to be Married to him, thou hast Friends to whom thou mightest have Communicated thy Desires, rather than have abandon'd thy self to a Man who treats thee with so much Contempt; and notwithstanding all his Caresses, laughs at thee in his Sleeve. He is upon the Point of Marriage with his Cousin; art thou so Simple, as that thou only should'st be Ignorant of what is known all over the Court? Had I not a respect for the Place where thou art, this Sword should dispatch thy Criminal Soul into the other World, that thou might'st be an Example to all such simple Gull's as thou art: Hast thou so far forgotten the Respect due to thy Aunt, as to prophane her House, by assigning Henrick *his Nocturnal Meetings in it? Thou should'st have bethought thy self who thou art, that he is of no better House than thy self, and that thy Quality is as high as his. 'Tis a great happiness to thee, that an Humour took me to come into this Court, though thou seest me in this ridiculous Habit, to prevent, what lies in my power,* Henrick's *further Abuse of thee; which I will do with the hazard of my Life: Tell me, infamous Woman, what has pass'd between you, that I may take some Course therein, and dissemble not the Truth in any thing; for it concerns thee no less than Honour and Life.*

The Disconsolate *Donna Cornelia* heard this Discourse with her Eyes fastned on the Ground and flowing with Tears, without giving him the least Interruption. But at last, to obey her Brother, whose Indignation she saw justly grounded, she told him in few Words, how *Henrick* had seen her at a certain Publick Meeting, that he lik'd her, and having enquir'd out her Lodgings, he had sent her several Letters; that having continu'd his Addresses to her with great demonstrations of Affection, she had granted him entrance into the House, and that upon a Promise of Marriage under his Hand, (which she had about her) she had permitted him to dispose of her as he pleas'd. In fine she gave him a particular Account of all that happen'd between them; whereupon he, to add no more to her Affliction, put her in some hope, that *Henrick* should be forc'd to perform the Promise he had made to her.

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The fair Lady *Eleanora* had heard all this Diſcourſe at the Door, which was between her Lodgings and *Don Philip*'s Chamber; extremely aſtoniſhed how a Perſon of Quality (ſuch as ſhe found *Don Philip* to be by his Diſcourſe) and one of ſuch an excellent Wit, could put on a Fool's Coat, and behave himſelf as an Extravagant in their Houſe, and all about the Court. She was Ignorant of the Cauſe of that ſtrange *Metamorphoſis*, and yet ſhe had a certain Suſpicion, that it might be upon her Account. On the other ſide, ſhe reflected on the double Treachery of her Couſin *Don Henrick*, in treating of a Marriage with her, having given a Promiſe of the ſame thing to another, and to a Perſon ſo highly qualify'd as *Donna Cornelia* ſeem'd to be.

Being fully ſatisfy'd as to thoſe two things, ſhe would not ſtand to hear them any longer, but ruſh'd into the Room ſo of a ſudden, as that ſhe had not the time to put any thing over her Face, nor he to diſſemble his Indignation. Seeing her coming towards them, *Ah Madam*, (ſaid he to her) *What mean theſe Ambuſhes? Woat's your Deſign therein, Soveraign Princeſs of my Soul, and abſolute Directreſs of my Inclinations? Do you uſe ſuch a Treachery againſt thoſe who could not ſo much as imagine you guilty of any ſuch thing? I wiſh ſo great a Beauty would not give me any more ſuch Apprehenſions, for another Surprize of this Nature would make me die out of pure Joy, as it has been the Fortunes of others to die out of an exceſs of Grief.*

There is no Diſſembling any longer, (replies the Lady) *for I am fully aſſur'd that you are not the Perſon you ſeem to us to be, and that the Affliction you are in, requires rather ſecret and real Reſentments, than perſonated Extravagances. My Curioſity heightned by a little Jealouſy, procured me the Diſcovery of more than you imagine: I have found the Perfidiouſneſs of my Couſin* Don Henrick *greater towards me than I could have expected; conſidering his pretended Kindneſſes. I would fain be deliver'd out of the Confuſion I am in, and I earneſtly entreat you to reſolve me this Riddle; for its Obſcurity perplexes me very much: But before you take that Trouble upon you, give me leave to carry this Lady your Siſter to my Lodgings, and if my Couſin comes in the mean time to enquire after her, you may tell him, that ſhe went away much diſpleaſed at his long Stay, and leave the reſt to me.*

Having ſo ſaid, ſhe took *Donna Cornelia* along with her, aſſuring her ſhe would do all that lay in her Power to

ſerve her, which put her in hope of a better Succeſs in her Affairs, than ſhe could have deriv'd from either her Brother's Indignation, or *Henrick*'s Treachery. The Lady *Eleanora* left *Donna Cornelia* among her Women, and returns to *Don Philip*; who though at firſt ſurpriz'd at the Sight of her, and the thought of her having over-heard the Infamy of his Siſter; yet was he withal glad of it, ſince her Jealouſy and Curioſity had diſcovered his Transformation, and the unhandſome Carriage of her Couſin. *Don Philip* therefore was very glad to ſee his Miſtreſs return'd, as might be ſeen by the Chearfulneſs of his Countenance. She deſired him to take a Chair, and doing the like her ſelf, ſhe open'd her Mind to him in theſe Words.

I have been in an extraordinary Confuſion for ſome Days paſt, and ſo incenſed againſt my Couſin Don Henrick, *to ſee the ſtrangeneſs of his Behaviour towards me, that I come to receive your Advice how far I ought to reſent it, and withal to be ſatisfyed in ſome things, whereof I muſt yet Acknowledge my ſelf Ignorant. One is, and that much raiſes my wonder, to ſee you counterfeiting the Fool and Extravagant, in a Court, where you might rather act the Part of a Perſon of Honour and Gallantry; as having the advantage of being Brother to ſo fair a Lady as* Donna Cornelia, *who beſides the Recommendation of Beauty, ſeems to be Miſtreſs of many other good Qualities. You may infer from my Diſcourſe, that being of the Quality I ſuppoſe you to be, you diſhonour your ſelf in repreſenting the Natural and Ridiculous Perſon, as well in regard of the Habit you have aſſum'd, as the Extravagant Actions wherewith you amuſe the World. Which ſince I cannot imagine you would do but that there muſt be ſome Myſtery in it, I am the more deſirous to know your Motives thereto, in that I conceive it will be a means to clear my Mind of certain Doubts which now lie ſomewhat heavy upon it.* Having delivered this with the beſt Grace in the World, the fair Lady was ſilent, and left *Don Philip* the Liberty to make this reply. *If you find me at any loſs, Madam, in ſatisfying your Deſires as to this particular, I queſtion not but you will have the goodneſs to attribute it, to that Diſtraction poor Mortals are ſubject to, when they Addreſs themſelves to the Objects of their Vows and Adorations. You cannot be Ignorant, (though you knew it not by Experience) that Love is a powerful Divinity, to whom Men Sacrifice all things; no Intrigues but he is Author of; no Difficulties but he overcomes, to compaſs his Deſigns. Thus remiſed, I am in*

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the next place freely to acknowledge that the Day you pass'd through Villa-franca, *which is the Place of my Birth, I found my self Wounded by the Lightning of your fair Eyes. I did all that lay in my Power to oppose that Passion; but it still prov'd predominant, and the Engagement I knew there was between you and your Cousin* Don Henrick *could not abate one tittle of it. Nay, though I knew all the particulars of that Engagement, wherein you rather comply'd with the Commands of a Father than your own Inclinations, inasmuch as you look'd on that too happy Kinsman as a fickle Person, unworthy your Affection, a Truth I have since heard confirmed by your self; nay though I saw the Marriage in a manner concluded, yet all could not break the Resolution I had taken to disguise my self as you have seen to traverse it, and Fortune now seems to Favour my Design.*

I am not therefore Madam, to repent me of the Slur I may have put upon my Blood, and the Noble House from which I am descended, in acting the Fool's Part in your's, into which it was my Business to introduce my self by all means imaginable; since the Imposture has prov'd so fortunate, and that I begin to conceive some hopes of attaining my Desires. You know Madam, that I durst not have presum'd to make you a real Discovery of my self, for besides that I should run the hazard of not finding Credit with you, I came in at a time when your Marriage was in too great forwardness to be easily crossed by after Applications. In fine, it was Heaven's Pleasure, that a strange Conjunction of my Sister's Misfortune, and your own just Jealousyes, should give you a Discovery of what, perhaps I should yet a while have kept from your Knowledge. My true Name is Don Philip de Gamboa *and* Toledo, *and consequently I may assirm my self to be of the most eminent Families of* Spain; *since I am descended from the* Seigniors *of* Villa franca *and* Astorga. *I have the Honour to be Knight of the Order of* Alcantara, *and I have acquired it by some years Services done his Majesty in* Flanders, *with hopes e're long, to be gratifyed with an Advantagious Commandry. I have given you an Account of my Quality, and have not concealed from you my Presumption. All I have now to Apologize for, is my Love; and I am the more confident of your Pardon as to that, if you but ever so little consider the unavoidable Influence of your own Attractions. Nay, I cannot but account it a happy Offence, since it has prov'd the occasion of your being undeceiv'd; and when I make a joint reflection on my own Happiness,*

and my Sister's Credulity; I cannot repent me of a Disguise, whereof the Satisfaction infinitely exceeds the Shame: For it is in your Power to restore me the Honour I have depriv'd my self of, only for your sake; and I shall force him, who has cajoll'd my Sister out of her Honour, to perform the Promise he has made her, or it shall cost him his Life.

The fair Lady was so ravish'd to hear these Words from her disguised Lover, that she thought her self oblig'd to make an extraordinary Return to so extraordinary a demonstration of Affection: And being now fully undeceiv'd as to the Sycophancy of her Cousin *Don Henrick*, she made him this Answer. Seignior Don Philip, *that you have upon so slight a ground, as the little Beauty I can pretend to, engaged your self in an Enterprize so prejudicial to your Reputation and Descent, I cannot but look on, as a transcendent Expression of your Love; though I do not excuse you as to this, that the Noble Accomplishments you are Master of, might no doubt have more happily and more worthily been otherwise employ'd. I have resented as I ought, the little Respect my Cousin express'd towards me, and therefore it is but just he should not enjoy me; since it may be inferr'd from the forwardness of his matching with another, that he never truly intended it. It must needs be an extraordinary Joy to me, that I am undeceiv'd, before we were joyn'd by that Tye which only Death can dissolve: I am satisfyed as to the little Affection he had for me, and I do yours but Justice, when I assure you, that I shall be so far from forgetting it, that I shall indeavour all that lies in my Power to requite it.*

This was deliver'd with so obliging an Accent, that the Amourous Cavalier would have cast himself at her Feet, would she have permitted it. He return'd her his Thanks with a thousand Submissions for so extraordinary a Favour, and the sweet encouragement she was pleas'd to give his Love. It was not now a seasonable time to expatiate into Compliments; *Donna Cornelia* was left in the Lady *Eleanora's* Lodgings, whose Return she expected, and *Don Philip* look'd for *Don Henrick*, to enquire after the Lady he had recommended to his Custody. The Lady *Eleanora* went to comfort her whom she had left among her Women, and to put in Execution, what had been resolv'd, between her and *Don Philip*. About half an Hour after her departure thence, comes *Don Henrick* to his Chamber, to look after the Lady he had left there: *Don Philip* told him, that he could stay her no longer, and that she was gone; thinking he would

would not have come to her again: *Nay then, I am glad I ſtaid ſo long,* (ſays *Henrick*) *ſince my Stay has occaſion'd her to do as I would have had her, which was that ſhe might be gone out of the Houſe. This Woman plagues me extremely, and it was no ſmall Happineſs to me, that ſhe met not with my Uncle; for I ſhould have been much troubled had ſhe had any Diſcourſe with him.*

Don Philip ask'd him ſome odd Queſtions, as he was wont to do, to ſift ſomething further out of him; but *Don Henrick* would diſcover no more. The other eaſily apprehended, by the little had fallen from him, what Courſe he intended to take, and the Indignation he conceiv'd at this ſlighting of his Siſter was ſo great, that it was not without much violence done him himſelf, he forbore calling him to Account for it. In the mean time the Lady *Eleanora* had viſited *Donna Cornelia*, of whom ſhe had receiv'd a punctual Relation of her Amours, which were but too much confirm'd to her by the Promiſe of Marriage ſhe had brought with her; and after ſhe had entred into a ſecond Admiration at the double Perfidiouſneſs of her Couſin *Don Henrick*, ſhe ſent to deſire her Father to come to her, who being alone with her, ſhe entertain'd him with this following Diſcourſe.

Sir, it has ever been a laudable Cuſtom that Fathers ſhould diſpoſe of their Daughters in Marriage, as they either pleas'd themſelves, or found moſt convenient for their Affairs; but with this Caution, That it ſhould not be abſolutely done contrary to their Wills and Inclinations. Many are yet willing to do ſo, out of a preſumption, that Matrimony will change Men's Humours; but it is ſeldom found to work that Effect: Thoſe therefore may be ſaid to do well, who referring the Succeſs to the higher Powers, by an implicite Obedience, comply with the diſpoſal of their Parents; but thoſe in my Judgment do better, who uſe ſome Precaution, and endeavour to prevent the Inconveniecies, which they muſt otherwiſe fall into. I have been ever ready Sir, to do whatever you commanded me, eſpecially in the Buſineſs now in agitation; though I have found my Couſin Don Henrick *to be of a Diſpoſition ſo contrary to mine, that I promis'd my ſelf little Satisfaction from our being joyn'd together in the inſeparable Eſtate you intended. I have endeavour'd to obey you, tho' with ſome Violence to my own Inclinations, which directed my Affection to other Perſons not inferior to him, either in Quality or Eſtate. I conſented to this Marriage becauſe you ſeem'd ſo much to deſire it.*

When it was fully Concluded, there was a Person sent to Rome *for the Dispensation; and even during that time, when I expected my Cousin should have expressʼd most Love to me, I have found he has done quite contrary; for he has given a Promise of Marriage to another Lady whom you shall presently see.*

She thereupon callʼd for *Donna Cornelia*, whom she had left in her own Chamber, and who immediately came before the Ambassadour: Having disposʼd her into a Chair, the Lady *Eleanora* continuʼd her Discourse; *This Sir, is the Lady I spoke of, to whom my Cousin has given a Promise of Marriage under his Hand, which she now has about her, and you shall see, how this perfidious Person became thereby Master of her Honour. Coming hither to speak with you, and to complain of the Affront intended her; she met him, who giving her fair Words, lockʼd her into* Don Philip's *Chamber, under pretence that you were busy, and that it would require some time to stay eʼre she could see you. Some little Curiosity occasionʼd my going to that Door, which is between my Lodgings and his, and there I came to the knowledge of this Business; having over-heard some part of their Discourse. I thought fit to bring this Lady to my Chamber, to give you further satisfaction of so pressing a Truth. Her Quality is great, since she is of the House of* Gamboa *and* Toledo, *two of the most Illustrious Families in* Spain: *She is resolvʼd to make the Case known to her Friends, who are very Noble and of great Credit in this Court, that they may oppose my Marriage and prevent our common Affront. I have hitherto obeyʼd you as a Father, I now appeal to you as my Judge, and I beseech you discharge me of so unjust an Obedience for the future; for I am resolvʼd rather to confine my self the remainder of my Days, in the most Austere Monastery about this City, than ever be Wife to a Man so insensible of Worth and Honour.*

The Ambassadour was extremely astonished at both what he saw, and what he had heard. He examinʼd the Promise made to *Donna Cornelia*, and found that that Discovery alone was sufficient to prevent his Daughter's Marriage with *Henrick*. He immediately resolvʼd to break all to pieces, and to dismiss his Nephew, that there might be no more talk of the Business: He causʼd the Ladies to withdraw, and sent for his Nephew, to whom he shewʼd the Schedule he had made to *Donna Cornelia*; asking him whether he knew the Hand. He not a little troubled, and changing Colour, began to deny it; but the Ambassadour told him, that as he could

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not do it ſincerely, ſo it would be very unhandſomly proffer'd, ſince the Truth would be prov'd by ſeveral of his Letters written with the ſame Hand. At laſt *Don Henrick*, not without extreme Confuſion, acknowledg'd that blinded by Love, he had indeed made that Promiſe, but he would loſe his Life e're he perform'd it.

Don Philip having quitted his Fool's Coat, and put on a very rich Suit, with the Croſs of *Alcantara* on his Coat, and Cloak, heard this Diſcourſe from a corner of the Room, where he was diſpos'd, and not able to contain himſelf any longer; *Seignior Henrick*, (ſaid he coming up to him) *have a better care what you ſay, and conſider her Quality whom you injure; her Birth is at leaſt as Noble as yours: She is my Siſter, and as ſuch, I am oblig'd to vindicate and protect her. If you perform not the Promiſe you have made her, I wear a Sword by my ſide, which ſhall force you to do it, if Honour will not. I have already conſider'd what I am in Duty oblig'd to, as to that Point*, (replies *Don Henrick*) *and no Man ſhall force me, by Menaces, to do any thing againſt my Will:* This ſo enrag'd *Don Philip*, that he gave *Don Henrick* a Challenge. The Diſpute grew higher and higher, which oblig'd the Ladies to come in between them, and to give Orders the Doors ſhould be ſhut, leſt they ſhould put the Challenge in Execution.

While theſe things paſs'd, the Ambaſſadour minded not the Perſon of *Don Philip*, but imagin'd him ſome other Perſon come thither after his Siſter; for ſeeing him ſo well habited with the Croſs of *Alcantara* and without Spectacles, (which he conſtantly wore) he knew him not: But having conſider'd him better, he found that he who Challenged his Nephew was the ſame Perſon who by his pleaſant Extravagances, had found him ſo much Sport. The Lady *Eleanora* perceiving her Father had his Eyes faſten'd on him, with ſome Aſtoniſhment, imagin'd the Cauſe of it; and gave it a check in theſe Words: *He Sir, whom you ſee in a Habit ſo different, from that he was wont to wear, and who ſeem'd ſo ridiculous to you, is* Don Philip de Gamboa *and* Toledo: *When this Diſpute is over you ſhall know the Motives oblig'd him to that Diſguiſe.*

The Ambaſſadour was the more aſtoniſhed at that, and would have preſs'd his Daughter to make a further diſcovery of that Secret, had he not ſeen the two Cavaliers, with Swords drawn, ready to make that Room the Place of their Duel: He ran in between them, and endeavour'd by Mild-

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neſs to perſwade his Nephew, not to conteſt in a Buſineſs, which was not to his Advantage; that if he ſatisfy'd not the injured Cavalier, Miſchief would attend it; that he ſhould not rely on any Protection he might hope for from him, inaſmuch as ſeeing the little reaſon he had on his ſide, and the Affront he intended that Lady, he ſhould rather be againſt him, by aſſiſting his Adverſary, than countenance him in ſo unjuſt a Cauſe: That as to his Daughter, he might quit all Hopes of her; that he ſhould never be her Husband; and that it would diſcover a great poorneſs of Spirit in her, if ſhe had any thought of Kindneſs for him after he had ſo unworthily treated her. *Don Henrick*, finding himſelf preſs'd, with Reproaches on all ſides, and withal hearkning to the Advice of his Conſcience, thought it beſt to follow his Uncle's Counſel. He thereupon, went with open Arms to his true Wife, to whom he once more gave his Hand as a Husband, and then Embrac'd his Brother-in-Law, whom he yet knew not: The Lady *Eleanora* thought it a good Opportunity, before the whole Company, to give her Father an Account, how *Don Philip* had fallen in Love with her, how he got into his Retinue in the Quality of a Jeſter; that ſhe conceiv'd her ſelf oblig'd to requite the extraordinary demonſtration of his Affection to her, by an Exchange of hers to him, if her Father approv'd of it. The old Gentleman had ſo much Mettle left, as to admire the ſtrange Conducts of Love in all its Operations; and particularly, how it made the wiſeſt Man Mad, and the Mad Wiſe; making its Advantages of Extravagance it ſelf, to compaſs its Deſign; without any further demurring, he gave his Conſent. Whereupon the Lady *Eleanora* took him by the Hand, and *Don Philip* was ſo happy, as by odd and unlikely means to ſee all his Deſires accompliſhed.

The Solemnities of both the Marriages were put off till eight Days after; all the Grandees about the Court came to them; the Balls thereat, and the Tiltings were Extraordinary: But what more nearly touches the Story, is that the King Honor'd theſe two Cavaliers with great Advantages, wherewith *Don Philip* had alſo thoſe of a numerous Iſſue; for which *Don Henrick* needed not much to have envi'd him, being the moſt ſatisfy'd man in the World with his Choice whom he infinitely Lov'd, and thereby made it appear, That the Inclinations of two Perſons, before they are united by Matrimony, though by ſome intervening Occurrences ſomewhat remitted, may yet, by that ſacred Tye, be heightned into a Noble and Vigorous Flame of perfect Love.

THE

THE *IMPOSTOUR Out-Witted:*

A Novel.

IN the great and famous City of *Sevil*, the *Metropolis* of *Andaluzia*, the Mother of ſo many Noble Families, and Excellent Wits, the Treaſury of all the Wealth, which flows into *Spain* from the *Weſt-Indies*, was Born *Don Antonio de Mendoza*, a very Accompliſh'd Cavalier, of the Illuſtrious Family of the Dukes of *Alcala*, ſo highly Eſteemed all over the Kingdom. By their Death, from whom he deriv'd his being in this World, there fell to him an Eſtate of Four thouſand Crowns Annual Rent, upon which he liv'd very Nobly at *Sevil*, being the moſt Remarkable Perſon at all publick Actions done about the City. He had at *Madrid* a *Couſin-German* who follow'd the *Spaniſh* Court and was gone thither about ſome Affairs of great Importance, which he had brought to a happy Iſſue.

Having liv'd there a while, he lik'd it, and the Converſation of the Cavaliers inhabiting it, ſo well; that he Exchanged the Place of his Birth, for that Illuſtrious City. He there became intimately acquainted with an old Cavalier, whoſe Name was *Don Alonzo de Caſtiza*, a Perſon who had raiſed himſelf into a general Eſteem, by the Excellent Endowments he had. Beſides which, he was honour'd with the Illuſtrious Order of the Patron of *Spain*, with a Commandery of Two thouſand Ducats of Annual Rent.

This old Gentleman was a Widower, having but one only Daughter, to whom all his vaſt Eſtate was to fall at his Death. Nature it ſeems had made it her particular concern to enrich this young Lady, with all the Graces and Perfections to be wiſhed in one of her Sex. Which occaſion'd the Envy of all the Ladies about the Court towards her, ſince ſhe had, in point of Beauty, the ſame Advantages over them, as the Sun has over all the reſt of the Planets. Her Father *Don Alonzo*, wiſh'd her well Married to his Mind,

Mind, that is, one equal to her, in Eſtate and Extraction. *Don Martinio de Mendoza*, (ſo was called *Don Antonio*'s Couſin whom I ſpoke of firſt) might have aſpir'd to the Honour of making his Addreſſes to her, as well upon account of the Houſe, from which he was deſcended, as the Familiar Acquaintance there was between him and her Father *Don Alonzo*.

But being a Younger Brother, he thought himſelf too low, in point of Eſtate, to pretend to ſo Advantagious a Match. However, he thought fit to make ſome Propoſals to the old Gentleman, on the behalf of his Couſin *Don Antonio*, who liv'd at *Sevil*, whom he highly recommended to him for his Excellent Qualities, and the greatneſs of his Eſtate; for he was the only Son of a Noble Houſe. *Don Alonzo* took it very kindly from him, but thought it withal Prudence, to make further enquiry into the Buſineſs; knowing that Perſons ſpeaking for their own Relations, are commonly very partial, and think it no mortal Sin to exceed the Truth. So that *Don Alonzo*, immediately writ to a particular Friend at *Sevil*, earneſtly deſiring him to give him an Account of the Perſon and Eſtate, of *Don Antonio de Mendoza*; inaſmuch as it highly concern'd the Honour of his Houſe, to meet with a Cavalier Worthy his Alliance, to be Husband to his only Daughter, *Donna Catharina*.

'Twas not long e'er he receiv'd an Anſwer, wherein his Friend confirm'd all that *Don Martino* had ſaid of his Kinſman, with ſomewhat more; proteſting in the Concluſion, That he was ſo far from being partial or inſincere, in the Account he had ſent him, that he rather told leſs than Truth. He thereupon went to *Don Martinio*, and told him, that he might write to his Couſin, and aſſured him he ſhould be very welcome, if he had any Inclinations for his Daughter. He made him Anſwer, that he would, and *Don Alonzo*, as a further Obligation, would have his Daughter's Picture ſent him, that he might therein find ſome of the rare Qualities that were in her; permitting his Couſin, to be preſent at the taking of it, that he might aſſure *Don Antonio*, the Painter had not flatter'd her, and that the Copy was below the Original.

Don Martinio fail'd not to write to his Couſin, to whom he alſo ſent the Picture, Celebrating the Vertues of that Amiable Perſon, which the Painter could not repreſent, as he had done the Lineaments of her Beautiful Countenance. His Couſin *Don Antonio* was extremely ſatisfy'd therewith,

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and referr'd to him to make ſome Overtures in the Treaty of Marriage, till he came thither himſelf, for the further Proſecution whereof, he ſent him a full Procuration.

In the mean time, *Don Antonio* was preparing for his Journey to *Madrid*, to wait on his Miſtreſs, who having receiv'd his Picture, was as much taken with it, as he had been with hers; leaving his Retinue at *Sevil*, till a rich Livery, then making, was finiſh'd. He began his Journey, having only one Perſon to wait on him, and a Groom to look to their Mules, who follow'd them at a little diſtance. *Don Antonio* carry'd always about him his Miſtreſs's Picture incloſed in the ſame Letter, wherein his Couſin had ſent it him. Being come within half a Days Journey of *Toledo* he ſent away the Groom, to provide Lodgings for them in the City. He had entertained at a Dinner ſome of the Inhabitants of *Orgaz*, which was the Place where they had baited. The Cloth being taken away, they fell to Cards: He loſt his Money, and was vex'd, which occaſion'd their playing on till he had recover'd his Loſſes; and by that time it was grown later than he could have wiſhed. Being horſed, he and his Man put forward, but e're they had rode a League, Night ſurpriz'd them, ſo that they made a ſhift to loſe their way, and got in among certain Olive-Trees, about half a League ſhort of *Toledo*. Not knowing where they were, and fearing to go too far out of their way, they thought it their beſt Courſe to alight, and reſt themſelves under one of the Olive-Trees, till it were Day. They accommodated themſelves the beſt they could, and Wearineſs ſoon laid them aſleep; yet little dream'd of the Misfortune which was to happen to them. Being in their firſt Sleep, (which is commonly the ſoundeſt) four Men came to the the Place, very ſoftly, for the Noiſe of their Mules brought them thither; and theſe were of a Profeſſion, which for the moſt part finds thoſe that are of it more Work by Night than by Day. They had been upon a Deſign which had not taken, and ſo they were returning very diſconſolate with empty Pockets to *Toledo*.

Coming up to them, and finding them both aſleep, they tied their Hands behind them, and took away all they had, but their Waſtcoats and Drawers; and to get off with more ſpeed and ſafety, they made uſe of their Mules. *Don Antonio*, being thus baſely ſurpriz'd, was exaſperated at the Misfortune; but his Man told him that it had happen'd to them through his Fault, becauſe he had not given over

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Playing ſooner. They diſcours'd of it, till the Birds gave them notice of the approach of *Aurora*. Soon after hearing the noiſe of ſome Cattel not far from them, they called to him that look'd after them, very much bemoaning the Condition they were in. They ask'd him, how far it was to *Toledo*, and he told them it was not quite half a League, but if they would go along with him to a Country-Houſe hard by, he would gladly ſhew them the Way, and that he doubted not, but the Lady, who liv'd in it, would relieve them in that Extremity.

They took his Advice, and he brought them to a very fair Houſe. Having knock'd at the Gate it was immediately open'd by an old Man, who was Steward to the Lady, and had the overſight of the Shepherds, and the Profits ariſing from the Sheep. The Shepherd who brought them thither, went in to the Lady, and in a few Words gave her an Account of the Misfortune that happen'd to thoſe Strangers, and the Condition he had found them in. Whereupon ſhe order'd them to be brought up to her Chamber. *Don Antonio* preſented himſelf to her, very much out of Countenance to ſee himſelf almoſt Naked; having upon him only an old Coat, which the Shepherd had lent him. He told her that his Journey was for *Madrid*, about a Law-Suit of great Importance, not diſcovering who he was, but only that he was a Gentleman of *Sevil*, named *Don Torpino de Hezzo*. The Lady whoſe Name was *Donna Olivia*, was much troubled to ſee him in that deplorable Condition. There were in the Houſe two Cheſts full of Cloths, which had been a Brother's of hers, who dyed not long before. She order'd two Suits to be brought out, which they put on, that which *Don Antonio* had, proving ſo fit that the Lady was much taken with his Perſon, and had her Eyes always faſtened on him. She invited *Don Antonio* to Dine with her, which he did, taking occaſion ever and anon, to make extraordinary Acknowledgements of the Favours he had receiv'd from her.

They continu'd two Days in that Country-Houſe, e're the Lady made any diſcovery of the Affections ſhe had for *Don Antonio*; ſave only what ſhe did with her Eyes, which were the ſilent Interpreters of the Trouble ſhe was in. *Don Antonio* was not inſenſible of it, and had ſome Diſcourſe concerning it with his Man; yet had he not the Confidence to tell him what he really thought of it, being (as he was) upon the Point of diſpoſing himſelf otherwiſe.

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The Servant advis'd him not to let ſlip ſo fair an Opportunity, and told him he ſhould not be ſo hard-hearted, towards a Lady of ſo great Worth, and one that had ſo highly oblig'd them. The Solitude of the Place, the Beauty of the Lady, and the ſilent Diſcoveries ſhe made him by her Geſtures oblig'd *Don Antonio* to anſwer her Affection. He entred into ſome Love-Diſcourſes with her; but though ſhe were really in Love with him, yet would ſhe not grant him any particular Favour, unleſs he firſt aſſur'd her ſhe ſhould be his Wife, and that ſhe had a Promiſe of it under his Hand.

Don Antonio, on the other ſide, had ſo great a Kindneſs for her, that he had in a manner forgot the Miſtreſs, whoſe Picture he had carried about him, and adviſing with his Servant, (who was a dangerous Confident, and a ſubtil Fellow) what he ſhould do; he told him very roundly, that he ought not to let ſlip ſo ſweet and favourable an Opportunity; that he might eaſily have the Enjoyment of her, and withal give her the Promiſe of Marriage ſhe deſir'd, provided he put not into it his own Name, but fill'd it with the Suppoſitious Name he had aſſum'd; ſince ſhe knew neither his Country nor Extraction. *Don Antonio* follow'd his Advice, and thereupon had his Deſires of *Donna Olivia*, who having made the Blot, could do no leſs than give him leave to enter. He continu'd there four Days, at the end whereof, acquainting the Lady that his Buſineſs at *Madrid* was of ſuch Importance as requir'd his Perſonal Attendance there, ſhe conſented to his Departure, on Condition he would return again as ſoon as he could; which he with Oaths, Promis'd to do.

The next Morning betimes, he departed, leaving the Lady o'er-flown with Tears: He was ſomewhat troubled, or at leaſt pretended it. The Lady having furniſhed him with all things neceſſary, he put forward; but e're he had gone far, he receiv'd ſome part of the Chaſtiſement which he deſerv'd for his Perfidiouſneſs; for the Mule he was mounted on, being apt to ſtart, gave him a fall, whereby he ſo ſprain'd one Foot, that he was forc'd to make ſome ſtay at *Illeſcas*, a Place half way between *Toledo* and *Madrid*, and to ſend for Surgeons to ſet all things right again.

Leaving him there confined to his Chamber for ſome Days; let us return, to *Donna Olivia*, who very much bewail'd the Abſence of her Gallant, the very thought of whom, caus'd her no ſmall Affliction. A Servant of hers who had made

made the Bed where he lay, found under the Bolſter, a Picture of the Lady whom *Don Antonio* was to be Married to, folded up in a Letter which his Couſin had writ to him from *Madrid*, which ſhe deliver'd to her Miſtreſs, who opening the Paper, ſaw the Picture, whereat ſhe was much diſquieted; but ſhe was much more aſtoniſhed, when ſhe caſt her Eye on the enſuing Letter, which contain'd theſe Words:

Deareſt Couſin,

YOU will receive herein incloſed the Picture of the Lady Donna Catharina de Caſtiza, *which is very exactly taken from the Original; I doubt not but the Charms of her Beauty will oblige you to haſten your Journey. Her Father,* Don Alonzo de Caſtiza, *expects you with great Impatience. In the mean time, the Contract of Marriage is a drawing up, and will be ready, before you be here to Sign it. Aſſure your ſelf you will be extremely ſatisfy'd, that you have found ſo Excellent a Wife. I am*

Your Affectionate Couſin,

Don Martinio de Mendoza.

Donna Olivia had ſcarcely come to the Period of this Letter, but through the Trouble ſhe receiv'd at the reading of it, ſhe fell into a Swoon, and continu'd therein above half an Hour, in the Arms of her Maid. At laſt ſhe came to her ſelf, burſting into Sighs and Tears. She railed at the *Sevilian* Impoſtour, but much more at her own Simplicity, that ſhe had ſo lightly proſtituted her Honour to an unknown Perſon, whom ſo ſtrange an Adventure had brought to her Houſe. She ſpent that whole Day in weeping and bemoaning her Misfortune: But conſidering withal, what hazard her Reputation was in, ſhe reſolv'd it ſhould not be ſaid of her, that ſhe had been ſo baſely affronted by any Man. Whereupon, with the light ſhe receiv'd from the Letter, of the Occaſion of his Journey, and the Perſon to whom he was to be Married, ſhe put things in Order to her Removal to *Madrid*; which ſhe might better do than any other, in regard ſhe had not any Kinſman near enough to whom ſhe might Communicate her Intention. She Communicated her Deſign to *Dilario*, an old Servant of hers, who had brought her up from the Cradle, and was very glad to wait on her. Upon this Reſolution, ſhe caus'd two Waggons to be loaden with all things neceſſary to furniſh a Houſe

fit

fit to receive a Perſon of Quality, and took her way towards *Madrid*. Being come thither, ſhe commanded her Servant *Dilario*, to enquire whereabouts liv'd *Don Alonzo de Caſtiza*, and whether the young Cavalier, whom he intended to make his Son-in-Law, were come from *Sevil*. She underſtood by him, that he was not yet come, but that they expected him, which much troubled the Lady, who knew nothing of the Accident that had happen'd to him near *Illeſcas*.

The firſt thing this affronted Lady did, was to take a Houſe for her ſelf near that of *Don Alonzo de Caſtiza*, and order'd *Dilario* to live in it as Maſter thereof, that done, ſhe ſent him to *Don Alonzo's*, to enquire whether he wanted a waiting Gentlewoman, for ſhe would diſguiſe her ſelf, that ſhe might not be known by *Don Antonio*. The Buſineſs had the effect ſhe deſir'd, for *Donna Catharina* was then enquiring for a Widow to wait on her; a Cuſtom much practiſed in *Spain*, where Ladies of Quality have ſeveral of them, who being Widows they call *Duenna's*. When this was propoſed by *Dilario*, who went under the Name of Father to his Miſtreſs, *Donna Catharina* not only receiv'd her into her Service; but her Father *Dilario*, was entertained into *Don Alonzo's*. *Dilario* gave his Miſtreſs an Account of his Negotiation, whereat ſhe was extremely ſatisfyed: So that having put her ſelf into the Habit of a *Duenna*, ſhe went the next Day to preſent her ſelf to *Donna Catharina*, Conducted by her pretended Father, *Dilario*. They were both very kindly entertained by *Don Alonzo de Caſtiza*, and his Daughter. *Donna Olivia* wiſh'd ſhe had not been ſo handſome, that the Suitor ſhe expected might be the leſs taken with her; however, ſhe Couragiouſly reſolv'd to proſecute the Impoſture ſhe was engaged in. *Donna Catharina* ask'd *Dilario* what Country-Man he was? He told her that he was Born at a Place call'd *Utrera*, near *Sevil*; that his Name was *Jacob de Grenatus* (by which we ſhall hence-forth call him) that his Daughter had been Married to a Merchant of that City, who died as he was going for the *Weſt-Indies*; leaving ſo great Debts behind him, that all his Eſtate went to ſatisfy his Creditors.

Don Alonzo hearing that *Granatus* was of *Andaluzia*, ask'd him, whether he had liv'd any time at *Sevil*? He told him that he had often been in that City, but that his Daughter had liv'd there. *Don Alonzo* would not at that ime enquire any farther, nor enter into any Diſcourſe with

him concerning *Don Antonio de Mendoza*. *Donna Olivia* was entertained as *Duenna* to *Donna Catharina*, who took ſuch an Affection to her, that ſhe truſted her with all her Keys, to the great diſcontent of her other Servants, who had lived with her many years. *Granatus* told them that he had a Houſe of his own, not far from *Don Alonzo*'s, and a Wife (for *Flora* an ancient Maid of *Donna Olivia* was to Act that Part) whereupon he had no Lodgings aſſign'd him in *Don Alonzo*'s.

It is now time we return to *Don Antonio de Mendoza*, who being recovered of his Fall, came to *Madrid*, and lighted at the Houſe of his Couſin *Martinio*, who was much troubled that he had not been there ſooner. He told him the Cauſe of it, and gave him a particular Account of all had paſs'd in *Donna Olivia*'s Country-Houſe, even to the Promiſe he had made her, under a feigned Name. *Don Martinio* ask'd him, what Quality the Lady was of? Whereto he anſwer'd that her Name was *Donna Olivia de Priola*, and that ſhe was of one of the moſt Noble Families of *Toledo*. *Don Martinio*, was very much diſſatisfyed with his Procedure, reprehending him with the unworthy Action he had committed in abuſing and diſhonouring that Lady, and that it was to be feared, ſhe might hear of his coming to *Madrid*, in order to a Marriage to another, and find means to be revenged for that Affront.

They afterwards fell into Diſcourſe concerning *Donna Catharina*, and *Don Antonio* told him, he extremely fancy'd the Picture he had ſeen of her, but that with the other things he had been robbed of, he had loſt it: Though he knew well enough, he had left it under the Beds-head at *Donna Olivia*'s, which troubled him not a little; however he diſſembl'd it. *Don Martinio* told *Don Antonio*, that it were requiſite he put himſelf into other Apparel, before he waited on his Miſtreſs, and that he muſt keep within Doors till they were ready. Within two Days a very fair Riding-ſuit was brought him, wherein, pretending he was but newly come to Town, he goes to the Houſe of *Don Alonzo de Caſtiza*, by whom he was received with great Demonſtrations of Kindneſs. Notice was immediately carried up to *Donna Catharina*, that the Perſon deſigned to be her Husband was coming up to her Chamber, where ſhe was with her Maids about her, who had juſt made an end of dreſſing her. *Don Antonio* coming in, (conducted by *Don Alonzo* and *Don Martinio*) was infinitely ſatisfyed at

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he Sight of his Miſtreſs, whom he very civilly and diſcreetly Saluted; for he was a Perſon of an Excellent Wit, and a Confident Carriage and Demeanour. He found by the Original of *Donna Catharina*, that the Painter had done his Work very faithfully; a Vertue not much practiſed by Painters, eſpecially upon ſuch Occaſions as that was. He was raviſhed to ſee ſo great a Beauty, and ſhe on the other ſide was well ſatisfyed with the handſome Perſonage of *Don Antonio*.

There were yet ſome things to be done in order to the abſolute Concluſion of the Marriage, at which there was a neceſſity of *Don Antonio*'s Preſence. Whereupon he, *Don Alonzo* and *Don Martinio*, withdrew into another Room, where they lock'd themſelves in with a Notary, and ſome Friends, who were to be Witneſſes at the Articles of the Agreement.

Donna Catharina continu'd all that time in her Chamber, with her Servants talking of *Don Antonio*, her Husband to be; every one Congratulating her good Fortune, ſave only *Donna Olivia*, who ſaying nothing at all, her Miſtreſs obſerv'd it; and being all alone with her, *Donna Artimiſa*, (ſaid ſhe to her, for that was the Name ſhe had aſſumed) *whence comes it, that while all the reſt Celebrate the Happineſs of my Choice, you only are Silent? Methinks you might have contributed ſomewhat to the Publick Congratulation, though you had done it only out of Complaiſance: I pray give me ſome Reaſon for it.* *Donna Olivia* had done it purpoſely, in Proſecution of her Deſign, and this Queſtion came as ſeaſonably as ſhe could have wiſhed it, ſo that ſhe made her this Anſwer. *As to the Perſon of* Don Antonio, *Madam, there is not any thing to be ſaid againſt it, nay he is ſo Accompliſh'd that there is not any thing to be wiſhed in him which he is not already poſſeſſed of. My Silence proceeds hence, that I had a particular Knowledge of him at* Sevil; *for I liv'd in a Quarter of the City, which he much frequented. I neither will, nor ought to conceal from you the Occaſion of his ſo often coming thither: For it is my Duty to be faithful to you, as having no other Deſign than to ſerve you, and endeavour your quiet, ſo as that you may not live in a perpetual diſ-enjoyment of your ſelf all the reſt of your Days. Know then, Madam, that if you Match your ſelf with* Don Antonio, *you will be brought to a kind of civil Death, inſtead of receiving the Satisfaction of Wedlock.* *Donna Catharina* was

much aſtoniſhed at this Diſcourſe, and preſs'd her *Duenna*, to diſcover to her more clearly, what ſhe had but too great a Deſire to tell her: Whereupon intreating her to retire into a more ſecret Place, where they might not be obſerved by her other Women, *Donna Olivia* gave her this Malicious Account, of the Perfidious *Don Antonio*.

I ſhould not live with the Reſpect and Duty I owe you, as my Miſtreſs, nor according to the Affection I bear you, if I expreſs'd not my ſelf clearly to you in a Buſineſs wherein you are ſo highly concerned, and on which depends your greateſt Felicity in this World: Know then, Madam, that Don Antonio *fell in Love with a Lady at* Sevil, *one very handſome and well deſcended, in a Word, wanting nothing but a Fortune ſuitable to her Quality: He Courted her ſo earneſtly, that ſhe, finding her ſelf obliged by ſo great Demonſtrations of Affection-Letters, and continual Embaſſies, attended with Preſents, from* Don Antonio; *ſatisfy'd his Deſires, upon a Promiſe that he would make her his Wife, whereof there are many Witneſſes: But the Buſineſs was to be kept ſecret for a time; for* Don Antonio's *Father was then alive, who, having received ſome Intelligence of that Love, endeavour'd all he could to prevent* Don Antonio's *Marriage with* Donna Marcellina de Loprezza; *(ſo was the Lady called) The continuance of his Viſits to her, produc'd living Proofs, which were two Son's and a Daughter, who were at that time with the Mother. When* Don Antonio's *Father was removed out of the way, (which happen'd not long after)* Donna Marcellina *expected he ſhould make good his Promiſe, and Marry her; but he, for ſome time; came not ſo much as to ſee her: What Inconveniences ſhe was put to from the time of their Acquaintance ſhe knows to her Sorrow, and I am not Ignorant thereof; for I liv'd near her, and went often to her Houſe.*

Being now convinced that he intended to leave her in the Lurch, ſhe diſcovered the Buſineſs to two Couſin-Germans of hers, who were ſo enrag'd thereat, that they immediately reſolv'd to oblige Don Antonio, *by force, to perform the Promiſe he had made to their Kinſwoman.* Don Antonio *went to a certain Farm he had, not far from* Sevil, *to avoid his Adverſaries, who, knowing he went out of the way purpoſely becauſe he would not ſatisfy their Couſin, reſolv'd to be the Death of him: Things were in this Poſture when my Father brought me to* Madrid, *where I have been about ſix Weeks: This is the Account I can give you of* Don Antonio,

Antonio, *who muſt not think himſelf ſecure in this Court: For the Lady's Kinſmen, whom I know to be Gallant and Stout Perſons, as ſoon as they hear of his being here, will be ſure to attend his Motions, and Revenge the Affront done to their Couſin; nay it will be eaſier for them to do it here than at* Sevil.

Donna Catharina heard very attentively the Story told her by the *Duenna*, and was extremely troubled, to find *Don Antonio* ſo far engaged with another. She ask'd her a thouſand Queſtions, and among others, whether he was much in Love with that Miſtreſs, whether that *Donna Marcellina* was very handſome? *&c.* Whereto ſhe made ſuch Anſwers as were ſuitable to her Deſign, which was to put *Don Antonio* clearly out of her Favour. *Donna Catharina* reſolved to give her Father an Account of all; and leave it to him to inform himſelf more fully of the Buſineſs. She immediately went to the Room where he was, to ſpeak to him; for all things were concluded as to the Marriage.

In the mean time *Donna Olivia* was left in the Outer-Room, where the Women and *Duenna's* are wont to Wait: There came in to them a Servant of *Don Antonios* whom he had ſent to the Poſt for Letters from *Sevil*; enquiring for his Maſter to give him the Pacquet. *Donna Olivia* told him, that he was within, but that as ſoon as he came out, ſhe would deliver it to him. Having open'd the Pacquet, ſhe put into it a Letter which ſhe immediately Writ, and Sealing it up again, came where her Miſtreſs was: She ask'd her whither ſhe was going with thoſe Letters? The other anſwer'd without the leaſt diſcovery of any Malice, that they were directed to *Seignior Don Antonio*, and had been brought thither a little before, by one of his Servants from the *Sevil*-Poſt. Curioſity was an Ingredient of the firſt Woman, and it is very fruitfully ſpread through the whole Sex. *Donna Catharina* ſhew'd her ſelf not free from it on this Occaſion, and ſhe was the more excuſable; conſidering the Story had been told her by the ſubtil *Duenna*: So that ſhe was tempted to open the Pacquet, wherein finding one Letter Written with a Woman's Hand, (which was that, Written by *Donna Olivia*) ſhe could do no leſs than open it, and directing her Eye down to the bottom of it found it ſubſcribed by one *Donna Marcellina de Loprezza*: She read it, and was confirmed in what before ſhe not fully Credited.

The Letter.

My Deareſt,

YOUR Abſence and my Indiſpoſition have reduced me to ſuch an Extremity, that I cannot imagine I have any long time to live; it being impoſſible I ſhould hold out, after the News I have heard of your Reſolution to be Married at Madrid; *which cannot eaſily be done, without a tranſcendent Baſeneſs by a Perſon ſo nearly engaged to me as you are. You know that you cannot beſtow on another what is ſo Lawfully due to me; eſpecially if you make the leaſt Reflection on the precious Pledges there are between us thereof. I have no other Advice to give you, as things now ſtand, but that, if you are at ſuch a loſs of all Shame and Conſcience; there is a Deity, who ſees our moſt ſecret Thoughts, and paſſes a juſt Judgment on them; and that I have many Noble Friends who meaſuring the ſmall Account you make of them by your ſlighting of me, will not fail to Revenge the Affront done to us all. I hope we ſhall not be forced to thoſe Extremities, conſidering how highly you are obliged to do things ſuitable to the Nobleneſs of your Birth and to Acknowledge, as you ought, her whom, while we both Live, you muſt look on, as*

Your Lawfull Wife,

Donna Marcellina de Loprezza.

This Letter fully ſatisfy'd *Donna Catharina*, that all ſhe had heard from the Malicious *Duenna* was true. Her Father coming into the Room as ſhe had done reading it, ſhe acquainted him with all that concern'd *Don Antonio*, ſhewing him the Letter from *Donna Marcellina*: He was extremely aſtoniſhed, to find that a Cavalier of ſo Noble a Family, had abus'd a Lady of ſuch Quality, and that having Children by her, he ſhould be ſo Impudent, as to make his Addreſſes to his Daughter: He forbore reproaching him therewith, till he had better inform'd himſelf from a Friend of his of *Sevil*, then at *Madrid*, whom he immediately went to look for.

Don Alonzo was hardly got out of Doors, but *Don Antonio* and his Man came in, for his Man having told him that he had deliver'd the Pacquet to one of *Donna Catharina*'s Women, he was come to receive it from her; ſince it was not brought to his Couſin's, whither all his Letters were directed. It was his Fortune to meet with *Donna*

Catharina

Catharina in the Outer-room, where her Father had left her. *I ſhould not have returned ſo ſoon, my deareſt Lady,* (ſaid he to her) *had not ſomewhat extraordinary oblig'd me thereto; it is to receive ſome Letters, which my Man tells me he deliver'd to one of your Women. She thought* (ſays *Donna Catharina*) *that you had been ſtill with my Father: I caſually meeting her as ſhe was coming into the Room, ask'd her what ſhe came for; ſhe anſwering, it was to deliver you the Packet, I took it from her and* (*preſuming that a Cavalier of your Age and Complexion could not have liv'd to this time in* Sevil, *and not have an Inclination for ſome Lady*) *a certain Conjunction of Curioſity and Jealouſy perſwaded me to open it. That Curioſity has done me a Courteſy, and has ſatisfy'd me in ſome things which before I only ſuſpected: And therefore I forbear deſiring your Excuſe, ſince I have received ſo good an Information, before I was any further ergag'd with you; for had it come too late, I had been ruined: Here's a Letter from a Perſon you ſhould be well acquainted with: This would have been enough to undeceive me, but it only confirms a Relation I had received before; upon which I was almoſt reſolved to put ſuch a Check to your Pretenſions to me, as that you ſhould have but little Encouragement to continue them: Farewell, my Preſence will but trouble you, this Letter will acquaint you with what you are not Ignorant of.*

Don Antonio receiving the Letter out of her Hand, was not a little ſurprized, not imagining what might have happen'd to him. He read it, and preſently inferr'd, That it was a Trick put upon him by ſome envious Perſon, who was deſirous to obſtruct his Happineſs. Meeting with *Donna Olivia*, (whom, as we ſaid before, he knew not in her Widow's Habit) *Ah Madam!* (ſaid he to her) *What Forgeries are theſe? I a Miſtreſs at* Sevil, *and of this Name? I Children by her and that upon a Promiſe of Marriage? If it be not the greateſt Untruth that ever Humane Malice invented, let me never look Man in the Face again. For my Part,* (replies the ſubtil *Duenna*) *I find my ſelf inclined to believe, what you ſay may be true; but your Main Concernment is to bring my Lady to that Perſwaſion. I know her to be of ſuch an Humour as not eaſily to quit a Reſentment, which ſhe entertains upon juſt Grounds; and I much Queſtion, whether ſhe will admit your Addreſſes any further, for I know ſhe has acquainted her Father with all, and he is gone to a Gentleman of* Sevil, *an intimate*

Friend of his, who is now in this City. I am very glad of it, (says *Don Antonio*) *for he will find it to be an absolute Imposture, and that there is not any Lady in* Sevil, *that goes under the Name of* Donna Marcellina de Loprezza.

But I beseech you tell me, Madam, whether your Intimacy be very great with the Lady Donna Catharina. *So great* (reply'd she) *that I am the only Person in her Favour, and to whom she is pleased to communicate her Thoughts. If it be so,* (says *Don Antonio*) *it's possible you may procure me the Favour from her, that I may vindicate my self. I much Question whether she will ever speak to you again,* (said she) *for she is extremely incensed against you, and when once angry, if Justly, she is the hardest to be appeased that ever I knew: But,* (said he) *if you are so much in her Favour, you may prevail somewhat with her, by representing to her the Extraordinary Affection I have for her. It is in my Power,* (said she) *to do with her what you Desire; but what will you give me if I can procure you a Favourable Audience from her? Any thing you can Desire,* (said he to her) *if you mind only matter of Advantage. You see I am very Young,* (said she) *and consequently may hope to be Married again, Money is the only Principal Verb, which I have occasion for: If I answer your Expectation, may I rely on your Liberality for my Reward. That you may know how earnestly I Desire it,* (says he) *do what I require, and I will make your Fortune heavier by Five hundred Crowns than it is. I most humbly thank you,* (replies she) *but I must tell you Sir, that I have been so deluded by the Verbal Promises sometimes made me by a Person of your Quality; that I have Reason to Mistrust whatever is Promised, if I have it not in Writing: You will be pleased to Excuse me Sir, if my Fear to be deceived as I have been, force me to these Precautions, and to assure your self, that those satisfyed, I will endeavour to serve you to the utmost of my Power. To give you absolute Satisfaction, as to that Point Madam,* (said he) *help me with Pen, Ink and Paper, and you shall have what Security you Desire your self.*

Donna Olivia would see the Issue of it, and so brought him what he desir'd. *Don Antonio* kept his Word with her; nay, either out of Ignorance, of the Form of such Obligations, or to make a greater Expression of his Earnestness that she should assist him, he prov'd so Liberal, as to give her a Blank Signed and Sealed, not mentioning

the

the Sum whereto he oblig'd himſelf; telling her he had not ſpecify'd it, out of a Deſign to requite her beyond his Promiſes, proportionably to the Service ſhe ſhould do him, in the Recovery of his Miſtreſs's Favour. She ſaw this happened according to her Wiſhes, ſo that acknowledging the Favour *Don Antonio* had done her, ſhe promis'd him her utmoſt endeavours to deſerve it, by recovering him into the Favour of his Miſtreſs. The Amorous Cavalier believed her, and took his leave.

Dilario coming in ſoon after, *Olivia* gave him an Account of what Progreſs ſhe had made, and putting into his Hands the Blank Signed by *Don Antonio*, bid him Write above his Name, a formal Promiſe of Marriage, Dating it about the Time of his being at her Country-Houſe near *Toledo*, with two Witneſſes: Which *Dilario* did imitating as near as he could *Don Antonio's* Hand.

That Day, *Don Alonzo* fail'd to meet the Gentleman of *Sevil*, and put off the Viſit he intended him till the next. In the mean time, *Donna Olivia* underſtood from *Donna Catharina*, that ſhe was reſolved to lead Apes in Hell, rather than have *Don Antonio* to her Husband. Having already truſted her *Duenna* with ſome of her Secrets, ſhe thought ſhe might make an abſolute Diſcovery of her ſelf to her, and thereupon told her, how that before her Father had treated of a Marriage between her and *Don Antonio*, ſhe had been Courted by a Perſon of Honour, named *Don Valerio de Merdea*, that ſhe had ſome Inclination towards him; and that the Perſwaſions of her Father, had prevailed with her to entertain the Applications of *Don Antonio*; but having diſcovered his Unworthineſs, ſhe was reſolved to re-addreſs her Affection to *Don Valerio*.

Donna Olivia was almoſt out of her ſelf for Joy to hear that News, for it put her into a Confidence, that her Deſign would take; and the more to promote it, ſhe diſpoſed *Donna Catharina* as much as lay in her Power to Favour *Don Valerio*. *He muſt needs be diſpleaſed with me*, (ſays ſhe to her) *yet I doubt not but a Letter from me will re-ingage him to be my humble Servant.* The crafty *Duenna*, proffer'd to be the Bearer of it, on Condition ſhe might do it by Coach. *Donna Catharina* was very glad to find her Woman ſo ready to ſerve her, eſpecially in a Buſineſs which ſhe was ſo much pleaſed with; and ſo ſhe commanded a Coach to be made ready, and that ſhe ſhould go immediately to ſee *Don Valerio*, to whom ſhe writ a Letter.

Donna

Donna Olivia took Coach, pretending to go to *Don Valerio*'s Houſe, but ſhe went to her own, and bid the Coach-man return to *Donna Catharina*, and tell her, that for fear Notice might be taken of the Coach, ſhe would go a Foot to the Place where ſhe had ſent her, conducted by *Granatus* her pretended Father. From that Houſe, ſhe Writ two Letters, one, to *Don Alonzo*, deſiring him to come to her; the other to *Don Valerio*, to the ſame Effect, with Directions to find the Houſe.

While the Letters were carried abroad, ſhe put off her Widow's Habit, and put on that of a Perſon of the higheſt Quality, expecting theſe two Viſits with the acouſtomed Ceremonies of *Spain*. *Don Valerio de Merdea* was not long a coming, though he knew nothing of the Perſon who had Written to him. There had not paſs'd many Compliments between him and *Donna Olivia*, but Word was brought her that *Don Alonzo de Caſtiza* was alighted out of his Coach, and was a coming into the Houſe. *Sir*, (ſaid ſhe to *Don Valerio*) *I am obliged to ſpeak with the Perſon who is coming up, all alone. Not but that you may hear the Diſcourſe we ſhall have together; and therefore let me entreat you to ſtand behind this Curtain, whence you will hear all we ſay; for it Concerns you more than you imagine, and will prove to your Advantage.* *Don Valerio* comply'd, not knowing what might be the Iſſue of this Precaution.

Don Alonzo came in, and having taken a Seat, *Donna Olivia* (whom he knew not as ſhe was then dreſs'd) Addreſs'd her ſelf to him with this Diſcourſe. *I doubt not, Sir, but you ſomewhat wonder, you ſhould be intreated hither by a Letter, and that from a Perſon not known to you. To recover you from that Confuſion, I will give you an Account of my ſelf.* "I was Born in the Imperial City "of *Toledo*, the only Daughter of the Houſe from which I "am deſcended, and Heir thereof. I am of the Family of "*Priola*, ſo well known all over *Spain*, that I need ſay no-"thing of it. As to my Quality, I am to tell you farther, "that my Father was, in his time, honoured with the Order "of St. *James*, and my Brother of that of *Alcantara*, with "the Command of a Troop of Horſe under his Majeſty in "*Flanders*. Upon his Death I retir'd to a Country-Houſe I "have near *Toledo*, where I liv'd privately, contenting my "ſelf with the Innocent Enjoyments of a Country-Life, with-"out the leaſt Acquaintance of any thing of Love, till that, "one Morning a Shepherd of mine brought to my Houſe,

"two

"two Men, who had been robbed, and ſtripped the Night "before, by certain High-way-Men. I took Compaſſion of "them, eſpecially him who by his Demeanour ſeem'd to be "the Maſter, and out of two Cheſts of Cloths my Brother "had left, I furniſh'd them with two Suits, wherewith they "cover'd their Nakedneſs. They ſeem'd to be very thankful "for ſo ſeaſonable a Favour; but the more conſiderable of "the two has treated me very ungratefully, which is the "ordinary Style of Courtiers, and has requited my Charitable "Offices only with Flatteries and Deceit.

"I was ſo Simple as to be cajol'd, by the Careſſes he "made me, during four Days that I kept him at my Houſe, "and he prevail'd ſo far with me, that I was no longer at "my own Diſpoſal. The re-iterated Oaths and Proteſtations "of a Perſon of that Worth, rais'd me into a Perſwaſion that "he really lov'd me, and that induc'd me to love him again. "To be ſhort, upon a Promiſe he made me of Marriage, he "got me in a Humour to grant him the greateſt of Favours. "He made me believe that his going to Court was for the "Proſecution of ſome Law-Buſineſs that concern'd him very "highly. He deſir'd my leave to go to *Madrid*, Promiſing "to Return again in a ſhort time, but with ſuch De-"monſtrations of Love as might eaſily have prevailed with "one who had not fancied him ſo Affectionately as I had done. "I ſupply'd him with all things neceſſary, and he left me "extremely troubled at his Departure. Now, by a Picture "and a Letter he left behind him under the Bolſter, I found "that the Occaſion of his coming to this Court was in Or-"der to a Marriage between him, and that Miracle of Beau-"ty *Donna Catharina*, your Daughter. Now, our Honour "being the moſt conſiderable thing we ought to be tender "of, I could do no leſs, upon the Procedure of *Don An-"tonio*, than reſolve to come to this Court and to apply my "ſelf to my Friends, that by their Favour, I might croſs "the Marriage he is about, and you will find, that I may "eaſily do it, if you but ſee what Cards I have to Play.

"I conceiv'd my firſt Overture ſhould be to acquaint you "with my Diſgrace, the Diſhonour I have run into by the "Acquaintance of *Don Antonio*, and his Treachery towards "me, that receiving it from my own Mouth, you may not "be too forward to conclude what is already reſolved between "you, as I have underſtood. With the Paper I have here "in my Hand, I will Proſecute him to the utmoſt; it is "under his own Hand and Seal, and Witneſſes to it: Be

"pleaſed

" pleaſed Sir, to peruſe it, and ſee whether I have not Rea-
" ſon to Proſecute this Ungrateful and Perjur'd Man, and to
" force him to a Performance of the Promiſe he has made me.

Don Alonzo was aſtoniſhed at this Relation of *Donna Olivia*, and by what was put into his Hands, found out the Diſpoſition of *Don Antonio*, and concluded him a fickle imprudent Perſon, who purſu'd his Enjoyments, without any Thought of the Conſequences thereof, and thereupon he reſolv'd there ſhould be no farther talk of any Marriage between him and his Daughter. Opening the Paper which *Donna Olivia* had given him, he found in it theſe Words.

THis preſent Writing, written with my own Hand, and Sealed with my Seal, Witneſſeth, That I, Don Antonio de Mendoza, *an Inhabitant of* Sevil, *acknowledge my ſelf to be the Lawful Husband of* Donna Olivia de Priola, *an Inhabitant of* Toledo, *and that I will perform the preſent Promiſe I make her of Marriage whenſoever I ſhall be by her, thereto required. Signed and Sealed in the Preſence of,* Dilario *and* Flora, *Servants to the ſaid* Donna Olivia.

Don Antonio de Mendoza.

Having read this Promiſe, and knowing the Hand and Seal of *Don Antonio*, *Don Alonzo* ſaid to her, *Madam, I am very much troubled, that* Don Antonio, *(a Perſon ſo well deſcended as he is) ſhould be guilty of ſo unworthy an Action, and a Demeanour ſo full of Treachery; for at the time when he gave you this Writing, he was coming hither purpoſely to be Married to my Daughter. But the Account you have given me of him is ſuch, that I aſſure you, I will have no more to do with him, ſince you have ſo much Reaſon to oppoſe it. Proſecute your own Right, and leave him not till you have obtained your Deſires, and be aſſured I ſhall aſſiſt you to the utmoſt of my Power, ſince I find your Honour ſo highly concerned in it. I have ſome Friends here, and thoſe Powerful, I will engage them all to ſerve you, that you may find I am a Perſon, who prefers a juſt Cauſe before all Self-Intereſt.*

Donna Olivia gave him very humble Thanks for ſo great a Favour, and the Tears that fell from her at the cloſe of her Diſcourſe, heightned his Zeal and Tenderneſs towards her. *Don Alonzo* took along with him the Writing which *Donna Olivia* had ſhewn him, that he might thereby in-

duce *Don Antonio* to an Acknowledgment of his Fault. With thoſe Proteſtations he took leave of *Donna Olivia*, Promiſing to ſee her again within a ſhort time, and to Return the Promiſe of Marriage; reiterating the Deſires he had to ſerve her. He thereupon left her, giving *Don Valerio* the Liberty to come upon the Stage. As ſoon as he had taken his Seat: *You have underſtood,* (ſays *Donna Olivia* to him) *if ſo be you have heard the Diſcourſe between* Don Alonzo *and my ſelf, what has paſſed between me and* Don Antonio. *Upon which Account,* (*as you have heard from her Father*) *you find he is never like to be Husband to the fair* Donna Catharina. *She ſent me hither to acquaint you, that what has been done on her Part in order to the Marriage between her and* Don Antonio *was purely out of Compliance with the Commands of her Father, and that ſhe is glad of the Occaſion ſhe now has to quit him, and reaſſume that Kindneſs and Affection ſhe ever had for you. What I ſay, you will find in Writing under her Hand, when you have peruſed this Letter.* *Don Valerio* having read it, was the moſt ſatisfyed Man in the World, to find his blaſted Hopes now beginning to ſpring again.

Donna Olivia perceiving it, to confirm his Satisfaction, continu'd her Diſcourſe to him thus: *I know* Seignior Don Valerio, *you will be aſtoniſhed in your ſelf, how this Letter ſhould fall into my Hands, it is my ſelf only can unriddle it. Being in Love, as you are, you know that, that little Divinity is the Author of many Diſguiſes and Transformations, as you are taught by* Ovid *in his* Metamorphoſis, *and conſequently you doubt not, but that I Loving an Unconſtant Perſon who had had ſuch precious Pledges of my Affection, ſhould leave nothing unattempted to recover my Honour, and oblige him to the Satisfaction of what he owes me. I am come to this Court, with a Deſign, being what I am, to get into the Service of* Donna Catharina, *and have affected it. For though you ſee me in this Houſe,* (*which was taken upon my Account*) *I live in her's, waiting on her in the Quality of a* Duenna; *a part I have aſſumed, the better to elude* Don Antonio; *and to do all that lay in my Power to put him out of my Miſtreſs's Favour; and I have alſo brought that ſo far about, that I am Confident there will never be any Marriage between them, and ſhe is wholly inclined to Favour you. Now conſider with your ſelf, what you would have me to ſay to your Miſtreſs, for I am juſt going to put on my Widow's Habit, and I*

muſt

muſt return preſently, and am afraid ſhe will think I have ſtay'd too long. If you will return her an Anſwer, you have here all things requiſite to do it. I think it neceſſary you ſhould, that Donna Catharina *may ſee, I have punctually obeyed her Commands. As to the Secret of my Diſguiſe, I pray keep it ſuch, for it concerns me, that it ſhould not be diſcovered a while. I rely on your Diſcretion, and knowing you to be a Perſon of Honour and Worth, I preſume you will not diſcover it.*

This Diſcourſe very much ſurpriz'd *Don Valerio*, who took occaſion to commend her Courage and Generoſity, and return'd her his moſt humble thanks, for the Favour ſhe had done him, in entruſting him with the Secret of her Love, and pray'd Heaven to give him Life to Acknowledge and Requite ſo great an Obligation. He Promis'd her not to diſcover any thing till ſhe commanded him to do it; and thereupon, ſeeing her in haſte to be gone, he Writ a Letter in Anſwer to what he had receiv'd from his Miſtreſs, full of Amorous Compliments, and Proteſtations of Fidelity to the laſt Gaſp. While he was Writing, *Donna Catharina* put on her Widow's Habit, and made all the haſte ſhe could to *Don Alonzo's*.

In the mean time *Don Antonio*, extremely reſenting the Impoſture put upon him, acquainted his Couſin, *Don Martinio* with it, whereupon they went both together to *Don Alonzo's*. He not being within, they ask'd for *Donna Catharina*, who came out without any Ceremony to receive their Viſit, that it might be the ſhorter; for ſhe had no great Mind to ſee *Don Antonio*. The poor Gentleman endeavour'd to vindicate himſelf, ſwearing a thouſand Oaths, that he never heard of any Lady in *Sevil*, of the name mentioned in the Letter, and that no doubt ſome envious Perſon had put this Trick upon him; and that if *Don Alonzo* ſhould upon Enquiry find it to be true, he would be content to loſe his Honour and Life, nay more, the Hopes of ever enjoying her.

The earneſtneſs of his Diſcourſe put *Donna Catharina* into ſome Doubt, that what ſhe had heard was ſome Impoſture advanced purpoſely to obſtruct his Pretenſions, and referr'd it to her Father, to make a full Diſcovery thereof. Her anſwer to them was, that ſhe was not at her own Diſpoſal, that it was her Duty, to comply with that of her Father, and conſequently, ſhe could not quit the ill Impreſſion ſhe had received of *Don Antonio*, till ſhe were bet-

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ter inform'd of the Truth; that her Father would come in ere long, and ſhe could take no Reſolution without his Orders, in a Buſineſs of ſo great Importance.

While they were engaged in this Diſcourſe, *Don Alonzo* comes in from the Viſit he had made to *Donna Olivia*. *Don Martinio* made him a ſhort Relation of what had happen'd, and renew'd to him the juſt Complaint which his Couſin had reaſon to make of the Crime laid to his Charge. Whereupon both deſiring him to hold his Hand, at leaſt till there were an Exact enquiry made into the Buſineſs, he deſir'd them to ſit down, and gave them this Anſwer. *Gentlemen, I went out in hopes to be informed by ſome Friends of* Sevil, *now here, whether that which is imputed to* Don Antonio *were true, and I could not meet with them; but if I had found them, it's poſſible they might know nothing of the Buſineſs, for* Sevil *is a great City, and ſome Parts of it lye at ſuch a diſtance from others, that they may well be accounted different Places. What I found moſt certain is, that* Don Antonio *has made a Promiſe of Marriage to a Lady of* Toledo, *who entertain'd him at a Country-Houſe of hers, after he had been Robbed by certain Thieves; and what is yet more to be conſidered, ſhe thought it not much to ſecure his Affection by the Forfeiture of her Honour. I have it from the Lady her ſelf, who ſent for me, and ſhew'd me the Promiſe under his Hand, which ſince we all know, there can be no Evaſion.*

He thereupon ſhew'd it both the Couſins, who were both at ſuch a loſs that they knew not what to ſay; eſpecially *Don Antonio*, who ſufficiently betray'd his Guilt by his Aſtoniſhment, but ſwore withal that he had not made that Promiſe under his own Name, but under a feigned. But *Don Martinio* knowing all the Circumſtances of the Buſineſs, was moſt liberal of his Reproaches to his Couſin; which raiſing a certain Compaſſion in *Don Alonzo*, forc'd this Diſcourſe from him.

Seignior Don Antonio, *we find by many Experiences, that a Young man, once fallen in Love, will do any thing to obtain his Deſires; that Love ſhould overcome you I wonder not at all; but what occaſions my Aſtoniſhment, is, that you ſhould have the Confidence to Addreſs your ſelf to a Perſon of the Quality, this Lady is of, and diſhonour her, without ever conſidering, that in time, ſhe might acquaint her Friends therewith, who would be ſure to Revenge the Affront; and what adds to this Aſtoniſhment, is,*

that

that you durst do such an Action when you were coming hither purposely in order to your Matching with my Daughter, for whom, if any Credit may be given to your Letters, you pretended to have a passionate Affection. I see not how your Heart could be capable of such a Competition of Passions, that you should pretend the greatest Inclinations imaginable for one, and treat of a Marriage with another: Being a Person of Honour, I doubt not but you will make it appear in your Actions; and that is, that you stand to the Promise you made to the Lady Olivia, *though it were only out of this Consideration, That it argues a more generous Nature to do that willingly, which must otherwise unwillingly be done. The Lady is not so destitute of Friends, as you perhaps imagine; she is now at* Madrid, *come expressly to recover her Debt, which no doubt she will; and her Cause being so Just, 'tis not likely she will want Assistance. My Advice is, that you endeavour to prevent the ill Reports which the Business must raise of you; Perform what you have Promis'd, and let not your Love to my Daughter blind you any further, for I am resolved to shut her up in a Cloyster, for the remainder of her Life, rather than she shall ever be your Wife.*

With that he rose up, and without any Compliments, went into another Room. *Donna Catharina* follow'd him, and the two Cousins, without so much as a Word exchanged, went home, where *Don Martinio* fell into bitter Expostulations with his Cousin, for his engaging himself in so unworthy an Action. *Don Antonio* had nothing to reply, but that he was astonished how that Promise came to be Signed with his own Name; having made it only out of a supposititious.

Leaving them in that Confusion, making several Reflections on the Adventure, let us return to the feigned Waiting-woman, who was got back to *Don Alonzo's*, and had deliver'd *Don Valerio's* Letter to *Donna Catharina*. She was infinitely satisfyed with it, as fearing he would not have been so easily retrieved into her Service.

Donna Catharina acquainted her, how that *Don Antonio* and his Cousin had been there; what had pass'd between them and her Father; and that he had absolutely dismissed them; it being discovered, that *Don Antonio* had committed another Impertinence, and had made a Promise of Marriage to a Lady of *Toledo*, who was come expres to *Madrid*, to obstruct his Pretensions to her. *Donna Olivia* pre-

pretended the greateſt Aſtoniſhment in the World, and burſt forth into Imprecations againſt *Don Antonio*.

In the mean time there came a Meſſage to *Donna Catharina* from a She-Couſin of hers, inviting her to a Comedy, which was to be repreſented at her Houſe, that Night, whereto ſhe ſent Anſwer that ſhe would come. *Donna Olivia* having made ſo Succeſsful a progreſs in her Buſineſs, bethought her ſelf of an Invention that ſhould bring it to an abſolute Period; for ſhe had the Management of all. She told *Donna Catharina*, that if ſhe pleas'd to wave her going to the Comedy, ſhe might have a Meeting that Night with *Don Valerio* in a ſecure Place, to wit at her Father's Houſe where ſhe might do what ſhe pleas'd her ſelf. The Lady had a great Kindneſs for *Don Valerio*, and was deſirous to prevent the Reproaches he might make upon her former diſcarding of him, and ſo ſhe accepted the Proffer made by her Woman. She immediately ſent for *Granatus*, and gave him a Letter for *Don Valerio*, whereby he was deſired to come that Night at Eight to *Donna Olivia*'s Houſe. He was ſent with another to *Don Antonio de Mendoza*, acquainting him, That *Donna Catharina*, notwithſtanding the Indignation of her Father, and what ſhe her ſelf had ſaid, was reſolved ſecretly to Marry him, and deſir'd to meet him that Night, at a Houſe whither the Bearer would bring him, and that he ſhould not fail to be there at Nine.

The two Cavaliers kindly receiv'd their Letters, eſpecially *Don Antonio*, who being but a little before diſmiſsed, was recall'd to joyn Hands with *Donna Catharina*, and imagined it done by the interceſſion of the Waiting-Gentlewoman, to whom he thought himſelf infinitely obliged, and the Preſent he had made her well beſtowed: The two Gallants fail'd not to be there at the time appointed, and in the mean while, *Donna Catharina* and her Woman took Coach leaving *Don Alonzo* at home, ready to go to Bed. They went to *Donna Olivia*'s Houſe, which ſeem'd to be that of *Granatus*, where they were received by *Flora*, *Olivia*'s Maid, who went under the Name of her Step-mother: While *Donna Catharina* was expecting the Arrival of *Don Valerio*, ſhe ſent *Dilario* with a Letter to *Don Alonzo* containing theſe Words.

To *Don Alonzo de Caſtiza*.

SIR,

MY Lady Donna Catharina, *inſtead of going to ſee the Comedy, whereto ſhe had been invited, is come to*

my Father's Houſe, with a Reſolution to be ſecretly Married to Don Antonio, *notwithſtanding your prohibition to the contrary: I conceiv'd it my Duty to give you notice thereof, and it is your Work to take what Courſe you think fit to prevent it; For my Part I have done what lay in me, and I ſhall not need to fear any Reproach from you, ſince I have ſent you timely Notice of her Intentions.*

Donna Artimiza.

Granatus was diſpatched away with this Letter, and order'd not to deliver it till half an Hour after Nine, which he did. In the mean time *Don Valerio* fail'd not to come, preciſely at his time, and was directed to his Miſtreſs, who gave him ſuch Satisfaction as ſilenc'd all his Complaints.

Olivia left them together in a Room, where ſhe lock'd them in: Not long after came *Don Antonio*, according to the time appointed him, and was received by *Olivia*, who diſpos'd him into a Room, without light, alledging it concern'd him, that he were not ſeen; that he ſhould forbear making any Noiſe, and that it would not be long ere his Miſtreſs came to him: He promis'd to obey her in all things, and ſtaid there ſo long as that *Olivia* might ſhift her ſelf into Cloths ſuitable to her Quality, that done, ſhe went into the Room, and ſpeaking very low, it was no hard matter for her to deceive *Don Antonio*, and to make him believe he was very much in his Miſtreſs's Favour.

Leaving theſe young People thus matched, let us return to *Don Alonzo*, who receiv'd the Letter from the *Duenna* juſt as he was getting into Bed. The Old Gentleman was extremely ſurprized thereat, and going out of Doors, attended by *Dilario*, he went to the Commiſſary's Houſe, which was hard by: The Afflicted Man acquainted him what Poſture things were in; whereupon the Commiſſary taking ſome of his People about him, they went to *Dilario*'s Houſe, where, after ſome knocking, they were let in: They had luckily a Lantern with them, and it did them good Service, for they found the Houſe without any Light: They lighted a Torch, and went into ſeveral Rooms, in one whereof finding *Don Valerio* and *Donna Catharina*, the Commiſſary ask'd them, what they did there? *Don Valerio* told him he was there with his Wife, which was confirmed by *Donna Catharina*. *Don Alonzo* would have run him through; but the Commiſſary telling him ſhe was not with the Perſon he imagin'd, that that Gentleman was *Don Valerio*

Valerio de Merdea, a Perſon of great Quality, and well known about the Court. *Don Alonzo* could do no leſs than approve of their Marriage, though 'twere only out of a Satisfaction, that ſhe was not fallen into the Hands of *Don Antonio*; whom he hated extremely, for the ſtrange Pranks he had Played.

They went thence unto another Room, which they found lock'd, and thereupon threatning to break open the Door; *Don Antonio* open'd it within, and comes out telling them that he was there with *Donna Catharina* his Wife, and that it was with her Conſent, he was come into that Houſe to Marry her. Upon that Diſcourſe *Donna Olivia* came out of the Room, and ſaid to him, *You are deceived, ſweet* Seignior Don Antonio, *I am not the Woman you think me, but* Donna Olivia de Priola, *who expects from you the Reparation of her Honour; the Recovery whereof oblig'd me to enter into the Service of* Donna Catharina, *ſerving her in the Quality of a Waiting-woman.* *Don Alonzo de Caſtiza* looking on her a little more attentively than he had done, knew her, as alſo did the fair Lady *Donna Catharina*: Both of them reflecting on the Diſguiſes ſhe had run through to retrieve her Honour, very ſeriouſly commended her Courage and Contrivances, and as much blam'd *Don Antonio*, who finding himſelf Convinced, and Condemned of all, ratify'd once more the Promiſe he had made her.

Don Valerio and his Miſtreſs were enſur'd one to the other, and the Solemnity of their Marriage order'd to be Eight Days after. They prov'd both very happy in their Wives, of whom they had many Children who were the Comfort and Felicity of their Parents. But particularly for *Don Antonio*, when he reflected on the ſtrange Adventures whereby *Donna Olivia*, engag'd him to his Duty, he look'd on all as ſo many Extraordinary Demonſtrations of her Affection, towards him, which occaſion'd his to be Multiplyed towards her; beſides the Kindneſs he had for her upon the Account of her Ingenuity: For Wit in a Woman is a great inflamer of Love, eſpecially that Woman's Wit which is ever beſt at a dead Lift.

THE *AMOROUS MISER:*

A Novel.

AT *Sevil*, in *Spain*, a Lady, being young, and having lately buryed her Husband; resolv'd to remove into another Quarter of the City: And being sumptuous in Cloths, and perfectly handsome, did not as many other Widows are wont to do; who, as soon as their Husbands are march'd off, dress themselves as fine as Hands can make them, and deriving a little Advantage from their Mourning, seek out Opportunity to shew themselves to the Gallants, purely out of a Design to get other Husbands. But ours, though young, had had so great Experience, that she resolv'd to play a Game and that no small one.

There was come into the Fleet from *Peru*, a Man born amidst the Mountains of *Leon*, who had begun his Fortune by the Relation of a Servant to a Merchant of *Sevil*, and one, who upon his Master's Cost, and some little Trading into the *Indies* was grown Rich; insomuch, that in few Years, he was accounted one of the ablest Merchants that Traded to *Peru*. He makes another Voyage thither, so that being Advanced to a certain publick Employment, and having thereby added much to his Wealth, he was returned again to *Sevil*, in that year's Fleet, where he Sold the Commodities he had brought over at double what they had Cost him; so Fortunate was he in all his Ventures.

Mercator, (so was this lucky Merchant called) was a Person of about Fifty years of Age; the most Covetous and Wretchedst-natur'd Fellow that ever was. He grudg'd himself what he eat and drunk, though even below Moderation; nay he many times fasted purposely to spare so much. He had no more Servants than he needed; his whole Train consisting in a Factor, a Lackey, a *Moor-Slave*, who looked to his Mule, and a Maid to Dress his pitiful Commons.

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He kept his Family ſo ſhort in Point of Victuals, that it was wondred any one would ſerve him: His Miſerly Diſpoſition found the whole City Diſcourſe: Another would have been aſhamed of it, but he only laugh'd at it; applauding himſelf, and making it his whole Buſineſs to heap up Wealth, whereof he had abundance.

Corrina, (ſo was this Deſigneſs called) hearing this Account of him, began to conſider, and weigh all the Circumſtances, and after ſhe had a little reflected thereon, ſhe concluded, that he might be made an Excellent Cully; whom if ſhe could ſmite, as ſhe expected, her Condition would be better than ever it had been.

Mercator liv'd without the City, in a little Tenement he had purchaſed of one who owed him ſome Money, which he knew not well how to get in otherwiſe: For he was naturally ſo perfect a Slave to his Profit, that he little minded his Pleaſures. So that he got that Tenement, with a neat Houſe on it, very Cheap, and in Satisfaction for his Debt: It ſtood near St. *Bernard*'s Monaſtery, in the midſt of a pleaſant Valley. He liv'd there to ſpare the Rent of a Houſe in the City: He had ſo fortify'd it, that no Thieves, either by Day or Night, could make any Breach into it. All the Doors were of extraordinary thickneſs, the Windows had Bars and Grates, the Walls very high and very ſtrong. He had ſecured the Place within with many Fire-arms, which he always kept charged, and many Halbards and Partiſans, which were diſpoſed of near the Gate. He was forced to take one Perſon more into his Retinue, to wit, a Fellow to order his Garden, and to make the beſt Advantage he could of it, a Married Man, who ſhould carry the Fruits and other things to the Market, to make the beſt of them; ſo Vigilant was his Avarice. His Treaſure was diſpoſed into a ſecret Place behind his Bed where he lay himſelf, in ſtrong Iron-cheſts; and every Night before he went to Bed, he like an over-doing Conſtable, ſearch'd all the Rooms in the Houſe. Thus did this wretched Fellow live, though he had no Children to ſucceed him; for he had never been Married, nor intended to be, though very Advantageous Matches were daily proffered him.

Corrina had laid her Deſign, to bring in this Covetous Merchant into the Nooſe, and to effect it; ſhe communicated it to a Perſon who was Excellent at ſuch things. This Man had played ſome Pranks at *Madrid*, which had occaſioned his Removal thence to *Cadiz*, and his Atchieve-

ments there, his departure thence to *Sevil*, where he went lurking up and down, and ſpending ſome Money, which it coſt him more hazard than paine to get. He was one of the moſt Accompliſhed men in Point of Thievery of his time, but very fearful of falling into the Hands of Juſtice, leſt there might ariſe up in Judgment againſt him ſome of his former Offences; which were ſuch as had preferr'd him to the Galleys. This Perſon, (whoſe Name was *Vaſquez*) *Corrina* took to aſſiſt her in the compaſſing the Deſign. Having given him Inſtructions what he was to do, and told him, that *Mercator* return'd not to his Houſe, till about Sun-ſet, as he was wont to do, they both paſs'd by *Mercator's* Garden, he on a Mule, and ſhe on a good Horſe. She had put off her Mourning, and put on another Dreſs, with a Hat and Feather, as the *Sevil*-Ladies are wont to go, when they are in the Country.

They paſs'd by the Garden, juſt as the Gardener was opening the Door. *Vaſquez*, coming up to him, *Friend*, (ſaid he) *here is a Lady would not willingly go into the City to Day: If you will afford her Entertainment this Night, I will ſatisfy you to your own Deſires; beſides that you will do us an extraordinary Kindneſs: For you will thereby prevent a great Misfortune, which ſhe cannot otherwiſe avoid.* The Gardener who was afraid of his Maſter's Diſpleaſure, told him that he durſt not be ſo bold, as to receive any Perſon into his Houſe, without his Knowledge; though he had not expreſly forbid him the doing any ſuch thing. But *Vaſquez*, who knew the Virtue and Power of Money, took a conſiderable Sum out of his Pocket, and giving it to the Gardener, *here Friend*, (ſaid he) *take this in earneſt of more.* The Gardener's Wife longing to know what Buſineſs they might have with her Husband, comes up to them, and ſeeing the Proffers were made him, undertook to lodge the Gentlewoman in her own Room; making it appear to her Husband, that their Maſter ſhould never come to the Knowledge of it, in regard their Houſes were at a good diſtance one from the other, and that they ſhould not be ſo unhappy; being certain, that that Night he would not ſearch the whole Houſe, as many times a toy took him in the Head to do.

In ſhort the Wife's Arguments prevail'd, ſo that the Gardener was content the Gentlewoman ſhould Lodge ſecretly that Night at his Houſe, upon the receipt of ſix Royals which *Vaſquez* gave him as an earneſt of a greater Sum promiſed

promiſed him. He thereupon took *Corrina* off the Horſe and brought her into the Garden, where ſhe took leave of *Vaſquez*, who had already receiv'd the Orders whereof we ſhall give an Account hereafter.

Being come into the Gardener's Room ſhe took off what cover'd her Face, and aſtoniſh'd the Gardener and his Wife, at the Sight of her Beauty, though ſhe ſeem'd to be very Melancholy, as if ſome great Misfortune had happen'd to her, to wit, that which ſhe had ready to relate to *Mercator*, in Caſe ſhe might come to Diſcourſe with him. The Sun was hardly ſet, but he came into the Garden; the *Negro* entring a little before to have the Door open'd, which he himſelf locked on the inſide, and carry'd the Key along with him. He chanced to be that Night a little more weary than ordinary, which occaſion'd his going to Bed very betimes, after he had eaten a piece of Bread, and ſome of his own Garden-fruits, and waſhed them down with a Glaſs of Spring-water. He only viſited that part of the Houſe where he lodged himſelf, and came not down to the Gardeners, which never eſcaped his privy ſearch, when he thought of it. His Family, who kept more Faſting-days in the Year than the Church her ſelf had appointed, Supped that Night, in Imitation of the Maſter very ſoberly.

Mercator gets up the next Morning betimes, and gives the Slave Money, to go to the Market, while he went about his Affairs in the City, with order to have Dinner ready againſt his Return. *Corrina* was at a loſs how to compaſs her Deſign, finding things fell not out according to her Expectation: But ſtill waiting the Opportunity, ſhe told her Entertainers that ſhe was extremely troubled at her Uncle's ſtay, (ſo ſhe call'd *Vaſquez*) and that all her Sadneſs proceeded thence. The Gardener's Wife, who was a good hearty Woman, found her all the Diverſion ſhe could.

Mercator comes home at Noon, with an Intention to dine in his Garden, and before he ſate down, he would needs take a turn about it, to ſee if any thing were wanting; and he obſerv'd that there wanted ſome pieces of Wood for the more convenient Watering of the ſeveral Knots. As he was going to the Gardeners to ſee if he had any fit for that purpoſe, the Wife perceiving him coming, very haſtily ſhuffled *Corrina* into a little back Room, where ſhe was wont to lie: But in regard it could not be done ſo ſuddenly, but that *Mercator* coming in might

hear the ruffling of the Silks, and ſee *Corrina*'s ſhadow: He ſteps into the Room where ſhe was retired, and having found her, he led her out by the Hand; and bringing her out to the Light, he found her ſo Beautiful, that he was Aſtoniſhed thereat. The Gardeners Wife wondred, that her Maſter, inſtead of chiding her, as ſhe expected, only asked her who the Lady was? She anſwer'd, that the Night before, paſſing by their Door with an ancient Gentleman, who ſeem'd as ſad as her ſelf; they had very earneſtly intreated ſhe might be lodged there but that Night, to avoid a great Misfortune, which would have happen'd to them, if they had gone any further.

While the Gardener's Wife was giving *Mercator* this Account, he very attentively conſider'd the ſtrange Lady; who ſeem'd to be extremely troubled in Mind, which added to the Attractions of her Beauty. *Mercator* was ſo taken with her, that diſcharging his unſociable and Covetous Humour, he told the Gardener's Wife, That ſhe had done very well, in entertaining that Lady, though contrary to his Orders, which in ſuch a Caſe were not to be obſerved, where Compaſſion and Charity plead for the Relief of thoſe that are in Trouble. *This Lady*, (ſaid he) *deſerves a better Reception than ſhe has found in your poor Lodgings, I heartily proffer her my Houſe, if ſhe will but honour it with her Preſence.* *Corrina* thank'd him very civilly for his obliging Proffers, and entreated him to allow her the privacy of ſome other Lodging, for the little time ſhe had to ſtay there; in regard ſhe expected an Uncle of hers to come and fetch her away that Night.

Mercator, who began to be inflamed, was ſorry to hear that her ſtay at his Houſe would be ſo ſhort; but after a little pauſe, he told her, that though it were but for an Hour, ſhe would infinitely oblige him, in the acceptation of the Proffer he made her with ſo much Affection.

She, who expected that lue all the while, told him, that to make ſome Return to ſo great Civilities, ſhe was ready to wait on him: With that ſhe went to *Mercator*'s Apartment, whither he led her by the Hand, to the great Satisfaction of the Gardener's Wife, who extremely wondred to ſee her Maſter, contrary to his Cuſtom, of a Civil and Obliging Humour. As ſhe paſs'd through the Rooms, ſhe took particular Notice of all things; for though *Mercator* were Naturally a very covetous Perſon; yet as to the Furniture of his Houſe, he was otherwiſe. He had very

very rich Tapiſtry, Chairs ſuitable thereto, and Cabinets of Ivory, and Ebony; nay indeed many things brought out of the *Indies*, which though they coſt him not much there, are here of very great Price: He immediately commanded his Slave to prepare an Excellent Dinner, an Employment he undertook with great Alacrity; as knowing he might reap ſome Advantage of that extraordinary Liberality of his Maſter. *Corrina* din'd with him, who treated her ſtill with the beſt the Table afforded, with importunate Excuſes that there were no better for her.

As ſoon as they had din'd, he conducted her into a Chamber, ſet forth with a great number of curious Pictures, and alſo a ſumptuous Bed of *China*-work, where he entreated her to repoſe her ſelf on it; a Cuſtom the *Spaniards* have in Summer, as ſoon as they have dined, by reaſon of the Sultrineſs of the Country. He entreated her alſo to give her diſquiet ſome Remiſſion, out of an aſſurance; that ſhe ſhould be as ſafe in his Houſe as in any Sanctuary, and that ſhe ſhould not want any thing which lay in his Power. She again return'd him her moſt affectionate Thanks, and complying with his Deſires, ſhe ſtay'd alone in the Room, which was the ſame where *Mercator* took his Repoſe every Day. He went into another, where he lay'd himſelf down much troubled and diſquieted; as being fallen deeply in Love with his fair Gueſt, and not knowing by what means he might induce her to favour him in what he deſired of her, which if he could effect, he concluded himſelf the happieſt Man in the World. Before he acquainted her with his Deſign, he was deſirous to know the Cauſe, and what might occaſion her ſtopping at his Garden, and thereby find whether there were any Obſtruction that might oppoſe his Deſires to ſerve her. To be ſatisfy'd in this, it was requiſite he ſtaid till ſhe awoke; but ſhe ſlept not at all, for ſhe ſpent the time in conſidering, what Anſwer ſhe ſhould make him, when he come to queſtion her.

Mercator thinking it now high time to ſpeak to her, in order to the Satisfaction of his Curioſity, goes into her Chamber; telling her it was a cloſe Day, and that he was afraid ſhe might over-ſleep her ſelf, and craving her Pardon that he had taken the Boldneſs to give her that Caution. She thanked him for the Tenderneſs he had for her Health, and aſſured him, That ſhe had not refreſhed her ſelf at all; the Trouble ſhe was in, not permitting her to take any reſt. He begg'd of her that ſhe would no longer ſmo-

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thet the Cauſe of her Diſquiet, and renew'd the Proffers he had made to ſerve her to the utmoſt of his Power. Having returned him her thanks, and thinking it now time to make ſome Progreſs in her Deſign, ſhe gave him this Relation of her Adventures.

Granada, *one of the moſt Famous and Eminent Cities of* Spain, *is the Place of my Birth: My Parents (there's no Neceſſity I ſhould name them) are of the moſt Ancient and moſt Noble Families of any in all the Mountains of old* Caſtile, *and the whole Iſſue of their Matrimony was only a Brother of mine and my ſelf. My Brother ſpent the Youthful part of his Age in Courting Ladies, and among other young Perſons like himſelf, he play'd ſome mad Pranks of Youth, which obliged him, for fear of falling into the Hands of Juſtice, to abſent himſelf from* Granada; *and for my Part, I made it my only Buſineſs to ſerve and humour thoſe who had brought me into the World. I ſpent whole Days at my Needle, not taking Example from my Companions, who only minded their Divertiſements; nay, I was ſo Ignorant what Love meant, that I laughed at whatever related thereto, and thought thoſe, who ſpent their time in Courtſhips and entertaining thoſe they call'd their Gallants, little better than ſo many diſtracted Perſons.*

But Love it ſeems would puniſh this Contempt of mine, and you ſhall ſee how he did it. *My Father and Mother being one Day gone to Viſit a Friend of theirs in the Country, who had buryed his Wife not long before; I heard in the Street the claſhing of Swords, as if ſome People had been Fighting; and looked out at the Window to ſee what might be the matter. I had never been guilty of ſuch a Curioſity before, and had it been Heaven's Pleaſure I might have ſhunned it then, I ſhould not now be telling you my Misfortunes, which are ſuch, that I ſhall never think on them without Tears. I there ſaw, to my ſorrow three Men with their Swords drawn, Fighting againſt one, who defended himſelf with ſo great Courage; that he not only made his Party good along time againſt ſo many Enemies, but alſo hurt two of them in the Head; he himſelf having received only a ſlight Wound. Theſe three Hectors finding themſelves ſo worſted by one Perſon, reſolved to do their utmoſt to take away his Life; ſo that exaſperated by their Wounds, they preſs'd upon him ſo much, that he was forced to retreat within our Gates, where they gave him two ſeveral thruſts into the Breaſt; upon which*

he

he fell, and was left for dead. Moved with Compaſſion to ſee ſo proper a young Man ſo diſadvantageouſly engaged, I came down to the Gate, calling my Maids about me, to ſee what might be done for him. (Our Houſe being in a lone-Street) for thoſe who were come upon the Noiſe we made were ſo few, and thoſe unarmed; that they were not able to part them. We lock'd the Doors and brought him in, and a Surgeon was immediately ſent for. His Wounds were ſo great, that we thought fit to diſpoſe him into a Bed, in a Ground-room, where my Brother was wont to lie.

The young Man thanked me very civilly for the Favour he receiv'd from me; but alaſs! that good Office began with Compaſſion, but ended in Love. The Surgeon view'd his Wounds, but could not preſently give any certain Judgment of them; though he whiſpered me in the Ear, that he thought they might coſt him his Life. That Account of him ſtruck me to the Heart, for having ſeen him Fight ſo Gallantly, I muſt needs acknowledge, that I had even then conceived an Inclination for him. But his kind Expreſſions afterwards, and his thanking me ſo genteely for the Obligations (he ſaid) I had put upon him, rais'd it into a perfect Love. My Father and Mother returned from their Viſit, and ere they were got to our Houſe, were told by one of the Neighbours, a Perſon of ſome Quality; what had happened in their Abſence, and how that I had put a Period to a Quarrel, by entertaining the Wounded Party into their Houſe, out of Compaſſion and a Fear that he might be killed: Whereat they were well ſatisfyed, and commended the Charitable Office I had done in ſuch an Extremity; for they were Perſons who gladly embraced any Opportunity to exerciſe their Charity. They viſited the Wounded, encouraged him to take Heart, aſſuring him he ſhould want nothing, their Houſe could afford; and acknowledg'd it well done by me, that I had ſo reſcued him. Upon which I took Occaſion to ſpend moſt of my time in waiting on him; him I ſay, who is the Cauſe of all the Troubles and Afflictions which lie ſo heavy upon me. At the ſecond dreſſing, the Surgeon aſſured us that his Wounds were not Mortal; which cauſed much Joy in our Houſe, particularly to me, who became every Day more and more paſſionately in Love with him. As often as I could get out of my Father and Mother's Sight, I went to paſs away the time in his Chamber, for which Kindneſs he made me extraordinary Acknowledgments. This young Cavalier,

was

was Born at Barcelona, *and one of the moſt Eminent in that City. His Buſineſs at* Granada *was to Proſecute a Law-ſuit, againſt a very powerful Perſon, who finding but little Juſtice on his ſide, that the Cauſe was of great Importance, and that notwithſtanding the Favour he had in Court, the Judges muſt paſs Sentence againſt him; would put a Period to the Suit by a ſhorter cut, and rid himſelf of his Adverſary, by Employing three Men to Murder him, who were his own menial Servants. A Month ſlipped away, ere* Calphorus *(ſo was the Wounded Perſon named) got out of his Bed, having all that time been attended with as much Care as might be. The ſecond Day after his getting up, he had the Opportunity to ſee me; for my Mother was gone abroad upon a Viſit, wherein I accompany'd her not, becauſe I had a greater mind to be alone with my young Gallant. He diſcovered himſelf to me ſo opportunely, and gave me ſuch ſenſible Aſſurances of his Affection; that it raiſed a no leſs in me towards him, inſomuch that there paſſed mutual Promiſes of Fidelity between us. I knew nothing all this time that my Father was upon a Treaty of Marriage between me, and a Gentleman of* Granada, *who was infinitely deſirous to enter into our Alliance; while I was very well ſatisfyed, with the Choice I had made my ſelf,* Calphorus, *coming to hear of the other's Pretenſions to me, was not a little troubled at it; but the only Remedy was Patience, in regard he would make no Diſcovery of his Eſtate, till his Law-ſuit were ended, which he hoped would be in a ſhort time; and I in the mean while kept my Father in play with Perſwaſions, that he would not be over-haſty in concluding my Marriage with the* Granadine.

Calphorus, *being perfectly cured, and requiting the Kindneſs and Noble Entertainment he had received at our Houſe, with many conſiderable Preſents; return'd to his own Quarters, to bring his Buſineſs to a final End. For my Part, my Troubles increaſed more and more upon me; for my Father, never giving me any notice of it, as if I had been a Perſon not at all concern'd, concluded the Contract with the* Granadine, *and paſſed his Word he ſhould have me; which when I came to underſtand, I was ſo ſurpriz'd, that I minded not what I did. This new Servant of mine, who expected ere long to be my Maſter, came to give me a Viſit: But I ſoon ſatisfy'd him, that he had reckon'd without his Hoſteſs; for whereas he had flattered himſelf*

into

into a fooliſh Imagination, that he ſhould have found the kindeſt Reception in the World from me; he met with ſuch a Repulſe, as he himſelf concluded, muſt rather proceed from Averſion, than any Indifference I had for him. In a Word, not being one of Fortune's Favourites, who promiſe themſelves the Attainment of things impoſſible; he eaſily diſcovered, that my Refuſal was the effect of ſome other Cauſe, than the Modeſty, which a young Maid ought at leaſt to pretend, upon ſuch Occaſions: And knowing withal that the Wounded Calphorus *had lodged ſome time in our Houſe, he preſum'd, that my Diſdain towards him was occaſion'd by the Love I had for the other, and thence inferr'd, That not having been ſo happy as to prevent him in the Acquiſition of my Favour; he had at beſt, but a hazardous After-game to recover it. The Jealouſy he conceiv'd upon this Preſumption, oblig'd him to make Tryal of all the ways he could imagine, to be aſſured of it; ſo as that he might not do any thing, that ſhould cauſe him afterwards to repent of.*

I was in an extraordinary Confuſion during theſe Overtures, I and acquainted Calphorus *with my Condition: He came to ſee me that very Night, and we agreed, the next, to leave my Father's Houſe, and go to ſome of his Relations, where we might be ſecretly Married. The expected Hour being come, (unhappy Hour to me, conſidering the Misfortunes I have run through ſince!) as my Deareſt and I were going out of the Houſe and croſſing into another Street; my Jealous Servant, (who ſpent the Nights to be aſſured of his Suſpicion, which he now found to be too true) preſently knew us, and attended by two Servants, he ſet upon* Calphorus, *who never thought of any ſuch Surprize: So that ere he had the time to draw his Sword, he receiv'd three Mortal Wounds; and fell down dead, without uttering one Word. The little Noiſe which the Murderers had made, occaſion'd the Neighbours to come out with Lights, upon the appearance whereof they ran away, fearing they might be diſcovered. By this time there was a great Uproar at my Father's, that I could not be found; while I was in a man[illegible] dead, to ſee my Deareſt lying Breathleſs at my Feet: Having recovered my ſelf, I conſidered it was to little purpoſe for me to ſtay in the Street, after ſuch an Accident: So that gathering up my Cloths, I haſted away as faſt as I could, to a Friend's Houſe of my Father's, an Aged Perſon and very Poor; to whom I told what*

what had happen'd to me, and how much it concern'd me not to stay any longer at Granada. *Whereupon taking a Horse, he set me on him, and brought me to the next Village, where we took up another for him, and thence we are come hither, to avoid my Father, who accompany'd by Officers, makes a Search after me, as I have understood by the way. For that Reason I thought it not safe, that we should go into* Sevil *as soon as we came hither, but that it was better I concealed my self in some Place near it. It was the Pleasure of Fortune to direct me to this Habitation of yours, into which, upon extraordinary intreaties your Gardener ventur'd to receive me for this last Night.*

Thus Sir, have you the Story of a wretched Maid, (if there were ever any such) whose only Comfort now is in the good Entertainment you are pleased to afford her. May Heaven requite your Charity, since there cannot be a greater than to relieve such as are afflicted and persecuted to that extremity as I am.

The Conclusion of this dismal Story, which *Corrina* had had the time to invent and study so well, was a shower of Crocodile-tears, which raised such a Compassion in *Mercator*, that he could not forbear them himself. The cunning Gipsy, who notwithstanding her counterfeit Tears, observed all the Actions of *Mercator*, perceiv'd that he gave Credit to her feigned Story, and that Love began to enter at that Breach which Compassion had made in his Heart. This encouraged *Corrina* to prosecute her Imposture, being now in a manner Confident to bring it to some Effect. They continued a good while together, she weeping as if she had done it for a Wager, and he endeavouring all that he could do to Comfort her; but that Comfort came not up to the heighth of offering her the Remedy she could have wished, for he had not yet overcome his Covetous Humour.

Having with great Attention considered the great Beauty of *Corrina*, her Affliction, and strange Adventures, and that his Happiness was as it were fallen into his Mouth; he inferred that Heaven, as a Signal Addition to his former Happiness, had directed her to his House. This was the first Love that had ever moved *Mercator*'s Heart, and in all sorts of Persons, that first Passion ever Acts violently. Is *Mercator* fallen in Love? He must needs then be Liberal: Has he entertained *Corrina* into his House? That Kindness will be the dearest to him that ever he expressed.

O Love! O insinuating Passion, who dost ruin and beset Men! What Metamorphoses in them dost thou not Operate? What Dispositions dost thou not change? What Resolutions dost thou not dispense with? What Felicities dost thou not disturb? And what Hearts is it not in thy Power to soften? That of this insatiable Miser, which had cast of all sense of Humanity towards his nearest Relations, Love has changed; so that he has transformed a Covetous and Sordid Person, into a Liberal and Magnificent. He is extremely taken with *Corrina*; he is passionately in Love with her; she will ere long be Mistress of his Heart and Wealth. She said many things in her Relation, which might have betrayed her, had not the Affection, wherewith *Mercator* hearken'd to her, closed both his Eyes and Ears: Nay he was so prepossessed with his Passion, that he would have believed many other things from her, though they had been more improbable than they were.

The effect of this sad Narration of *Corrina*, was, that *Mercator* proffer'd her all the Favour and assistance she could expect from him, his Estate, Life, Heart and Soul; giving her the Title of absolute Mistress of all he was possessed of, and further entreating her, of all Love, to give over thinking of her Misfortunes, and to assure her self, that she was in a House where she might Command, and that whatever she desir'd, her Orders should be obeyed, as far as it lay in his Power. *Corrina* very kindly thank'd him for so many generous Proffers, concluding her Compliment with a fresh shower of Tears, a kind of Tempest she could raise, whenever she either pleas'd, or had occasion.

With this Artifice, she became Mistress of *Mercator*, and all he had, so as that she might dispose of him and it, as she pleas'd. Her Beauty had given him a kind of Itch, and he was mighty desirous to try whether she would be as willing to Cure him of it; but he knew not well how to acquaint her with his Indisposition. He resolved at last, in Case he could do no good upon her by his Submissions and Presents, to use the last Remedy, which was to Marry her. This is a Bait that many times takes the shyest of that deluded Sex; but when they are so taken, he that does it is commonly snapped himself: For *Corrina* had no other Design than to examine the Chests of the greedy Merchant, and that she would not be any way engaged till she were secure of her Prize; for she had heard that many of her Calling had been shown slippery Tricks, which made

made her extremely Diſtruſtful. *Mercator* ſtay'd all that Day in his Garden, and neglected his Buſineſs in the City; but the next Morning betimes leaving his Gueſt aſleep, he takes his Mule, and goes about his ordinary Occaſions; having charged the Gardener's Wife, to get a good Breakfaſt for the Lady, as ſoon as ſhe were awake, and to have a care of the Houſe: He lock'd the Chamber-door where his Money was, and as he went out, charg'd the Gardener not to ſuffer any to come into his Garden, but the old Man who had brought *Artemiza* thither; for that was the Name the diſſembling *Corrina* went by.

That done he went about his Buſineſs, attended by the little Negro, to whom he gave Money to Buy Proviſions for a good Dinner. *Corrina* got up and the Gardener's Wife punctually obey'd the Orders ſhe had received from her Maſter; treating her the beſt ſhe could, out of this Reſpect, that all the Domeſticks made their advantages of thoſe Magnificences. *Corrina* comes down into the Garden, where ſhe took occaſion to commend the Walks, and contrivances of it; for the Gardener kept it in very good order, and well ſupplyed with Herbs, Fruits, and Flowers: Finding the Sun beginning to grow hot, ſhe went into the Houſe, where caſually meeting with a Lute, on which *Mercator's* Factor was wont to Play; ſhe ſet it in Tune, and made her Entertainment, till ſuch time as *Mercator* return'd from the City, who hearing her at it, was not a little glad to find that Perfection in her more than he knew before: Perceiving that *Mercator* hearkned to her Muſick, ſhe joyned her Voice to the Inſtrument, to breed one Maggot more in his Brain than he had already; and ſo Sung theſe following Stanza's.

While on thoſe lovely looks I gaze,
To ſee a Wretch *purſuing;*
In Raptures *of a bleſt amaze,*
And pleaſing Happy ruin.

'Tis not for Pity that I move,
His Fate is too aſpiring;
Whoſe Heart, *broke with a* Load *of Love,*
Dyes, Wiſhing and Admiring.

But if this Murder *you'd forego,*
Your Slave *from Death removing;*
Let me your Art of Charming know,
Or Learn you mine of Loving.

But

But whether Life or Death betide,
In Love, 'tis equal Meaſure;
The Victor *Lives with empty Pride,*
The Vanquiſh'd *dye with Pleaſure.*

She Sung ſo excellently, that *Mercator* was raviſh'd at the Melody, and acknowledged that it was not a Voice of a Mortal Creature but an Angel come down from Heaven: He continu'd his Attention a while, imagining ſhe ſhould have begun another Song; but perceiving ſhe laid by the Lute, he comes into the Room and tranſported with Joy, — *How has this poor Habitation been felicify'd,* (ſaid he to her) *by your Retirement moſt adorable* Artemiza? *What Happineſs did the Hour of your Arrival here, bring me, who never had known any before? What Honour have I received in beholding your tranſcendent Beauty, and to obſcure in you from time to time, a thouſand unknown Excellencies; which are not diſcover'd at the firſt Sight? This Houſe may, no doubt, enter into Competition with Heaven it ſelf, ſince ſuch an Angel Honours it with her divine Preſence; what I ſay, Madam, is but little, in Compariſon of the Paſſion I have for your Worth, which were it to be Commended proportionably to the apprehenſion I have of it; I think the moſt Eloquent Perſons that ever were, would be at a loſs for Expreſſions ſuitable to ſo adorable a Subject.*

You preſs too hard upon me, Dear Sir, (replies the Counterfeit *Artemiza*, ſeeming to bluſh at thoſe exceſſive Praiſes) *I am not ſuch a Stranger to my ſelf, but that I know it argues Exceſs in the higheſt degree to beſtow ſuch extraordinary Commendations, on a Perſon that deſerves ſo little: Had I miſtruſted your being within hearing, I would have put off my Diverſion to another time; ſince 'tis not unlikely my Voice may ſeem harſh to you, compar'd to the Excellent ones of this City, which you often hear, unleſs it be, that generous Natures have an Inclination to favour Perſons of mean Parts, by flattering them by their Praiſes, into an Imagination, that their Endowments are greater than indeed they are. No more Compliments, I beſeech you,* (replies *Mercator*, rais'd up to the higheſt pitch of beſotted Love) *my Words come ſhort of my Faith, and I am to aſſure you withal, Madam, that though I have heard excellent Voices in* Sevil, (*for I muſt confeſs there are ſome ſuch*) *yet yours is infinitely beyond any of them. Your moſt humble Servant, Sir,* (ſays *Corrina*) *your Commendations, are infinitely be-*

yond my Deſerts, and the Honour you do me can do no leſs than raiſe in me a hearty wiſh, That my poor Abilities might find you ſome further Diverſion with this Inſtrument, ſince you are pleas'd to acknowledge your ſelf ſo much ſatisfy'd therewith; but my Troubles are ſo great and preſſing, that in what I did, I minded only my own. I muſt ſee them at an end, ere you leave this Houſe, (ſays *Mercator* to her) *and therefore let me intreat you, if you cannot conclude an abſolute Peace with your Afflictions, at leaſt condeſcend to a ſhort Ceſſation of Arms. Theſe reiterations of your Favours, muſt needs extremely oblige me,* (replies *Corrina*) *and conſequently force me to a grateful compliance with your Commands, as far as lies in my Power; but I cannot Promiſe it you ſo fully as I wiſh; finding the Perſon who brought me hither, has forgotten he did it; otherwiſe he would have found ſome means to have given me a Viſit once in three Days: Let not that create you any trouble,* (replies the *Amourous Miſer*) *but rather imagine there may be ſome Cauſe, for his neglect. I have ſome apprehenſions,* (ſaid ſhe) *that he may be return'd to* Granada, *out of a Fear that being miſs'd there, he might be Queſtioned as a Complice of my Eſcape; and this would prove the greateſt of my Misfortunes; for if he be gone, he has carried all I had along with him. Never fear it,* (ſays *Mercator*) *for he muſt have more Compaſſion than to forſake you in ſo great an Extremity: But though he and all elſe fail you, aſſure your ſelf, I ſhall not; whereof I cannot give you a greater Aſſurance, than you may derive from this ſincere Proteſtation, of my being ſo paſſionately your Servant, that I imagine not my ſelf to be the ſame Perſon I was before I ſaw you. This tranſformation is wholly to be attributed to your Divinity, and thence you may inferr the Influence you have over me.*

Having ſo ſaid, *Mercator* made an abſolute Diſcovery of his Love. The cunning Gypſy, pretending ſhe underſtood not his meaning, return'd civil Anſwers to the Proffers he made her; acknowledging her ſelf extremely oblig'd to him for his Kindneſs, and that ſhe doubted not of the Performance of what he was pleas'd, out of his own good Nature to Promiſe. By this time Dinner was ſet on the Table; they both ſat down, and the Entertainment was very Noble, ſuitable to the Love of the Founder: For where that little Deity comes once to Reign, the firſt Act he makes, is for the baniſhment of all Baſeneſs and Avarice. *Corrina* and *Vaſquez* had agreed together, that he ſhould come to her, when

when he were ſure the old Merchant was abroad, and that he ſhould Diſguiſe himſelf like a Begger, that he might not be known, nor any Suſpicion be conceived of him. She had Studied ſeveral ways to chouſe the *Miſer* of ſome Part of his Treaſure, but could not fix on any one ſhe thought might prove effectual; the Chamber where it was lock'd being extremely fortify'd: She had continu'd there three Days ere ſhe had either ſeen or heard from *Vaſquez*, and during the time, ſhe expreſs'd ſo great a diſcontent, as put *Mercator* to much Trouble; in regard it kept him from making thoſe free Diſcoveries of his Love, which he would otherwiſe have done: In the mean time *Corrina*, who watch'd all occaſions, cunningly diſcover'd the Place where the old Man hid the Keys of his Iron-cheſts.

Mercator went, according to his Cuſtom, into the City, which being obſerved by *Vaſquez*, he comes to his Houſe in Beggers weeds, as they had agreed together, with two Crutches. Being got under the Window, at which *Corrina* was looking out, he begg'd an Alms of her; ſhe threw him down ſomething, and ask'd him whence he came? Whereto *Vaſquez* anſwering that he was of *Granada*, ſhe ſeem'd to be extremely glad, and thereupon turning to the Gardiner's Wife, *Let us go down a little into the Garden*, (ſaid ſhe to her) *this poor fellow is come out of my Country, I would fain have ſome Diſcourſe with him, to know what News he has brought thence.* The poor Woman ſuſpecting nothing, made no difficulty to let him into the Garden. *Corrina* ask'd him how long it was ſince he had left *Granada*? Whereto he anſwering about nine or ten Days; She continu'd her Queſtions ſo long, that the Gardiner's Wife weary of their Diſcourſe, and having ſomething elſe to do, left them. Being rid of her, they conſider'd what was to be put in Execution the Night following, and agreed upon the Courſe they were to take, to poſſeſs themſelves of *Mercator's* Treaſure. That done, *Vaſquez* departed, and *Corrina* went up to her Chamber, telling the Gardiner's Wife, ſhe had underſtood ſo much from that poor Fellow, concerning her Affairs, that it would not be long ere ſhe return'd into her Country. The Gardiner's Wife, and Maid were little pleas'd to hear that News; as fearing their Maſter would, upon her Departure, re-aſſume his niggardly Humour, and keep as miſerable a Houſe as he had done before; nay perhaps put himſelf and all the Servants to a greater Penance in their Diet, to get up what had been ſquander'd away during her abode there,

Mercator being come home found *Corrina* that Night more chearful than at any time before; which gave him the Confidence to acquaint her more freely with his Love than he had done, and to assure her of the disquiet he was in upon her Account. *Corrina* seemed not to take it amiss, nay by a greater Familiarity than she had express'd towards him before, she rais'd in him some hopes of seeing his Desires satisfyed. Whence the old Dotard began to presume, that the Fort would in a short time be taken, upon reasonable Terms: Upon this Presumption, he bestow'd on her a Ring, which he had purposely bought for her, wherein was a Diamond worth about an hundred Crowns, set about with little Rubies. The Lady gave him many thanks for so Noble a Present, and in requital promis'd him a Lesson on the Lute, to which she Sung some new Aires; though she quarrell'd at the dulness of the Instrument. *Mercator* promis'd her a better the next Day. They parted for that time, but with different thoughts, *Mercator* desirous to obtain those Favours he expected from *Corrina*, and to oblige her thereto by Presents, which overcome the greatest Difficulties; and *Corrina* contriving how to compass the Robbery she intended.

The next Day, *Vasquez* (a Person of great Experience in such Designs) got some others of the same Profession to carry on the Work; and having observed *Mercator* going into his House, they sty'd till he were gone to Bed, which was somewhat late: For *Corrina*, who held a Correspondence with them, had purposely kept him up. About Midnight, *Vasquez* and his Comrades brought a thing that had the Figure of a Man, stuff'd with Straw, having about him a Cloak, which cast over his Shoulder, cover'd his Face, and pitch'd over against the principal Window towards the Garden, which was that part of the House where *Mercator* Lodg'd, and left it there fastned to a Stake they had thrust into the Ground. The Night was somewhat dark, and so more proper for their Design. Having plac'd that Figure, (as I told you) they knock'd at the Door so loud that it might have been heard from one end of the Garden to the other. *Mercator* awaken'd thereby, leaps out of his Bed; it being so strange to him to hear such Knocking at his Garden-door, at such an unseasonable time, as being a thing had never happen'd to him before. He call'd up his Servant, and bid him see who Knock'd at the Door: The Servant went out between sleeping and waking, to see what the matter was, calling as loud as he could, Who knocks there? But

But no Body anſwering, and he not minding the Figure that ſtood in the Garden, told his Maſter that there was not any body. *Mercator* upon that got into Bed again and compos'd himſelf to reſt, but it was ſoon interrupted; for *Vaſquez* knock'd more violently than he had done before, which aſtoniſh'd him the more, and oblig'd him to ſend down his Man a ſecond time, to ſee what the matter was: Bringing his Maſter the ſame Account as he had done before, he got up himſelf, puts his Cloak about him, and calls at the Window, *Who knocks at my Door thus unſeaſonably?* Whereto no anſwer being made, he grew the more enraged but looking a little more earneſtly about the Houſe than his Man had done, he perceiv'd the Figure planted before his Windows. *Mercator* was extremely affraid, at the Sight of a Perſon, who, as he thought, knockt at his Door, yet made him no Anſwer; and aſſuming more Courage than he was naturally Maſter of, he ſaid to him very loud: *'Tis baſely done of you, Sir, to abuſe me thus, you ſhall find I am not a Perſon to ſuffer it; pray keep on your way, and diſturb not my reſt any more if you think not you're invulnerable, and that a brace of good Bullets will make no impreſſion in your inchanted Skin.*

Having made that Bravado, he ſhut to the Window and went to Bed; but he was hardly got warm in it, ere they began to knock more violently than they had done before; which obliged him to take a Fire-lock, which he always kept ready charged for the ſecurity of his Money. Opening the Window, he found him ſtill in the ſame Poſture, who would not have ſtirred out of it, had he not been forc'd out by ſome other means. *What obſtinacy of Impudence is it in you,* (ſaid he to him very much incenſed) *to Authoriſe a Miſchief, you are nothing the better for, in thus diſturbing my Reſt? 'Tis impardonable, and deſerves an Exemplary Chaſtiſement; be gone immediately from my Door, or I ſhall ſend you going the next way.* Whereupon, cocking the Fire-lock, and aiming at him, and the other never ſtirring, as it were out of a Preſumption, that he believ'd he had not any Fire-arms, whereby he might make good his Threats: He gave him notice the third time, that he would not oblige him to offer a Violence which he was very unwilling to do. At laſt perceiving he minded not any thing he ſaid, but as it were defy'd him, he reſolv'd to give Fire, not only to fright him, but if he could to hurt him. He diſcharg'd off his Piece and ſhot the Figure, which fell to the Ground: Upon which

Vaſquez, who was not far off, cries out with a doleful Tone, *O God I am killed*, and immediately he and his Comrades made a great noiſe at the Sight of a Man ſo unfortunately Murdered.

Mercator was extremely troubled at what he had done, it being obſerv'd, that Covetous Perſons are for the moſt part Cowardly, and very much fear whatever may occaſion their Loſſes. He ſhut the Window, and in a great fright awaking *Corrina*, (who had greater things to mind than Sleeping) told her what he had done. She ſeem'd to be extremely troubled at it, and much blam'd him, that he had executed ſo cruel a Reſolution. For ſince he knew himſelf to be ſafe enough in his own Houſe, he might have ſuffered them to knock at his Door, till they had been weary; that he had better have endured that Noiſe, and loſt a little of his Reſt than be in the Trouble he was in, to be the Occaſion of a Man's Death. She added, ſeveral other Reaſons, which, ſo confounded poor *Mercator*, that he knew not what to do. She adviſ'd him for his Safety, to go immediately and take Refuge in the Monaſtery of St. *Bernard*; it being certain, that if the Dead Perſon were found there the next Morning, he would be carried to Priſon, as being Murdered ſo near his Houſe.

Mercator was ſo perplexed, that he wiſh'd he had never been born; and it is to be imagin'd, that if *Corrina* had not been very highly concern'd to Diſſemble upon this Occaſion, ſhe would have dyed with laughing. He rais'd up all his People, and told them what had happened, and all blam'd him, for his being ſo forward to commit ſuch an Action, which made the poor old Dotard almoſt Mad. He imagin'd himſelf already apprehended, his Money carryed away, and but a ſmall matter between him and Hanging: At leaſt if he were obliged by Tortures to Acknowledge his Crime, never conſidering that it was pardonable for one Man to kill another in his own Defence. At laſt he reſolv'd to go to St. *Bernard's* Monaſtery; but knew not how to diſpoſe of his Money. He thought it no Prudence to leave it at the diſcretion of his Servants; to carry it to a Friend's Houſe (in caſe he had any, for Perſons of his Humour have very few) he had not time. In this Diſtraction he deſir'd *Corrina* to adviſe him: She ſeeming very much troubled, and no leſs fearful than he, pretended ſhe could not give him any; but after a little pauſe ſhe gave him that Advice, which ſhe had prepared long before, and he follow'd it.

She

She ask'd him what Money he might have in the Houſe? He Ingenuouſly confeſſed that he had about Four thouſand Crowns in Gold, and ſomewhat better than half the ſaid Sum in Silver.

I tell you what Sir, I would do, were I in your Caſe, (ſays the cunning Gipſy) (*ſince it cannot be carryed to a Friend's Houſe without being ſeen*) *I would bury it in the Garden, in ſome Place, where you may afterwards find it, by ſome Mark you ſhall ſet to that purpoſe. This you muſt do your ſelf, ſo as that your very Servants may not know any thing of it, leſt they be tempted to prove falſe to you; for the Times are ſuch now, that a Man muſt have a Care whom he truſts. I would aſſiſt you herein, and keep your Counſel, were it not that I am afraid, when the Search comes to be made, and I be left here, I ſhall be the firſt taken; and I would be loth to run my ſelf into that hazard, having but juſt eſcaped thoſe I have acquainted you with.* In the midſt of his Affliction, *Mercator* was troubled to perceive by his Gueſt's Diſcourſes, the Diſturbance ſhe was in upon his Account; and what ſtruck him moſt to the Heart, was, that he ſaw himſelf upon the Point of loſing her. This Conſideration forc'd from him not only Tears, but alſo bitter Exclamations, againſt the Malicious Croſſneſs of his Fortune. *Corrina* deſired him to be of good Courage, perſwading him to do as ſhe adviſed him, and hope the beſt. So that having commanded all his Servants to go to their ſeveral Chambers, and not to ſtir thence; he and *Corrina*, whom only he durſt truſt, went to the Place where the Money was. It lay in a huge Cheſt, covered all over with Iron-Bars, and the Keys were ſo extraordinary, that it was impoſſible to Counterfeit them, or to get a piece thence by any other wile than what was invented by our ſubtil Ferret.

They firſt took out all the Silver, and then put the Gold into a little Box; and having brought all into the Garden, they made two holes, at ſome diſtance one from the other, in one whereof they put the Silver, and in the other the Gold; ſetting a Mark that they might find the Place again. *Mercator* took along with him Two hundred Crowns in Gold, and gave *Corrina* Fifty, to ſhift for her ſelf, till the Buſineſs was over. That done, they went up into the Houſe, whence they might ſee ſeveral Perſons walking with a Light; 'twas *Vaſquez* and his Comrades, who repreſented the Magiſtrate, which *Corrina* ſhewing him, adviſed him to make all the haſte he could to St. *Bernard's*. To do that, they

got over the Garden-wall, as being afraid to open the Door; for they perceived the Actors of this Comedy kept a Watch there with ſuch Authority, as if they had been really the Officers of Juſtice. All *Mercator*'s Family followed him over the Wall, fearing they might come into Trouble for their Maſter's Fault. *Mercator* and his Miſtreſs lurk'd ſomewhere thereabouts, till it was Day, that they might have the Church-door open to get into the Monaſtery, *Vaſquez* was hard by, to ſee what became of *Mercator*, and his People. Finding he had left his Houſe, and got into the Monaſtery with *Corrina*, he went about an Hour after Sunriſing to St. *Bernard*'s, in the Habit of a Secular Prieſt, that he might the better ſpeak to *Corrina*. She told him how things ſtood, and how they had bury'd the Money in the Garden, and that it was all in Silver; intending to reſerve all the Gold for her ſelf.

About Midnight, *Vaſquez* and one of his Comrades went along with *Corrina*, Diſguiſed in Man's Cloths to the Garden. They helped her over firſt, to go and ſee whether there might be any Body in the Houſe, but all were vaniſhed as if the Houſe had been viſited. She thereupon called *Vaſquez* and his Companions, and having taken up the Money, they carry'd it away, and took up their Quarters at one of the farthelt Inns of the Suburbs. Having been merry a while, and drunk their own Healths, and to the good Succeſs of their future Deſigns; they went all to Bed, the two Men together, and *Corrina* by her ſelf. As ſoon as ſhe found they were aſleep, ſhe puts on the ſame Habit, and returns to the Garden. Where, being come, ſhe took up the little Box of Gold, and without any Diſaſter got ſafe to the Inn before her Companions awak'd.

The next Day, having divided the Silver, whereof ſhe and *Vaſquez* had the beſt Part, and ſowed up the Gold in her Cloths, ſhe left *Sevil*, taking *Vaſquez* along with her; who finding what Advantages he might make of her Company, reſolved to run Fortunes with her. They took their way towards *Madrid*, to which Place they will not be long a going, and now let us ſee what is become of *Mercator*, whom we left in St. *Bernard*'s Monaſtery.

Having continued there four Days after *Corrina*'s Departure from him, he knew not what to think of her that ſhe came not again, as ſhe had Promiſed. He addreſs'd himſelf to one of the Monks, who had great Acquaintance in the City, and intreated him toenquire, what Proceedings there might

might be againſt him, upon the Murder he had committed. The Religious Man promiſed him an Account of it; but having enquired at thoſe Places where he thought he might moſt probably hear; but no body could give him any Satisfaction. He thereupon told *Mercator*, that he might ſafely go abroad, and needed not to fear any thing. He went out one Night to a Friend of his, whom he acquainted with all that had paſt, as alſo the great perplexity he was in; deſiring him to make a more particular enquiry into the Buſineſs, than he thought the Religious Man had done. He did ſo, and gave him the ſame Account as the other. Yet would not that ſatisfy him, but he muſt Deſire his Friend to go to his Houſe, whereof he gave him the Miſtreſs key. At his Requeſt he went, and found it without any Body in it, and his Mule being dead for want of Meat, and Attendance. His Friend returned to him with this News, and adviſed him to come out of the Monaſtery, and go home, and thence about the City, as he was wont to do.

The Death of his Mule troubled him not ſo much, ſo glad was he to find himſelf once more at Liberty: The only thing that gave him any Diſquiet, was, that his *Artemiza* (under which Name *Corrina* went) came not to ſee him: But he imagined the Occaſion of it might be, that being a young Maid, ſhe had ſheltered her ſelf ſome where, to keep out of the Hands of Juſtice, or that perhaps ſhe might have been met with by her Father, who, as ſhe had told him, ſought after her. He went to his Houſe, whither ſoon after, came the Gardiner and his Wife, and his other Servants. He goes into the Garden, and, notwithſtanding all the Fear and Diſtraction he had been in, remembred the Place where he had hid his Money, and was not a little glad to find the Mark where he had ſet it: So that before he went to Bed, he reſolved to ſecure his Treaſure in its former Garriſon. As ſoon as it was dark, he takes the Gardiner with him, and a Lantern and Candle, and goes firſt to the Place, where the Silver was, and bids him dig. He did ſo, but there was nothing to be found; whereat, *Mercator* was extremely ſurprized. He went thence to the Place where they had laid the Gold, and there they found as little; only *Corrina* knew what was become of all. He walked ſeveral turns about the Garden, with much Vexation; imagining the Marks, might be miſplaced: But what in looking after the Marks, and what in digging, the Night ſlipp'd away; ſo that at laſt deſpairing to find any thing that Night,

he

he behav'd himſelf like a Perſon diſtracted. The Gardiner knew not what he looked for, nor for what Reaſon he had brought him thither. The poor Man reſolv'd to have a little Patience till the next Morning; being ſtill in ſome hopes to find what he had hidden.

He went to Bed, or rather to ſpend the Night in inſufferable Torments; but as ſoon as it began to dawn, he got up, and having called up the Gardiner, they return'd to the Work they had been at the Night before. Having digged again at thoſe Places, where he was Confident he had laid the Money; all they could find was, that there had been two Holes made there before, and that Money or ſomething elſe had been hidden there, but all was removed. This Aſſurance made him run ſtark Mad, throwing himſelf on the Ground, running his Head againſt the Wall, and doing ſuch things as raiſed a Compaſſion in his Servants; who thence concluded that he had loſt his Money, and ſuſpected the feigned *Artemiza*, to have robb'd him, by the Orders he gave them to ſearch after her all over the City. But ſhe was far enough out of his reach, and had ſo well ſecured his Money; that it was not likely it would come into his Cheſts any more. He kept his Bed a good while, out of a pure Madneſs, that he had ſo ſoon loſt, what had Coſt him many Years Trouble and Pains to get together. The Robbery was ſoon divulged all over the City: Some who knew not his Humour pity'd his Misfortune, but ſuch as had Experience of his inſatiable Avarice; were not a little pleaſed to find him ſo juſtly puniſhed.

THE

THE *Pretended Alchymist:*

A Novel.

AS ſoon as *Corrina* had done her Work at *Mercator's*, and had made a broken Merchant of one, who was accounted the Wealthieſt about *Sevil*; ſhe thought it not Prudent to make any long Stay, for fear of falling into the Hands of Juſtice, whoſe Officers would be abroad, upon the Sollicitations of the Party Robbed. She was gone far enough out of the way, ere he was ſenſible of his Loſs; for the next Night after they had taken away the Money, ſhe and *Vaſquez* hir'd two Mules, upon which they came to *Carmona*, which lies about half a Day's Journey from *Sevil*. They had taken up two Places in the *Madrid*-Coach, which was to paſs through that City, and take them up as it went. They alighted at *Carmona*, at one of the beſt Inns, where *Corrina*, keeping out of Sight, was reſolved to expect the Coach, conſidering with her ſelf, what ſhe might come to in time, ſeeing, ſhe was now already Miſtreſs of Four thouſand Crowns in Gold, in good double Piſtoles and Quadruples, which was all that penurious Merchant had gotten together, during his whole Life, with much Pains taking, and many a hazardous Venture into the moſt remote Climates. And herein, you may behold, the exemplary Puniſhment, which many times happens to thoſe Miſerable Wretches, who become the Slaves of their own Wealth. And what infinitely adds to their Misfortune, is, that People are more apt to congratulate it than bemoan it: For how can they expect that others ſhould entertain any Kindneſs for them, when they themſelves have not any but for what they lay up in their Chests?

The Coach which our Fortunate Adventurers expected to carry them to *Madrid*, came at its uſual time to *Carmona*. There were in it already ſix Perſons, a Gentleman, and his Lady, a Prieſt, two Univerſity-ſcholars, and a Servant belonging to the Prieſt, and a young Lad about fifteen Years of Age.

They

They all knew, that there were two Persons to be taken in at *Carmona*, who had pay'd somewhat extraordinary for the best Places: They accordingly Resign'd them as soon as they perceiv'd their coming towards the Coach: *Vasquez*, who was a very Civil and Obliging Person, would needs recommend his interest in the Place to the Gentleman's Lady, whom he seated on the left side of *Corrina*, and sat himself in the fore-part of the Coach with her Husband.

All being placed to their Content, they left *Carmona* on the *Monday* Morning; it being in *September*, when most Fruits are ripe. All thought it a great happiness, that they had met so good Company; but *Corrina*, and *Vasquez* had another secret Satisfaction, arising from the thought of the good Prize that had brought them into that good Company. The Gentleman was a Person of Excellent Discourse, the Priest, of a very Sociable and Conversative Humour, and the two Young Scholars made it appear, that they had not mispent their time at the University; every one being desirous to make the best Discoveries he could of his Abilities. The Priest took occasion to inform them that he was going to Court, to get a Privilege, to put two little Pieces of his into the Press, being such as (some Friends of his had assured him) he should oblige the World in the Publication of them. The Gentleman, who sat next him, was a Person acquainted with Letters, and express'd a great Curiosity to know what they might treat of. Doctor *Berilliere*, (so was the Priest called) told him they were Books of Discourses, and Divertisements; representing to him, that things of that kind, were kindly received at Court; that one of them contain'd several *Novels*, and the other a Collection of *Poems* Written by him, during his Residence at *Salamanca*. He told them withal, that if they thought it not tedious, he would entertain them with somewhat out of the former, whenever they should be at leisure to give him Attention.

Corrina, who was a great Lover, and Reader of such Treatises, intreated the Doctor, if it were no trouble to him, to read one of his *Novels*; promising her self, from the assurance she had of his Excellent Parts, that the Style, and Conceptions would be answerable to the Worthiness of the Author. *I have endeavour'd all I could, Madam,* (says the Doctor to her) *to conform my self to the Style now used at Court: My Prose is free from Affectation, and consequently, will not weary the Reader, nor are the Conceits so flat as to produce the same Effect. I make it my Business to give my*

Writings

Writings a little Life and Smartneſs, which may raiſe in the Reader an Earneſtneſs to know the Period of the Adventures. I Write as I ſpeak, becauſe I ſee Men love thoſe things that are Natural, better than thoſe which ſmell of too much Study, and Affectation. And take it from me as a thing very certain, That it requires a certain meaſure of Confidence for any Man to Write, as the times go now; which proceeds hence, that ſo many Excellent Wits buſy themſelves in Writing, and Publiſh things as Admirable as Ingenious, and not only Men, who profeſs Letters, but alſo ſome Women. The Doctor having ended this Diſcourſe, he took out his Book of *Novels*, and the Company having compoſed themſelves to Silence, and Attention; he entertain'd them with that which follows.

There was an Ancient Gentleman, who had loſt one of his Eyes; and] was Married to a Wife far younger than himſelf: His Buſineſs lay much abroad, which was the occaſion that he could not ſee his Wife ſo often as he would. She in his Abſence did ſo much forget her Honour, and her Conſcience, that ſhe fell in Love with a young Gentleman: In Proceſs of time, which brings all things to Maturity and Perfection; the Report was ſo hot, and ſo current, that her Husband was advertis'd of it, who could not be induc'd to believe it, by reaſon of the great Affection ſhe always expreſſed towards him. Nevertheleſs, one Day he determin'd with himſelf to make Experience of it, and if he could, to Revenge himſelf upon that Perſon who had thus diſhonoured him.

To accompliſh his Deſign, he pretended Buſineſs to a certain Place, not far from home, for three or four Days. He was no ſooner departed, but his Wife ſent to her Friend to acquaint him with it: Whereupon he immediately came to Pay thoſe Aſſignations of Love which ſhe expected. He had not been with her above half an Hour, but behold! her Husband was returned, and knock'd aloud at the Gate. She who knew him, told her Gallant of it, who was ſo amazed, and put into ſuch a Fright; that he wiſh'd himſelf ſafe at home, and Imprecated both her and her Love, that had brought him into ſo much Danger; but ſhe aſſured him, that he need not perplex himſelf: For ſhe would contrive a means to convey him ſafe forth without being diſcovered, and deſir'd him to put on his Cloths with what ſpeed he could. During this Interval, her Husband continu'd knocking at the Gate, and called upon his Wife as loud as he could; but ſhe ſeem'd not to take notice that it was he, but ſpake aloud to a

Servant

Servant that lay above Stairs, *Why don't you rise, and Answer that rude Person, who ever it is, which makes such a Noise at the Gate? Is this a seasonable Hour of the Night for any one to come into a Civil House? If my Husband were at Home, I'm sure you durst not do so.* The Husband hearing the Voice of his Wife, call'd to her as loud as he could, *Wife open the Door, will you have me stay here untill Morning?* When she perceiv'd her Gallant dressed, and ready to go, she open'd the Door, and ran to Embrace her Husband, saying to him, *Dear Husband, how glad am I of your coming? For I was in a curious Dream, and was so well pleased, better than ever I was in my Life before: For methought you had recovered the Sight of your other Eye:* Whereupon, kissing of him, she clapt her Hand upon the Speculative Eye, and ask'd him whether he did not see much better than he us'd to do? In the mean time, whilst she had blinded him, her Friend slipt out of Doors; of which her Husband immediately mistrusted and told her, *By Heaven's, Wife, I'll never watch you any more; for thinking to Catch you, I have had the finest Trick put upon me by you, that I think ever was invented: I see it is not in the Power of any Man to put a Stop to a Woman's Proceedings, unless he should Kill her, or Burn her; for a Lewd Woman nothing can Refine or Purge her, but Fire: Therefore, since the good Entertainment, I have given you, cannot conduce to reclaim you, I shall henceforth study for some Chastisement, whereby you may be better Disciplined.* This said, he departed from her into another Room, leaving her perplexed, and Disconsolate enough; who by the means of her Friends, and Kindred, and by her Tears, and Excuses, was afterwards reconciled to him.

This Pleasant *Novel* entertain'd the Company till they came to their Inn that Night. Every one took occasion to commend Doctor *Berilliere*, as well for the smartness of his Invention, as for the Excellency of his Style. The old Gentleman told him, that if the whole Piece were answerable to the Pattern he had shewn them of it; no doubt but his *Novels* would be very well received in the World, and that he would gain as much Reputation by them, as they had had Pleasure. And thereupon, he earnestly entreated him to Communicate somewhat of the others to them, that so their Travelling might be the less tedious. The Doctor gave him, and all the rest of the Company his very hearty Thanks for the good Opinion they had of him, and proffered

ed them, when they ſhould be weary of Diſcourſing, to divert them with ſome of the other *Novels*, till they came to their Journey's end, provided they thought them not tedious. They all, with much gladneſs and thanks, accepted of his Proffer.

Being come within a Muſquet-ſhot of the Ancient City of *Corduba*, heretofore the chiefeſt of the Kingdom, while the *Moors* were poſſeſſed of all *Spain*; after Sun-ſet, an unexpected Accident caus'd them to make a little halt. Two Gentlemen being come out into the Fields, upon a Challenge, which one had ſent to the other, and having Fought, one of them was worſted, being run through the Body in two ſeveral places; which had oblig'd his Adverſary to make his Eſcape, to get into ſome place of Sanctuary. The Wounded Perſon cry'd out for ſome Body to receive his Confeſſion, juſt as the Coach paſs'd by: Which being heard by the Company, Doctor *Berilliere*, who was a Prieſt, and a Confeſſour, could do no leſs than get out, accompanyed by *Vaſquez*, and Miſtreſs *Corrina*, who had a great deſire to ſee the Wounded Man. They came to him, and as ſoon as the Doctor had receiv'd his Confeſſion, and given him Abſolution, he loſt his Speech, being ſupported by *Vaſquez*. The Doctor returned to the Coach, and having called ſeveral times upon *Corrina*, who pretended ſhe could not get away *Vaſquez*, the Coach-man perceiving it began to grow Dark, put on the Horſes, having ſent them Word what Inn they ſhould take up. *Corrina* was much troubled to ſee the Coach gone, having left her and, *Vaſquez* behind; Charitably Exhorted the Dying Perſon to recommend himſelf as much to the Mercy of Heaven. But he was ſo far gone, that to ſpare them further Exhortation he gave up the Ghoſt. They were much troubled, what they ſhould do with the Body, when certain Officers of Juſtice came in, who having at a diſtance ſeen the dead Perſon in the Arms of *Vaſquez*, and a Woman ſtanding by, and had notice before that two Men were ſeen going out of the City, with a Deſign to Fight a Duel; preſently imagin'd that *Vaſquez* was one of them, and conſequently the Murderer of the other. Upon which Preſumption, he was ſent to Priſon, and Order given to the Jaylor to put him faſt enough. *Corrina* had more Favour, being confined in the Houſe of one of the Officers, who was to have a care of her forth-coming. They both us'd all the Arguments they could to clear themſelves, for having any thing to do with the Murder; alledging upon what occaſions they came

to

to the Body: But their own Words would not be taken, and it was presum'd, the Duel had been upon the Account of *Corrina*. The Judge order'd her to be brought to his own House, to be further Examined, which was accordingly done. When she came thither, there were in the Room several Gentlemen, and among others, a *Florentine*, a very Rich Merchant, whom some Business of his own had brought thither: They had no sooner seen *Corrina*, but they all admir'd her Beauty, and the Majesty of her Air; but the most satisfy'd of any was the *Florentine*, who, to give him his due, was of a very Amorous Constitution. *Corrina* was extremely troubled that such an Affront should be done her by the way, as perceiving, that if they were stay'd the next Day they should lose the Opportunity of continuing their Journey. The Judge put several Questions to her, concerning the Duel, and the Gentleman's Death; whereto she answer'd, That she knew nothing of it, and that she was coming in the *Sevil*-coach, to go for *Madrid*, accompany'd by some other Persons then in the Inn, whom she Named; that as the Coach pass'd by, a certain Person, who had been Wounded upon the Highway, not far from them, called out for some Body to receive his Confession, and that a Priest, who was with them in the Coach, went out to do it, with whom also she went out of Curiosity, accompanyed by an Uncle of hers, who came along with her. They order'd, in regard it was grown late, to Adjourn the Business till the next Day, that a more exact Enquiry might be made into it; and in the mean time, that all who came along with the Coach, should not stir from *Corduba*, without Permission. This done *Corrina* was brought back to the Officer's House, where she was to continue that Night. The *Florentine*, who liv'd not far from it, accompany'd her; but though he had liv'd at a far greater distance, he would have thought it no great way to wait on a Lady, with whom he was already over Head and Ears in Love. Taking leave of her at the Officer's House, he proffered her all the Services lay in his Power, for which she thank'd him, yet taking it for no more than a Compliment. The Vexation she conceiv'd at her being thus unexpectedly stay'd, brought her into some Fits of a Fever, the first, of a Tertian, which she afterwards fell into.

The next Day, all the Persons who came in the Coach, being Examined, gave the same Account as *Corrina* had done before; whereupon *Vasquez* was set at Liberty. Other Witnesses also, who knew somewhat concerning the Duel, were heard,

heard, and gave the Judges a perfect knowledge of the Murder. *Vasquez* went immediately to Visit *Corrina*, expressing himself extremely troubled at her Indisposition: He did all he could to cheer her up, that they might prosecute their Journey: But the Physician, who had visited her, advis'd her not to remove thence, till she had recover'd her Fever, and told her, that she could not Travel any further, without hazard of her Life; which being so, the Coachman was forced to leave them behind, but they were adjudged to defray the Charges of their Stay, and he to deliver up what they had in the Coach. The *Florentine* came often to see the Fair Traveller, at the Officer's House, and began to Treat her very Nobly; an Humour the more remarkable in him who, for sordid Niggardliness might be compared to the Covetous *Mercator*: But Love, though but a small Deity, yet many times does very great Miracles, turning Avarice into Prodigality, and Cowardise into Courage. *Corrina* kept her Bed fifteen Days, during which time she was constantly Visited by Seignior *Nicola*, (so was called the Amorous *Florentine*) and after the Visit, came in a Servant with a Treat of Sweetmeats, and Wild Fowl, which the Officer and his Wife were glad to see; for the best Share fell to them. At last the Lady, with her Health, recover'd also her good Complexion, and her Beauty, and the *Florentine* continuing his Civilities, proffer'd her a House with a Fair Garden, which he had on the side of a pleasant River. *Vasquez*, whom she call'd her Uncle, advis'd her not to refuse that Proffer; for he had discover'd the Man to be extremely in Love with her, that he was very Rich, and that they might get as much out of the *Florentine*, as they had out of the Covetous *Mercator*. *Corrina* accepted the Proffer, and set things in Order to go to the *Florentine's*, and to continue there till she had recovered her self so well, as that she might prosecute her Journey. The *Florentine* would not have it known at *Corduba*, that he had brought her to his Country-house, to prevent Peoples talk, and other Inconveniences that might have ensu'd. So that, with the Consent of *Corrina*, he gave out, that she had left the City in order to the Prosecution of her Journey. Accordingly there were two Mules brought for her, and *Vasquez*, and two others to carry their Luggage; and having left *Corduba*, towards the Evening, to blind the Eyes of the Inquisitive, they kept on their Way towards *Madrid*: But having rid about half a League, they turn'd back again, and took up their Quarters at Seignior *Nicola's*,

which was not above two slight Shots from the City. There he expected her, with a Magnificent Supper, which he had provided. Here the *Florentine* discover'd his Love to her more freely than he had done before.

As to his Person; his Age was about Forty and of a good Manly Countenance, having bury'd his Wife some two years before, by whom he had no Children. He was a wholesale Merchant, and traded in all Sorts of Commodities, insomuch that all the other Merchants, not only of the City, but also of other Places thereabouts came to him; for he held Correspondences in all Parts: He was a very thrifty Person, nay, to give him his due Character, I should use other expressions: He had some yearly Revenue, besides Twenty thousand Crowns in ready Money, and Sixty thousand in Credit, and his own Trading, which was very great: He was a great Student, and had Study'd at *Pavia* and *Bononia*, before he became Heir to his Brother, who dy'd a very Rich Man in *Spain*, and that Inheritance it was, that occasion'd his Marriage at *Corduba*. He had so passionate an Affection for *Corrina*, that he used all the ways he could imagine to insinuate himself into her Favour. Upon that Account it was that he proffer'd her the use of his Country-house, to take the Air, and recover her Indisposition; conceiving, that being at his own House, it would be the more easy for him to compass his Desires. She had been told by *Vasquez*, that this Merchant was a well Feather'd Fowl, and might be easily pluck'd, and since this good luck had fallen to them by Chance, they should make the best Advantage they could of it. That Night they only Supp'd, and every one went to his rest; for it was very late. The *Florentine* made as if he would have return'd to the City, and lye there; but his Servants, whom he had before instructed, perswaded him not to go abroad at that unseasonable time of the Night, for fear of meeting with any Thieves; besides, there being a Press in the City, where many young Men presum'd to do Mischief in the Night, and Robb'd all they met: At last, being perswaded not to stir out, he was glad to pass away some part of the Night in discoursing with *Corrina*, and being got to Bed, his Business was to consider, by what means, and with least Charge, he might obtain his Desires of her. Several things came into his Mind, but the easyest he could find, suitably to his Humour, was to forget her, and never think of her any more. For he knew the Age we live in to be such, that it is a Miracle to get any Kindness in Love, without Liberality.

berality. The next Morning he commanded somewhat should be made ready for her Break-fast, not imagining she was up: But when Word was brought him, that she was out of Bed, the *Florentine* would needs go into her Chamber, to chide her for rising so soon, and by that means to see whether *Corrina*'s Beauty were any way obliged to Artifice. He found her a Combing her Head, and so had a ful Sight of her Hair, which was of a great length, and of a Chest-nut Colour. The *Florentine* gave Heaven thanks, who with so many other Perfections, had bestowed on her such an Excellent Head of Hair: But he was much more astonished, when upon her dividing it into two parts, to make him an Answer, he saw her Face, as Beautiful as it had appear'd to him when she went to Bed; a thing able to inflame a Person less inclined to Love and more to Avarice than he was; inasmuch as there is not a greater Charm, to secure a Lover's Heart, than to see that the Beauty of his Mistress is Natural, and scorns to borrow any thing of Art. *Corrina* indeed was not much troubled to look after Waters, Paints, Pomatums, Unguents, and such things, wherewith such Women, who stand in need of them, hasten on their Age with their Wrinkles, and lose their Youth ere they are aware: She only wash'd her self in fair Water, and needed no other Vermillion to heighten the Beauty of her Face, than that of her own lively Complexion. The Merchant ask'd whether she would be pleased to see the Garden? She made answer, That she was extremely obliged to him for the Trouble he gave himself to divert her, and to satisfy him how kindly she took that Favour at his Hands; she went along with him just as she was, without putting up her Hair, which banging down over her Shoulders, added much to her Beauty, and it is not much to be doubted, but she had a Design in it. She went down with this new Gallant of hers, who thought it an extraordinary Pleasure to have her by the Hand; and in that Posture she saw the whole Garden, seeming to be much taken with the Delightfulness of it.

Having recreated herself with him, till the Sun began to be somewhat hot; she return'd into the House, and broke her Fast; after which, having discoursed of several things, she desir'd to see the whole House.

The Amorous *Florentine* desiring nothing so much as that she might see his Wealth, shews her a great number of excellent Pictures, done by the best Painters in *Europe*:

Some very rich Pieces of Tapistry, Cabinets of Ebony, of several Fashions, Embroidered Beds, and all Sorts of Houshold-stuff of great Value; in a Word, there wanted not any of those things requisite for the furnishing of a House fit for a Noble-man. Having seen all the Rooms, he open'd a curious Closet, near which there was a little Oratory, and in that Closet there were a great many Pieces of Painting, done at *Rome*, of extraordinary Value, *Agnus Dei's* of Gold and Silver Gilt, and Flowers done as near the Life as could be imagined. The Closet was full of Books, very richly Bound, and neatly disposed into Gilt Drawers. *Vasquez*, who was a curious Person, and had read much, was looking very earnestly on the Titles of the Books, which were in one Drawer; and having put that into its Place, he took out another, wherein there were others very curiously Bound, but had no Titles on the Backs. *Vasquez* opens one of them, and finds the Author of it to be *Arnaldus de villa Nova*, and near that were the Works of *Rosino*, *Alquindus*, *Raymundus Lullius*, *Cornelius Agrippa*, and *Doctor Dee's Actions* with *Spirits*.

The Merchant perceiving him so taken up with the perusal of those Books, ask'd him what he look'd on so attentively. *I find here Sir*, (replies *Vasquez*) *a great many Books of Chymistry, and from the Curiosity I observe in your Collection of Treatises of that kind, I inferr, that you have Studyed that Science:* 'Tis true, (says the *Florentine*) *I have spent some time in the Perusal of those Authors: But how far, I pray are you acquainted with them? Only so far*, (replies the other) *that I have spent the best part of my Life in that Study. Nay then*, (says the *Florentine*) *you must needs be a very great Chymist. I am not to Acknowledge what I am*, (replies *Vasquez*) *we will Discourse another time of these things more at large; for the present, I shall only tell you, that besides these Authors, I have read all I could ever meet with that treated of this Science. I have turned over the Works of* Avicenna, Albertus Magnus, Terno, Pythagoras; *the Secrets of* Callidus, *the Book of the* Allegory *of* Morillus, *that of the* Secret Stone, *and that Entituled*, de Tribus Verbis; *besides many Manuscripts, which I never shew'd any Man. The Florentine was almost out of himself for Joy to hear these things. I am extremely glad*, (said he to him) *that this Science pleases you, for I have a particular Inclination for it. I know it very well* (replies *Vasquez*) (which he said, having

having already resolved how to put a Slur upon him) *but in regard I place a great Confidence in you, I will tell you a thing in your Ear, which you will be much astonish'd at: It is this,* (whispering him in the Ear) *that my Niece knows, without any Study, in a manner as much as I do of this Art, and is very Fortunate in the Practick Part of it, as you shall see by Experience; but I entreat you not to speak to her of it at this time, for she would not have it known to any, nay would not take it well.*

Vasquez could not have pitched upon a more likely way to bring the *Florentine* into the Gin; for his Avarice was such, that he would have parted with his Soul to find out the Philosopher's Stone; hoping, if he once got that Secret, ever afterwards to Swim in Gold.

Corrina busy'd her self at the other end of the Closet, while *Vasquez* made this Discourse to the *Florentine*, and was looking upon some other Curious and Pleasant Books; for there were of all Sorts: Yet she was not so attentive, but she heard somewhat of *Vasquez's* Discourse concerning Chymistry, and perceiv'd the Merchant was much taken with it: The truth is, *Vasquez* had some Knowledge in that Science, and had spent a considerable Sum of Money, to find out the Philosopher's Stone; which though many had sought, yet could not any affirm they had met with it: The Success he had had in that Business only satisfy'd him of their Folly, who spend their time and Estates in so ridiculous a Disquisition, and he was glad to meet with so good an Opportunity, to recover some Part of the Money he had squander'd away in the Search after it: For the *Florentine*, crediting what was told him by *Vasquez*, imagin'd himself somewhat above a Prince: He told him, that, in that very House, he had all things requisite to make the Experiment; and thereupon brought him into a Room full of Furnaces, Alembicks, Glasses, and Crucibles, with all the Instruments used by the Chymists, and good store of Charcoal. *Vasquez* seeing that, concluded the Merchant would be easily taken, and what made him the more confident was, that he imagin'd he understood all those Books; whereas *Vasquez* was satisfy'd he knew only so much of them, as would serve to bring him into the Noose: In fine, they gave over talking of it any further at that time; though the *Florentine* was unwilling to quit the Discourse. They went down thence into a Ground-room, the Windows

whereof looked into the faireſt Part of the Garden, where Dinner expected them.

After Dinner, *Vaſquez* pretending it was his Cuſtom to take a Nap; left the Merchant alone with *Corrina*, to whom he took Occaſion to make a full Diſcovery of his Love; aſſuring her, that all he had was at her Service, and deſiring her to diſpoſe of it as ſhe pleas'd. She ſeem'd to entertain the Proffers of his Affection with much Kindneſs, yet at that time ſhe only raiſed him into a ſlight Hope; ſhewing her ſelf very pleaſant to him.

Having ſeen a Lute, in one of the Rooms above Stairs, ſhe deſir'd it might be brought down for her Muſick, at which ſhe was Excellent, and contributed much to the bringing about her Deſign. The Merchant, who had a little Skill at that Inſtrument himſelf, was very glad to hear that ſhe us'd it, and caus'd it to be immediately fetch'd; ſaying that his Deceaſed Wife, play'd excellently well upon it, and that about a Seven night before, having entertain'd ſome of his Friends with a Collation, they had ſet it in Tune. The Lute being come, *Corrina* began to Play, and made it appear, that there were very few who could excell her at that Inſtrument: The *Florentine* was aſtoniſh at her Dexterity, and to bring him abſolutely to her ſhe Sung an Air to it, but with ſuch a Grace; that he was at a loſs, whether he ſhould more admire her Hand, or her Voice: The truth is, ſhe had a particular Excellency in both; ſo that his exceſſive Commendations of them, were not ſo full of Flattery as might be expected from a Perſon paſſionately in Love: With a modeſt Bluſh, which ſpread it ſelf gently over her Face, (a thing ſhe could command, tho' never acquainted with Shame) ſhe ſeem'd to expreſs a certain Baſhfulneſs, and ere it was quite diſpelled, *Seignior* Nicola, (ſaid ſhe to him) *What I have done was only for your Diverſion, be pleaſed to receive it with ſome regard to the Deſire I had to endeavour your Satisfaction; which yet I have not done, without much temerity, before a Perſon of ſo delicate an Ear as you are Maſter of, and one, no doubt, wont to hear the beſt Voices in the World. I never heard any,* (replies Nicola) *that came near yours, and therefore I beſeech you, let not your Modeſty occaſion you any prejudice; nay rather be Proud, Madam, of the excellent Endowments you have ſo liberally receiv'd from Heaven, and acknowledge the Favours it has done you. Be more ſenſible of your own Worth, and think my Approbati-*

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on below it: And yet when I was a young Man, I was much addicted to Musick, and some would needs perswade me that my time was well bestowed in it. I must confess the Spanish *Tongue comes not so natural to me as the* Italian, *the Graces and Beauties whereof, I have better Study'd upon the* Theorbo, *which I am so far Master of, as in some Measure I may satisfy the Hearer.* Whereupon perceiving that *Corrina* would have laid by the Lute, he desir'd her to make use of it a little longer, and to Sing one Air more, which she, to Honour him did.

Nicola took occasion to give his dear *Corrina* greater Commendations for the excellency of her Voice than he had done before, and she to renew her Thanks to him, for the Favour he did her. He thought it time to give her leave to take a little rest, and he went himself into another Room to do the like. *Vasquez* on the other side, instead of Sleeping was contriving how to get the Philosopher's Stone, not for the Credulous *Florentine*, but out of him: He had so perswaded him of his Abilities, in that Science, that he desir'd nothing so much as to be as knowing in it as he was, but all out of no other Design than to satisfy his own insatiable Avarice. He imagin'd that if he could find the Philosopher's Stone, (a Rock rather, against which so many have wrack'd themselves) all his Houshold-stuff should be of Gold, that he would be as rich as *Cræsus*, and that the Wealthiest about the City, compared to him, would be little better than Beggers.

Vasquez had also a long Discourse with *Corrina*, about the means how they should get the Gudgeon into the Net. He gave her some Instructions in Writing, that the *Florentine* might find she knew something of the Science, at least the Terms of it: *Corrina* got them by Heart, and to begin the Cheat, *Vasquez* ask'd for some Links of a Gold-Chain, she had brought from *Sevil*: It was a large one, and if there were a Dozen Links taken from it, they would not have been miss'd: Being come into the City, he goes into a Gold-smith's Shop to melt down those Links into an Ingot, which he brought back to the House, and communicated his Design to *Corrina*.

Nicola, who had slept all this while as soundly as if he had not been in Love, comes in to them, and they began to talk of several things, far from having any Relation to the Business he had been about; which *Vasquez* did purposely to engage the other to fall first into that Discourse. And in-

deed within a quarter of an hour, he was gotten into the Subject of Chymistry. *Vasquez* discours'd of it after the rate of a Man that had spent his whole Estate in the Work; insomuch that *Nicola* was astonished thereat; for though he pretended much Skill in the Science, yet could he not but acknowledge himself much inferiour to the other. *Vasquez* desirous to give the Merchant all the Satisfaction he could Desire, told him that he could turn what Metal he pleas'd into Gold. The *Florentine* was ravish'd at the Proposal, and earnestly entreated him that he might see it done. *Vasquez* ask'd him whether there were any Charcoal in the House; the *Florentine* told him there was good Store; for he had had the Curiosity to make some Tryals thereof himself.

They went up both into the Room where they had been before, and finding it full of Furnaces, Creusets, Alembicks, and other Chymical Instruments; *Vasquez* said to him, *Here we have all things requisite for the present.* He caus'd some Fire to be brought, and having put a little Copper into a Creuset to melt, the *Florentine* saw it melting: *Vasquez* took a Box out of his Pocket, wherein there was a Paper full of Powder, which he said was the most Principal Ingredient in the whole Work. He put it into the Creuset, which having brought as cleverly as he could to the Window, he pour'd out the melted Copper, and put in the Ingot of Gold into its Place; and when he had covered it, he told the *Florentine*, that it should not be stirred thence for half an hour: That time they spent in Discoursing of several things in Chymistry, wherein *Nicola* desir'd to make some further Progress. At last, *Vasquez* thought it time to shew him what he had done, and so opening the Creuset, he took out the Ingot and shew'd it him. The Covetous Miser was transported with Joy to see it, though he were not fully satisfyed of its being perfect Gold. *Vasquez* wished him to have it tryed by a Gold-smith; which trouble he would needs take upon himself, and having found that it was very fine Gold, of twenty two Carats, he returns extraordinarily well satisfy'd. While he was gone out, *Vasquez* instructed *Corrina*, how to effect their Design upon *Nicola*, who being more Covetous than Amorous, would have them immediately to begin the great Work of finding the Philosopher's Stone. He promised *Vasquez* extraordinary Recompences, and told him, that he would be at the whole Charge, tho' it should amount to Twenty thousand Crowns. *Vasquez*, who had contriv'd how he intended to gull the Merchant,

chant, return'd this Answer to the great Proffers he had made him.

Seignior Nicola, (said he) *I am now gone almost seven years beyond the grand Climacterical Year of my Life, which is as much as to tell you, that I have pass'd the greatest and best Part of it. It were no hard matter for me, with the help of the Science I am now Master of, to spend the little which is yet to come, at my ease, and it may be, more plentifully, than some of the Wealthiest Grandees of* Spain; *and that I can be without any Man's Favour or assistance, I think you may have observed your self. And in regard I have no Children, to inherit my Estate, which, I thank Heaven, is somewhat considerable also in Lands; the Main concernment I have in this World, is to look after this young Woman, my Niece. She is already but too Rich, in that she has all I have, though her Father, (who was my Elder Brother) left her no mean Fortune. She might, had she a mind to it, be as Nobly Marryed as she was before; for her late Husband was descended from the Noblest Houses in* Andaluzia. *Nor were it hard for me to add to her Wealth, you know it; but such is my Confidence in you, that I will tell you the Reason why I do not.*

That I am the ablest Alchymist in all Spain, *is known to many, which being also come to the Ears of his Majesty, I am sought after every where: But I have hitherto had the Happiness to keep out of their Clutches, who are perpetually employed to find me out, having spread a Report, that I was gone for* England. *It is not out of any Contempt of the Honours and Wealth of this World, that I avoid the Searches of those, whom his Majesty has enjoyn'd to bring me to him; but out of this Consideration, that I would not purchase any Favour with the loss of my Liberty: For I must expect no less, than to spend the rest of my Days in a Noble kind of Captivity. I will express my self more clearly to you; his Majesty has at the present very great Armies on Foot in several Parts, which put him to a vast Expence, such as his own Revenue, and what comes from the* Indies *are not able to defray: So that, to satisfy his Ambition, he is forc'd to make use of the Industry of his Subjects. Now were it my hard Fortune, to be found by those who so narrowly search after me; the King, knowing that with the Assistance of my Art, he might easily recruit the Charge he is at, would immediately dispose of me into some Fortress, where being confined for the rest of my Days, I should be perpetually kept at Work, to augment his Trea-*

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ſures, and ſupply his preſſing Exigencies. I ſhould not think it much to do it once or twice, but the Avarice of Men is grown to that height, that they are not ſatisfy'd with abundance, if they have the leaſt Apprehenſion, that the Source of it may ever be dry'd up. This is the true Reaſon Seignior Nicola, *which obliges me to keep out of my own Country, and to Play leaſt in Sight; and therefore receive what I have told you as a great Secret, ſuch as I ſhould not have communicated to my own Brother, had he been in the World: But I have that Confidence of you, that you will never reveal it.*

Nicola return'd *Vaſquez* his moſt Affectionate Thanks for the great Truſt he repos'd in him, and thought himſelf ſo happy in the Diſcovery he had made to him; that he conceiv'd the greateſt Nobles might juſtly envy him. His Anſwer to him, was, That the Grounds and Motives on which he conceal'd the excellent Knowledge he had acquired, were juſt and rational; ſince that no doubt but he would be confined, though for no other reaſon than this, to prevent his carrying over ſuch a Secret into another Country, to ſerve a King that were an Enemy to his Catholick Majeſty. He acknowledg'd himſelf infinitely obliged to him, and wiſh'd it were in his Power to ſerve him; but having only the Wealth he was poſſeſſed of to proffer him, he entreated him to diſpoſe of it as freely as if it were his own, and ſince he had ſhewn him a Tryal of his Abilities; that he would not think that enough, but ere he left *Corduba*, would give him ſuch further Inſtructions, as, being obſerved, he ſhould not miſcarry in the great Work. *Vaſquez* promiſed to ſatisfy his Deſires, telling him withal, that ſo precious a thing as Gold could not be gotten but with Gold, and that the Foundations of all Deſigns require Charge; that the Philoſopher's Stone could not be found without Coſt and much Pains; that if he were reſolv'd, he ſhould attempt the doing of it, he muſt be at the whole Charge, and that afterwards the Profit ſhould be equally divided, and that in a ſhort time he would be glutted with Wealth.

The *Florentine*, raviſhed at that Propoſal, proffer'd to ſpend all he was worth upon that Account. *Corrina* promiſed to aſſiſt them. *Nay,* (ſays *Vaſquez* to her) *there is ſuch a Neceſſity of your Aſſiſtance; that we ſhall not be able to do ſo well without it.* They thereupon reſolv'd, that within two Days they ſhould begin the great Work. *Vaſquez* told him, that the Principle of the Divine *Elixir*, (ſo

the

the Chymists call the Perfection of their Work) was formed out of the solidity of *Mercury*, and other things which he nam'd to him, together with the Urine and Excrement of a Red-hair'd Child; that all was to be put into an Alembick, with Powder of *Aloes*, the Infusion of *Opium*, Toads grease, *Arsenick*, and *Salt-Peter*: But he hoped to do it chiefly with the *Urine*, and *Excrements* aforesaid, which he order'd *Nicola* by all means to procure, as being the most necessary Ingredient of all.

He promised to find it; and, to begin the Work, the Merchant deliver'd him Five hundred Crowns in Gold, to buy certain precious Drugs, which he said were necessary: And this the *Florentine* did the more willingly, as well out of the Confidence he had to receive them multiplyed into so many thousands; as out of a Design he had thought on the Night before, of making *Corrina* his Wife, and by that means assuring himself of *Vasquez*. Whereupon that very Evening after Supper, he took occasion to carry *Vasquez* along with him into the Garden, and acquainted him with his Resolution. The Alchymist thought it a good way to further his Work, and accordingly he approv'd of his Intention, and acknowledg'd it would be a great Honour to his Niece to meet with so worthy a Person; but that there was one Obstacle to be first removed. *What may that be?* (says the other) *Vasquez* told him, that his Niece could not be Married, till a Dispensation were first obtained from *Rome*, in regard, that out of the extraordinary regret she conceiv'd at the loss of her late Husband, she made a Vow to enter into a Religious Life; that the Occasion of their going to *Madrid*, was to receive six years Arrearages of a Rent due to them from a Person of Quality, who was very backward in paying, in Order to her Reception into a Nunnery; but that as soon as the Dispensation were come from *Rome*, they would conclude the Marriage, which he doubted not but she would accept, not only out of the Compliance she had ever expres'd towards him; but also out of this Consideration, that she was to Match her self with a Person inclined to the Study of a Science, wherein she had naturally attain'd so great Perfection. *Nicola* was the most satisfyed Man in the World to have such a parcel of good Words given him; insomuch that from that very Hour, *Vasquez* became absolute Master of all he was possessed of.

Vasquez and *Corrina* having conferred Notes upon this new Overture, were more Confident then ever to Compass their

their Design. He freely laid out the Money received of *Nicola*, in Druggs, perswading him they were not to be had under such and such Rates. He also furnished himself with new Furnaces, Creusets and Alembicks, pretending that those in the House before, were not for his Purpose. In the mean time, the silly Merchant was enquiring up and down where he might have the Urine of a Red headed Child, which he had much ado to get: For the Mother's fearing it was to be used in some Operation of Witch-craft, would not easily let him have it; but Money is Omnipotent, and can do any thing. *Vasquez* could have done as much in one Day as in a hundred, as to the Performance of what he had Promised; but the poor Merchant must be fool'd some way or another, till he met with an Opportunity to smite him, and take a Dog's leave of *Corduba*, with as much as he could shift away on two good Horses, which lay leager in a secret Place for that purpose. He dispos'd all the Distillations into the Furnaces, in the presence of *Nicola*: He bought some Metals, as Brass, Copper, and Tin, several sorts of Salts, and other things commonly used by Chymists; and setting Fire to the Furnaces, they distill'd what had been put into them, but contributing nothing to the Business, and only to abuse him, who was at the Charge of all the Foolery. As to *Nicola*'s Love, he was much better treated than he was before; inasmuch as since the proposal of Marriage, *Corrina* the better to carry on the main Design, grew more kind to him; especially in *Vasquez*'s Absence, which the besotted Coxcomb was so transported with, that he knew not whether his Head, or his Heels were on the Ground.

About this time *Nicola* receiv'd a Bill of Exchange, of a considerable Sum, to be pay'd within twenty Days after Sight. This, with the breaking of some of his Debtors in other Countries, put him into some Fear of doing the like, if his Attempts in Chymistry prov'd not successful. But to prevent all Inconveniences, he did what most of his Quality and Kidney are wont to do; who being upon the Point of Breaking, secure what they can of their Estates, that they may afterwards the more Commodiously remove into some other Country. So our Merchant, finding himself within some distance of Breaking, provided for the Misfortune, in case it should happen, and so promoted the mischievious Plot of *Vasquez*, and *Corrina*; whom he truly acquainted how Affairs stood with him, as if they had been his most faithful Relations. *Vasquez* had left in the Custody of a certain

Friend of the Merchant's, a good Sum of Money, and some Jewels of great Value, with Order they should not be delivered to any, but to one of them two. Besides which, he brought some to his Country-house, and hid them in a secret Place, in the Presence of *Corrina*, of whom he had a Confidence, as if she had really been his Wife. *Vasquez*, who was still busy about his Distillations, put him into good hope, that within twenty Days he should see the end of the great Work, and his House full of Gold, to recover the loss he had receiv'd by his Debtors.

About this time, there happen'd a Business which oblig'd the Merchant to take a Journey, to advise with a Correspondent of his, how to prevent the Misfortune he saw coming upon him. *Vasquez* and *Corrina* being entrusted with the House, thought it a fair Opportunity to dislodge, and make the best they could of the present Game. They secur'd all the Money, and Jewels they could come at, and left the Plate and some other things, they could not so conveniently carry away, behind them, though with some regret; thinking it more Prudence to make a safe Retreat with what were considerable, than to hazard all, by grasping at too much. Having therefore loaden themselves with what was most precious, they left the Furnaces, and the Alembicks, which made the Philosopher's Stone, at the Cost of the absent Merchant, and took Horse while the People of the House were fast asleep. They took their way towards *Malaga*, and travell'd all Night, having about them above Six thousand Crowns in Money and Jewels, and left upon a Table near the Furnaces, a Paper of Verses, to hasten the Credulous Merchant to hang himself.

Two Days after their Departure he Returns home, very ill satisfyed with his Journey, in that he had not done any thing in the Business which occasion'd it. All the hope he now had, was in his Uncle, *Vasquez*; imagining by his means, he should yet be able to shew his Head, and not only keep up his Reputation, but also be Richer than ever he had been; such a strange Mist had the Witch-craft of Chymistry cast before his Eyes. He came not to his Country house, till after Night, where he found the Servant whom he had left with *Vasquez* and *Corrina*; for the rest of his People were in the City. The Servant receiv'd him with a sad Countenance, and being got up Stairs, he ask'd him (fearing somewhat were amiss) where his Guests were, of whom the Servant could give him no Account; as not having seen them when

when they went out, and could only say, that two Nights before they had lock'd him in at two Rooms where he lay, which he had been forc'd to break open, because he could no otherwise get out. They search'd up and down, and found that the Chests had been open'd, and all the Money convey'd away. This was not the worst the Merchant fear'd, but that they had also been with him, in whose Custody he had greater Sums of Money, and the most precious of his Houshold-stuff. It being too late to make any Enquiry that Night, he thought it his best Course to go to Bed; but desirous to visit the Furnaces once more, he finds on the Table the Paper, left there by *Vasquez*, which having open'd he found in it these Lines.

Seignior *Nicola*,

IT *is the just Reward of those who attempt things* Impossible, *to be shamefully disappointed. Many of your Profession, have been ruin'd by their* Faith, *in things relating to their Trade: It was therefore but fit you should repent of your* Credulity, *in a Business you understood not. It was indeed impardonable, to expect to see that done by any Man, in a few Days, which the Sun, who has a greater Power over the Metal you were so Covetous of, cannot perfect under Four or five hundred Years. Your loss, I must confess, is great, but you have this comfortable Consideration, That you may now defy* Chymistry, *and all its Cheating Professors, to shew you such another Trick as we have done. But, to avoid all future Temptations, take this hearty Advice from two dear Friends of yours; put all the fine Treatises you have of that pernicious Art, into your Furnaces, and having set Fire to them, and your House together, fairly run away by the Light of it.*

The poor Merchant had no sooner read them, ere he was Convinced, they were his kind Guests who had robb'd him, and Extracted what he had in his Chests and Cabinets, with more ease than he had infus'd it into them. How he spent the Night, is only to be imagined; being just upon the Point of Breaking, and not knowing any means to remedy it. All the hope he had, was, that the Money, and Jewels which he had left in a Friend's Hands, were safe enough; nay, he despair'd not to find out those, who had done him the Mischief. He turn'd himself from one side to another, not out of any disturbance, occasion'd by his Love to the crafty *Corrina*, (for that was absolutely lost with his Money)

but

but that he had been ſo baſely trapann'd by a Beggerly Raſcal. Then did he begin to Curſe Chymiſtry, and all the Authors that ever Writ of it, whereas he ſhould rather have given Heaven thanks, who, by the Cheat which was put upon him, had prevented the Proſecution of his Deſign, which might have abſolutely ruin'd him. As ſoon as he perceiv'd any appearance of Day, he got up, and went into the City, to his Friend, whom he had entruſted with the keeping of his Money, and other things. He ask'd him whether *Vaſquez* had been with him? The other anſwer'd that he had, and had taken away whatever he had in his Cuſtody, and that therein he had follow'd his own Orders. The Word ſtruck him almoſt dead; nay, the Reſentments he expreſs'd of that loſs were ſo great; that if the other had not known the Cauſe of it, he would have thought him out of his Wits. He Comforted him the beſt he could, and told him, that his only Courſe was to make a ſpeedy ſearch for the Robbers. He did all he could to that purpoſe, ſending Officers, and others, ſeveral ways; but that which *Vaſquez* and *Corrina* had taken, was ſo extraordinary, that they could never meet with them. So they return'd to *Corduba*, to be pay'd for their fruitleſs Purſuit, by him who had ſent them; which, as his Affairs ſtood then, added not a little to his Affliction.

This Adventure was ſoon known all over the City; and the *Florentine*, not able to accept of another Bill of Exchange that had been ſent him, was forc'd to abſent himſelf, and to return to *Florence*, with what he could make by the Sale of his Goods. By this means he turn'd Bankrupt, and defy'd his Creditours, who could not find any thing he had left behind him. The ſame things happen many times to thoſe, who, with ſmall Eſtates, engage themſelves in too great Affairs, preſuming upon this, that if it comes to the worſt, they can ſecure themſelves by an Eſcape.

FINIS.

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